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The Dramaurian

IN WAR AND PEACE

THE TRANSVAAL

IN

WAR AND PEACE

BY

NEVILLE EDWARDS

AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND LIFE IN THE TRANSVAAL," ETC.

With Numerous Illustrations

LONDON

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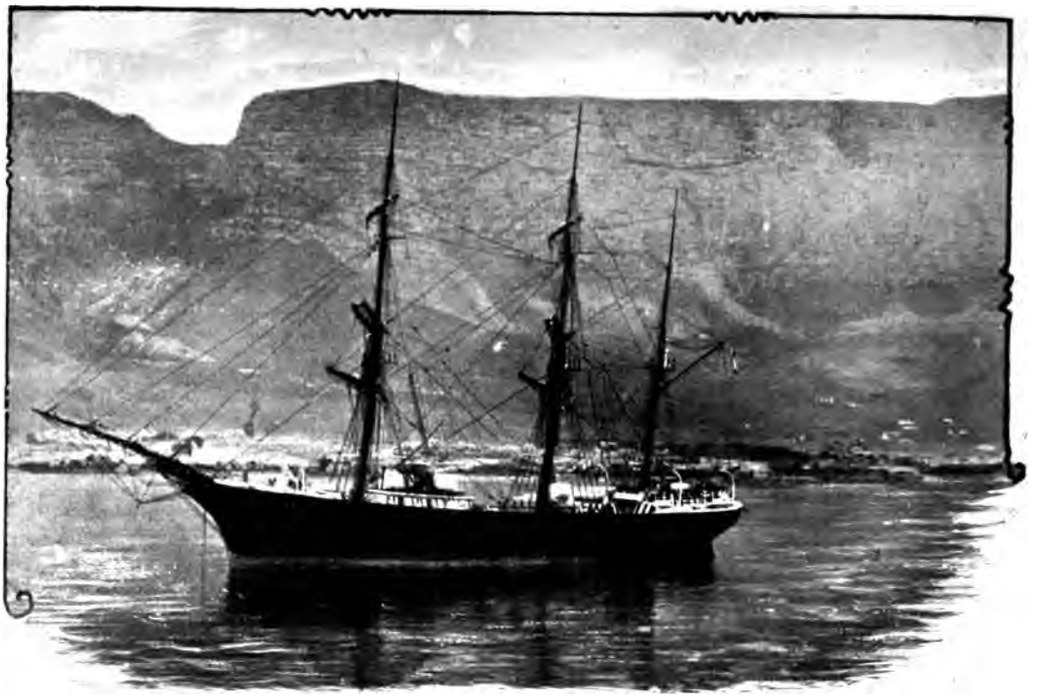


Photo., N. P. Edwards.

CAPE TOWN.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

Photo., Elliott & Fry.

GEN. SIR W. F. GATACRE, K.C.B., D.S.O.
Commanding Third Division, First Army Corps.

WHO are the Boers, exactly? How often one hears the question asked. The newspapers constantly give explanations, and still there are numbers whose ideas are most hazy as to their origin. They understand that the Boer speaks Dutch, but fail to grasp that the Transvaal is not a mere colony of Holland, but as distinct as are England and America.

Little things make history. Just two hundred and fifty years ago a Dutch ship got wrecked in Table Bay, and the survivors, being enforced Robinson Crusoes, had to spend a long period of detention on the very spot where Cape Town now stands. They had seed with them, and occupied their time with gardening. When they got home, the glowing accounts that they brought of a land where everything grew in a surprising fashion, caused the Dutch East India Company to pitch on it as the ideal place for a half-way house to India, where fresh food could be got for the scurvy-stricken crews of their ships.

So, in 1652, we find their first party of Dutch officials landing under frowning old Table Mountain, and founding the nucleus out of which the South Africa we see to-day, with

all its complicated politics and states, has sprung. The Dutch East India Company appears to have been a fine old crusted corporation, with great ideas of governing everybody and everything, even endeavouring to continue exercising sway over those of their old servants, whose time being up, had settled down to farm over the neighbouring country. They were exacting, too, in the way they levied taxes; and amply illustrated—as their descendant, Paul Kruger, has done since—the old couplet,

> "It ever has been the fault of the Dutch,
> Giving too little and asking too much."

Naturally, such treatment soon produced disaffection, and was, besides, futile; for what is the use of trying to levy taxes on a man whose principal home is a waggon, when all he has to do is to move a step further up country beyond the reach of the governing arm. So the Boer (which literally means "farmer") got his nomadic habits and hatred of government and taxes—at least, that is to say, taxes that *he* has to pay. He has rather a liking for levying them on others, and in the same way appears to have a natural preference for getting his work done for him for nothing. It is his nature; so, when he enslaved the surrounding blacks, he could not understand the new-fangled notions of the "mad Englishmen," as he termed them, (who, after taking the Cape and giving it back to Holland, had finally bought it for a trifle of two or three millions pounds in 1806) when they passed the Emancipation Act in 1834, and declared his slaves free.

There were faults on both sides: the Englishman objected, and very rightly, to the way the Boer treated the natives, and the Boer had just ground of complaint, in that he did not receive anything like the compensation he should have done for his emancipated slaves. So came about the "Great Trek," one of the most remarkable movements in the history of the world. It was a veritable Exodus out of Egypt. These Boers sold their farms for what they would fetch, and then, leaving everything save what they could carry in their waggons, with their flocks and herds, wives and little ones, like the patriarchs of old, trekked out into the wilderness of the unknown, which lay to the northward. They peopled the country now known as the Orange Free State, turned to the eastward and colonised Natal, and last of all

From an old Print.

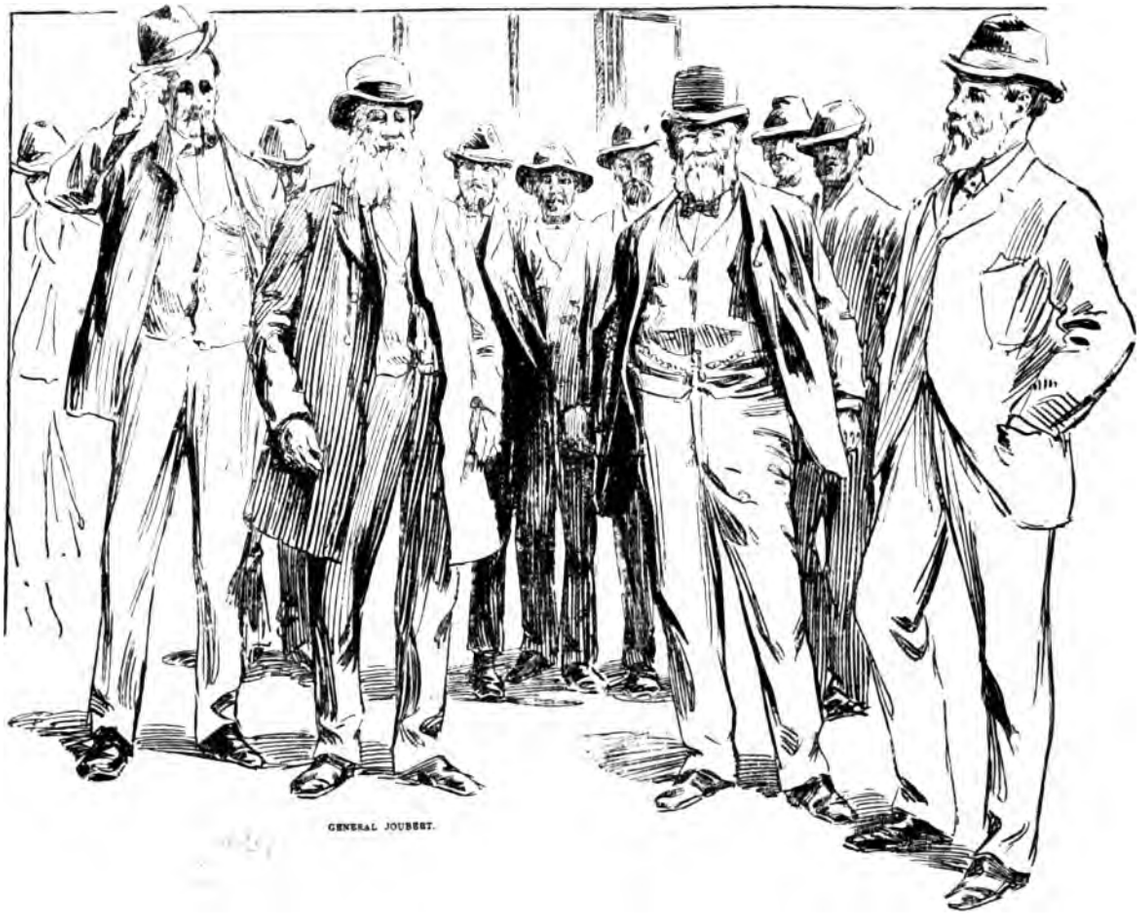
CAPE TOWN IN 1742.

Photo., Charles Knight, Aldershot.

THE RT. HONBLE. GENERAL SIR REDVERS H. CHARLES BULLER, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Commander of the forces in South Africa, in the uniform of the King's Royal Rifles.

Born in 1839, he won his V.C. in the Zulu Campaign, 1879, when the whole force under his command might have been annihilated but for his heroic exertions. In withdrawing his troops down the precipitous side of the Inhlobane Mountain he, at different times, personally saved six lives from being cut off by some 20,000 Zulus. On this occasion he was for forty-eight hours in the saddle, and though wounded charged again and again against the Zulus.



GENERAL JOUBERT AND HIS STAFF.

Sketched from a Photo by Mr. Bennet Burleigh, special war correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," by permission of the Proprietors.

[It will be remembered that Mr. Burleigh had the cool audacity to stop the special train conveying General Joubert and staff to the front, and on leaving the train the whole staff waited for Mr. Burleigh to take this photograph.]

passed over the Vaal River into the land we call the Transvaal—or, to give it their high-sounding title, the South African Republic. In the course of these trekkings they dotted the country over at long intervals with their farms, wherever a likely spot presented itself, where each man could live according to his own lights and his own laws. The Boer likes a solitary life, he feels stifled and crowded out if there is another farm within sight of his own in the boundless prairies of the veld around him. He prefers only such laws as he can carry under his arm in the shape of a rifle-barrel, and takes to war as a duck to water. The story of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is just one long recital of continuous fighting. The Boers had to have some sort of organization to repel the attacks of the natives, so each district formed its own government. At one time there were no less than four different republics in the Transvaal alone, who, when not fighting the natives, kept their hands in by fighting each other. It was this unceasing turbulence on her frontiers which caused Great

Britain to intervene at various times, and finally, in 1877, to annex the Transvaal, as the Boers had so exhausted themselves in trying to put down a native chief called Secocoeni that they were an incentive to all the blacks in Africa to rise against them.

It was the only thing possible, for at this time the Boer position was utterly desperate. Credit was exhausted, their notes were little better than waste paper, and when the British took over the treasury, the total cash assets of the nation were found to be but *eighteen pence*, while all salaries were far in arrear. At first many of the Boers seemed satisfied with the new arrangement, and others sullenly acquiesced. So England paid the country's debts, got its finances into working order, and above all, by fighting the Zulus, destroyed the great power which for ever menaced the Boer frontier and rendered further existence as an independent State impossible. It is probable that the representatives of England treated the Boers in too much of the stand-off military style, and though it had been promised, were very slow in settling the details for giving a proper representative assembly to them, in place of the provisional administration. Naturally, also, having taken over the country in the belief that it was at the wish of the Boers themselves, and having spent so much in getting it into working order, they refused to listen to a petition signed by six thousand of the burghers to give it back. Many English residents had settled there also, under the assurance of the British flag, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, in a speech to them, declared that so long as the sun shone and the rivers flowed to the sea, the Transvaal should be British territory. Then the peculiar methods of Boer diplomacy—if one may give it such a mild term—came into play. Both Kruger and Joubert, on their

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

HIS HONOUR STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAUL KRUGER.

President of the Transvaal. Born October 10, 1825.

From the painting in the Raadzaal, Pretoria.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

A TYPICAL BOER FARM ON THE VELD.

return from England after the rejection of the petition, took office under the British Government, and a short time afterwards, while still in its pay, attended the celebrated meeting at Paardekraal, about eighteen miles from where Johannesburg now stands, when the Boers swore together to fight for their independence, and each man brought and threw down a stone into a great heap, as a token that he would stand, and, if necessary, die with his comrades for the cause of freedom.

Over these stones has since been erected the Paardekraal Monument, and on the 16th of December of every fifth year thereafter, the Boers from all parts of the Transvaal have trekked to the place to hold solemn prayers and rejoicings over the regaining of their independence. The platform around the monument is used as a pulpit, and from this coign of vantage "Oom Paul" and "Slim Piet" (the name the Boers give to Joubert, in admiration of his sly methods) offer up prayers and speeches by the hour. When I was there a hymn was being sung; it had been going on for a quarter of an hour before I arrived, and after enduring it for another half-hour I recognised the tune. It was the "Old Hundredth"! No! I have a little ear for music; but each word was so dragged out, that in England we should have sung the whole verse in the same time.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

BOERS ON THE VELD.

It is a wonderful sight, this city of waggons and tents thus suddenly formed on the lonely

and bleak high veld on the occasions of the five-yearly meetings at Paardekraal, and is probably unlike anything else to be seen on the face of the earth. And then if you come again in a few days the veld is once more deserted, the only traces littered paper, the only sounds the chirping of the ubiquitous crickets, and the only movement the waving of the grass as the wind sighs through it.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

THE PAARDEKRAAL MONUMENT.

Of the events which followed on to that original meeting at Paardekraal it is not necessary to speak at any great length here. Alas! the names of Bronkhorst Spruit, Laings Nek, and Majuba, are already too well graven in grief and shame on the memories and hearts of the people of England. It is mournful to climb great Majuba mountain, down the slopes of which in ordinary times the daily mail train from Johannesburg to Durban goes turning and twisting. In some places the gradient is as much as one in twenty; and yet it takes an hour for the train to get clear of the mighty hollow-topped monarch which holds in her cup the blood of so much of England's best and bravest. By the time you reach the summit, you realise what it must have been for that little band of four hundred British soldiers, heavily laden with their kits, to scramble up its precipitous sides in the dark. No wonder that when day dawned on the worn-out men, and there was no breakfast to be had, they were not in a condition to

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

MEETING HELD AT PAARDEKRAAL EVERY FIVE YEARS TO CELEBRATE THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE BOERS.

Photo., Window & Grove.
GEN. SIR G. WHITE, V.C., G.C.B., &c.
Commanding the British forces at Ladysmith.

successfully meet and repel the outnumbering army of Boers who craftily stole their way from rock to rock up the hill. Of course the British had far the best of the position. More than one old Boer who fought at Majuba has told me that when day dawned and they saw the British thus dominating their camp, they made up their minds that all was lost, and some of them inspanned their waggons to go home. Then some of their scouts came in and told them that they had crept to the summit of Majuba, had seen how small was the force lying about on the top, and that actually the British had no scouts out. Then the plan was formed which had such far-reaching effects on the destinies of Africa. It was a desperate plan, but desperate diseases need desperate remedies, for the Boers themselves scarcely realised that it was possible for them to take such a place. No wonder that they ascribed it to the special protection of a Higher Power, and that General Joubert speaking of it said: "The troops fought like true heroes, but God gave us the victory." There seemed a magic in the Boer rifles that day. Every English head which showed against the sky line was shot through, and consequently by the time the Boers had reached the summit panic had already spread through the ranks of the tired, hungry men on the top.

At last, when the man who was not only their General but Governor of Natal and High Commissioner for South Africa, Sir George Colley, fell shot through the head, the panic became a rout. The Boers had picked off nearly all the officers, and there was no one to lead. Over ninety of the little band, besides six officers, were killed outright, and the terrible roll of wounded and captured comprised nearly all that were left. And the Boers lost:—*one man* killed and five wounded. It seems incredible. The spot where Colley fell is marked by a little cairn of stones, with the pathetically brief inscription, "Colley fell," rudely painted on the top one. His grave is the centre one of the three shown in the illustration on page 23. The inscription reads:—

IN MEMORY OF
SIR GEORGE POMEROY COLLEY, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., &c.
H.M. HIGH COMMISSIONER OF SOUTH AFRICA, GOVERNOR OF NATAL, MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING FORCES.
Born 1st November, 1838. Killed in action at Amajuba Mountain, Sunday, 27th February, 1881.

Photo., Elliott & Fry.
COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL.
Commanding the forces at Mafeking.

It was bad enough to be beaten, but disgrace was to follow. Englishmen are ready to take the chances of war, and prove, as they have done many a time and oft, that they are the stuff that men are made of. But on this occasion madness seems to have seized the nation. *Quem Deus perdere vult prius dementat*, and certainly it looked as if the whole of our empire would hasten to destruction as the result of the insane folly which followed. It may have been the height of magnanimity to give back the Transvaal, but it was scarcely the time to do it after receiving a series of defeats; and small wonder it is that the Boers have ever since, in their blind ignorance, considered that they thrashed the whole British army at Majuba. Indeed, they will calmly tell you in the most matter-of-fact sort of way, as of a thing not open to argument, that in the field of battle one Boer is equal to ten Englishmen. It would be a little bit difficult for anyone to swallow, even if not an Englishman, but especially so when one sees a body of Oom Paul's faithful burghers on parade. It looks more like an assembly of old clo' men, and I have even known some of these "Land's Fathers," when serving as a body-guard to "His High Honour the State President" (as Oom Paul loves to term himself), turn up holding umbrellas over their heads. It is said, however, that the accumulated grime of ages keeps them warm. It is certainly a distinctive uniform. There is a legend that a Boer was once brought to the wash-tub, and after going through six waters, was found to have an old flannel shirt on him!

GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT THE ASSAULT.

The uniform of the Gordons makes a conspicuous target for the Boer marksmen, but in spite of this the gallant Gordons have declined the suggestion they should wear a kharki uniform.

To us who have lived in South Africa since the days of Majuba, it is as hard to picture those parts of the country one

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

SUMMIT OF MAJUBA.

This shows the steepness of the ascent and the "cover" afforded to the Boers by the rocks and stones.

formerly knew so well, where the hell dogs of war are now let loose, as it would be to imagine Richmond Park with an army of invaders marching through it to London. One wonders what has happened to the flock of ostriches on a farm near Majuba, whose hollow-topped mass forms a background to the picture on page 18. Perhaps they have been "commandeered," if not for war purposes, to serve as producers of future adornment for the "vrouw" of some up-country burgher. For the Boer, if pious, is likewise predatory. In fact, there are some who are unkind enough to say that he resembles the legendary Scotchman, who "keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on."

Certainly their methods of shopping are quite their own. When Mr. Boer goes into the store to sell his wool, and Mrs. Boer or the young Misses Boer go with him, they have a funny little way of transferring articles that please them into their pockets. Of course, it is not shop-lifting! Oh, dear no! The storekeeper, good honest simple man that he is, merely puts down the things he sees them abstract in Mr. Boer's bill at three or four times their proper price, and if asked, "What's this handkerchief in my bill at 7s. 6d., I've never had such a thing?" merely replies, "Oh, Missie Boer had the handkerchief," and the bill is paid without further comment. In fact "to commandeer" appears to be quite a regular verb in Boer grammar. Of course, the storekeeper has often to writhe under the loss of goods which he has failed to detect being lifted, while in justice to the Boer it must be recorded that in his dense ignorance of the simplest rudiments of modern life and business, he often gets badly "left" in business dealings. In fact, there has grown up in South Africa a regular class of what are called "Boer-verneukers" (Boer-swindlers) who simply live by dishonest dealings with the

unfortunate country Dutch. It will be readily understood that the burgher, though he may be "a fust-class fightin' man," knowing nothing of arithmetic, is at a disadvantage when selling his wool to the verneuker, who cheats in calculating the total to be paid for so many pounds at so much. There is a story of a Boer who, thinking to be able to prove that he was being cheated, bought a ready-reckoner, and triumphantly flourished it in the face of the Jew with whom he was dealing. "Ach! let me look at it," said the quick-witted Jew. "There, you are quite wrong, mine frient. My calculation is right. Don't you see the date? This is a last year's ready-reckoner." "Oh dear," said the Boer, "so it is, I never thought of that!"

But to return, alas! to the sad story of those days. How awful must have been the feelings of those of our countrymen left in the Transvaal who had kept the British flag flying at Pretoria and elsewhere through all those days of siege and stress when they were ordered from home to haul it down. Fancy their indignation against their own country when it found expression in publicly burying its flag. One blushes to read the inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
THE BRITISH FLAG IN THE TRANSVAAL,
WHICH DEPARTED THIS LIFE, AUGUST 2, 1881.
In other climes none knew thee but to love thee.—*Resurgam.*

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

MAJUBA.

Photo., H. Yeo, Plymouth.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL YULE.
Commanding Fourth Division in place of Sir W. P. Symons.

There is, however, a ring of prophecy and hope in that word "Resurgam." One that sends the blood tingling through the veins to-day, and makes one feel that the long reign of Boer injustice and resistance to lawful rights is not far from its close. Curiously enough, through all these years there has been what some have termed a "hand writing on the wall," though it has only comparatively lately been noticed. I refer to the (British) lion in Kruger's Waterfall, near Johannesburg. (See p. 15.)

Photo., W. Barnett.

COLONEL DICK-CUNYNGHAM.
Gordon Highlanders.

Surely this is a photographic fake, you say. It is not indeed. I took the photograph myself when I was at a picnic there years ago, and yet it was only last year that someone wrote to me from Africa, pointing out the extraordinary phenomenon formed by the rocks and bushes. This picture is reproduced from the original negative, which has not been touched up in any way.

An almost equally curious thing is to be seen in one of the passes in the Drakensberg, through which the Free State Boers issue forth in their attacks on Natal. High up in the craggy peak of the mountain which towers over its fellows in the centre of the picture on page 21 it will be noticed, on close inspection, there is a more than passable full-face likeness of Mr. Kruger, with one eye open and the other winking with a depth of mystery that would rival the expression of the Sphinx. I have also had this negative since 1895, but it was only in the last few months that this wonderfully natural caricature of Mr. Kruger's features was brought to my notice, and that in a very singular and amusing way. The editor of one of our leading London illustrated papers had the photograph for reproduction, and when I next saw him, said, "Of course I saw the elaborate photographic fake of Mr. Kruger's head in that mountain, but we are far too

Photo., Elliott & Fry.

COLONEL F. HOWARD.
Commanding Seventh Brigade.

COLONEL SCOTT CHISHOLME.
Imperial Light Horse—Killed at Elandslaagte.

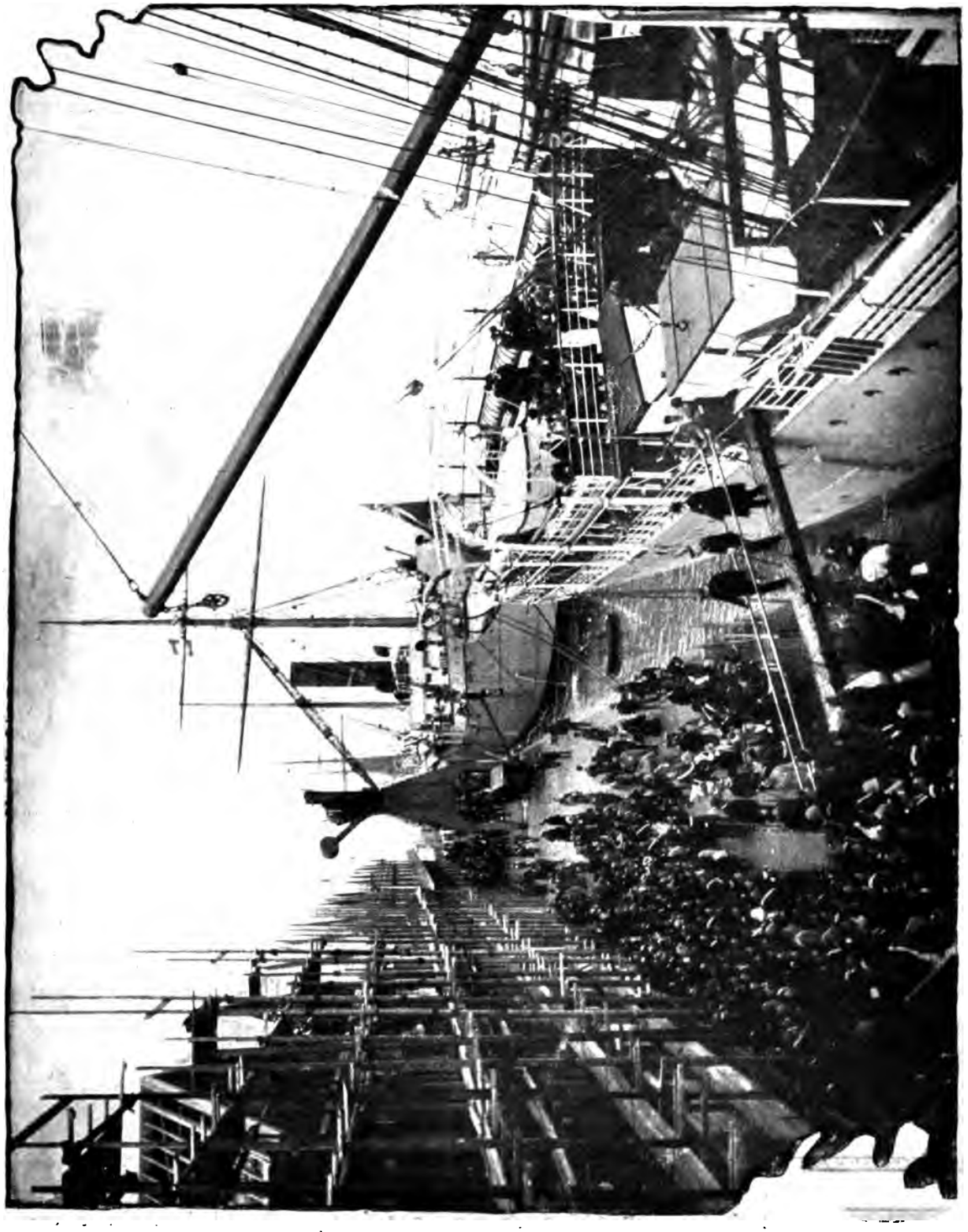


Photo., E. Milner.

LORD WOLSELEY AND SIR DONALD CURRIE LEAVING THE R.M.S. "ROSLIN CASTLE" AT SOUTHAMPTON, AFTER SAYING "GOOD BYE" TO THE TROOPS LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

LIEUT.-COL. SCHIEL AND BARON VON WICKMANN.

Schiel is the German who guided the Boer fortunes of war, and was taken prisoner by us at Elandslaagte.

high-class for that sort of thing. So I got an artist to make a wash drawing of the picture and leave it out." This was actually the first I had heard of it, and I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him that the negative had never been touched. He had spent about five guineas in order to get rid of the most interesting feature of the picture.

For whatever Fate may have in store for Paul Kruger, he will always have an interest in the eyes of the British nation, second to none of her antagonists since the days of Napoleon. His career has been so remarkable, that it is extraordinary that only comparatively lately people on this side of the water have realised the innate strength of the man with whom they have to deal. We were for a long time too much accustomed to regard him in the light of a simple guileless farmer, who, Cincinnatus-like, has been dragged against his will from the peaceful life of the country to the rulership of his turbulent burghers. And it has only dawned upon us after this "Heathen Chinee" has won repeated deals in "the game he did not understand," that you never knew how many cards the old man had up his sleeve, and that he was in every way a match for any of the highest trained diplomats we possessed.

Photo., J. Cumming.

GENERAL SIR CORNELIUS FRANCIS CLERY.

Commanding Second Division, First Army Corps.

What makes it so wonderful, is that he is a man who never had the chance even of going to school; who, to this day, can scarcely sign his name to documents of State, and yet he has made a greater mark in the history of South Africa than any man before or since, Cecil Rhodes only being excepted.

COMMANDANT BOTHA.

Look at his signature, reproduced from his autograph in my possession. It is the stiff, laboured hand of the farmer, and almost appears as if he had not been quite sure how to spell his name, and had added a "d" into it.

Instead of reading books, and so viewing the world through other men's eyes, the education of President Kruger has been one of hard facts. He was only thirteen years old when his father decided to join the other Boers in the "Great Trek" (as he was born a British subject at Colesberg in the Cape Colony), so that from his earliest years he was surrounded by hardships and dangers of every kind. But he was of the right sort to meet them, and of his extraordinary physical prowess and endurance many stories are told. It is said that he could ride a horse at full gallop while standing on his head on its haunches. Once, when out shooting his gun burst and blew off the end of his finger. Kruger sat down on the nearest antheap, produced a pocket-knife, hacked the finger off neatly at the next joint, bound up the stump, and went on as if nothing had happened. Even since he was President it is recorded of him that one night, being unable to sleep through toothache which tortured him till he could endure it no longer, he lit a match, hunted round for his pocket-knife and then dug the offending tooth out of his jaw

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

KRUGER'S WATERFALL, NEAR JOHANNESBURG.

It is a strange coincidence that the rocks and bushes on the top form a striking likeness to the "British Lion."

He was a Commandant at twenty-five, and before he was much older occupied the position which General Joubert does to-day, that of Commandant-General. He was one of the Triumvirate who raised the standard of revolt against the British in 1880, and has been President ever since 1882.

COMMANDANT CRONJE.

Perhaps his most wonderful achievement—for the principal credit can fairly be given to him—was his diplomacy in getting the British nation to believe that they would only be acting rightly and magnanimously if they gave back the country, as they did in 1880. This, to me, has always seemed far more marvellous than the beating of our tiny armies at Majuba and Laings Nek. He seems to have persuaded us so effectually that he was such an honest, simple, straightforward old fellow, that we executed conventions with him, which left out all safeguards for equality of

treatment of our subjects; as we never dreamt that it would be otherwise. Consequently, England has since found herself in the position of a landlord with an unsatisfactory tenant, who through all these years has laughed in her face, secure in a lease so badly drawn that it contains no provision to properly protect the landlord's interests.

Of course, President Kruger, like the Transvaal, has been greatly made by the force of circumstances. Had it not been for the discovery of gold, the country must inevitably have reverted to the British, from sheer inability on the part of the Boers to carry it on. For, by 1885, just prior to the discovery of the De Kaap goldfields, the country was in as hopeless a

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

A BOER FAMILY.

condition of bankruptcy as it had been when the British took it over in 1877. It is said that when the news came in, a ten-shilling and a half-crown piece were all that was left in the public coffers at Pretoria, and that "Oom Paul" took the ten-shilling piece, saying, "Here goes the last of the old luck; I shall wear this on my watch-chain." He has done so ever since. It was not only that the public purse was empty, there was absolutely no money in the country at all. The Boers lived in mud-walled one-roomed shanties, subsisting only on

Photo., Russell & Sons.

OFFICERS OF THE 1ST AND 2ND LIFE GUARDS AND ROYAL HORSE GUARDS REVIEWED BY THE QUEEN.

TOP ROW (standing).—Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, R.H.G.; Capt. Clewes; Lieut. D'Crepigny, 2nd L.G.
MIDDLE ROW.—Capt. Drage, R.H.G.; Duke of Roxburgh; Capt. Ricardo, R.H.G.; Hon. R. Ward, 1st L.G.; Hon. A. Meade, R.H.G.; Capt. Milner, 1st L.G.; Capt. H.S.H. Prince Adolphus of Teck, 1st L.G.; Major Carter, 1st L.G.; Lieut. Waring, 1st L.G.; Lieut. Lloyd-Phillips; Lieut. Henderson, 1st L.G.; Capt. Elpson, 2nd L.G.; Lieut. Stubbs, R.H.G.; Hon. G. Ward, 2nd L.G.; Hon. A. O'Neil, 2nd L.G.; Lieut. Spender Clay, 2nd L.G.
BOTTOM ROW (seated).—Capt. Vaughan Lee, R.H.G.; Major Fenwick, R.H.G.; Major Cawley, 1st L.G.; Col. Neeld, 2nd L.G.; Major Anstruther Thomson, 2nd L.G.; Capt. Peel, 2nd L.G. (sitting behind); Capt. Furguson, 2nd L.G.; Earl of Wicklow, 2nd L.G.; Lieut. Surtees, 2nd L.G.

what their farms produced. There were no markets for any surplus, consequently they could not buy anything at all from the rest of the world.

The life of a Boer family under such circumstances, swallowed up in the immensity of the eternal veld, cut off from all books, all education, and all contact with the great outside world, must have been awful in its cramping narrowness and ignorance. Consequently there is much to be said in excuse for the Boer, when we laugh at his ignorance or are irritated with his obstinacy.

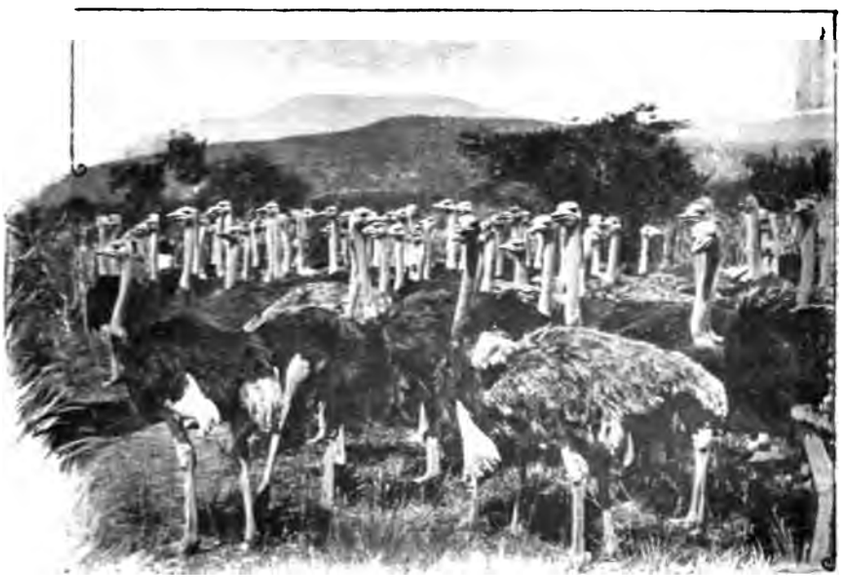
With the discovery of gold, a great change came over the land. Gold has a magic sound all the world over, and at its call the clerk leaves his desk, the barber his scissors, the sailor his ship, and all rush to wheresoever it flaunts its flaming flag. When the first reefs were found at Barberton, in 1884, there was a considerable rush, but it was as nothing to the teeming struggling crowd which, from every country on the face of the earth, poured up to Witwatersrand and formed the town of Johannesburg. Where previously those high, breezy veld uplands swept away far as the eye could see, empty and desolate, a huge city sprang up, as it were, in a night. Who

Photo, N. P. Edwards.

THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL COLLEY FELL AT MAJUBA.

could have dreamed that in a certain place in those plains of waving grass, so far away from the ken of the ordinary world, gold would one day be found in such astonishing quantities. To see the long line of the Main Reef now, covered for over thirty miles in an endless succession of mine shaft heads, batteries, and smoke stacks, and the city of Johannesburg, with its stately buildings, grand shops, electric lights, trams, telephones and railways, it is hard to realise that only a dozen years ago it all had its beginning. And, still more extraordinary, was, till 1892, separated from the nearest railway by 300 miles of veld, over which *everything* required in the place had to be brought by toiling ox-waggons, taking three weeks to do the journey.

With such an Eldorado suddenly opened up in the Transvaal, no wonder that the Boers profited by the improvement in the value of the country. Farms, previously unsaleable at sixpence an acre, have been sold by them at prices ranging from ten to one hundred thousand pounds apiece. Claims have been pegged out by the hundred thousand, on each one of which a "Prospector's License" of ten shillings a month has been levied by the Government, who double that charge as soon as the claim is worked by a mining company. Then the Uitlander, the goose which has laid such golden eggs, has had to pay 95s. a case for dynamite, which could



Photo, N. P. Edwards

OSTRICHES ON A BOER FARM NEAR MAJUBA.

be imported into the country for 40s.; for his printing a duty of 112 per cent., and on every single other thing imported, at least an ad valorem duty amounting to 9 per cent.

No wonder that the Boers have had some money to play with, and have been able to gratify their vanity by the erection of such palatial buildings as the Raadzaal at Pretoria, to house the nation's Parliament, or "Raad," as the collection of greasy-coated old farmers, who smoke and expectorate over the nation's affairs, is called. The building cost

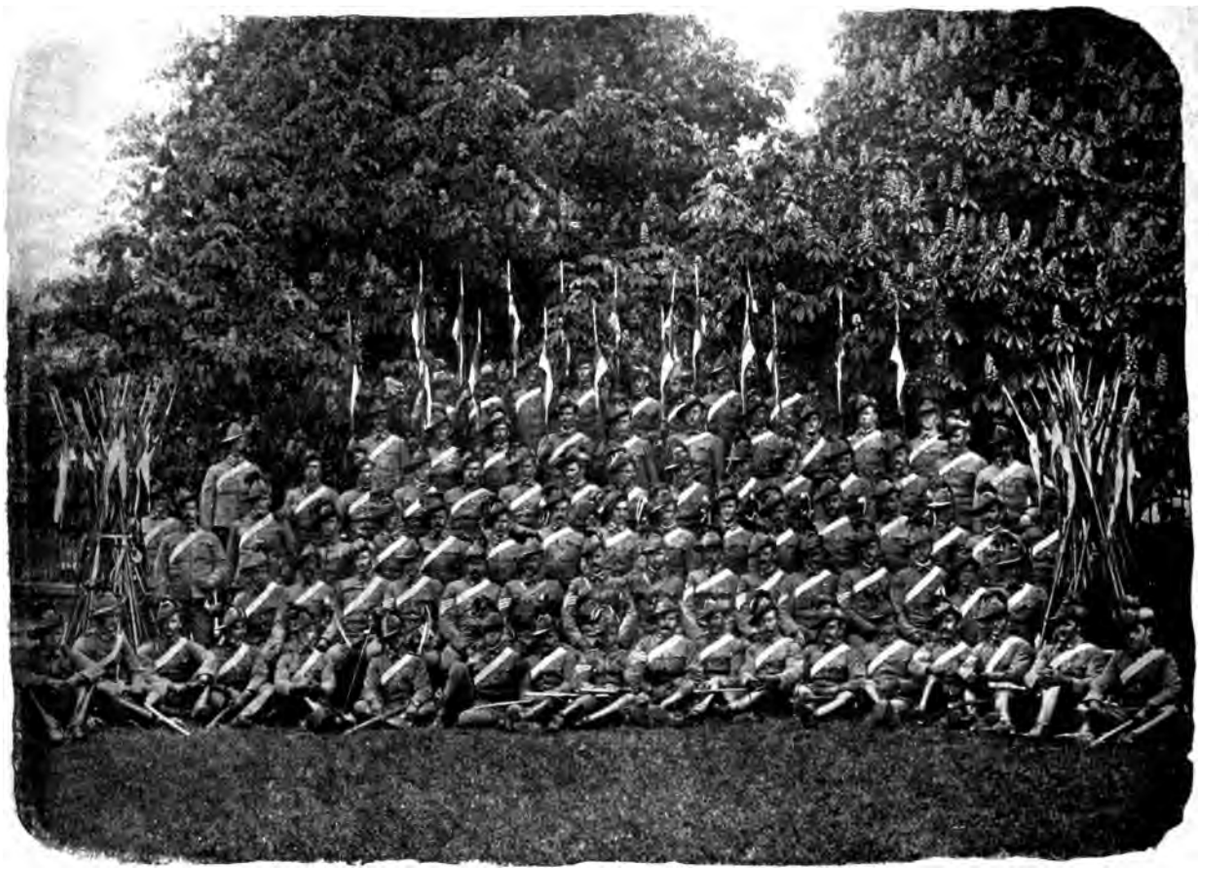


Photo., Knight, Aldershot.

THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS NOW IN NATAL.

something like £250,000, but even this expenditure is as nothing compared to the lavish way salaries have been paid to the Hollanders specially imported to do the clerical work, which the ignorant Boer is unable to do himself. These salaries are twenty-seven times as great as they were ten years ago; while the increase in money spent on munitions of war has been proportionately even greater. While we have been frightened of offending the susceptibilities of poor, dear Mr. Kruger, or making him feel uneasy as to the independence of his country, he has been importing rifles by the hundred thousand, and cartridges by the million for use

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HOUSE, PRETORIA.

against us in his dream of a Dutch Republic, comprising all South Africa, with himself at its head. As Max Adeler said, "Ten men armed to the teeth will generally beat a man in his shirt"; so it is not surprising that the disarmed Uitlander at Johannesburg has had little chance of successfully struggling for his rights.

It is not as if he had been asking the Boer for anything which he himself had refused in his own country. In the Cape Colony, the Dutchman has just the same rights as the Englishman; and in its Parliament has even the privilege of choosing whether he shall speak in Dutch or English. In the Orange Free State the Englishman gets his right of voting after six month's residence; so it seems at first sight all the more extraordinary that that country should have taken up arms against us in defence of the Transvaal's action in denying a principle which they recognise. The former republic is a country against which no one would wish to raise an outcry as to its principles or methods of government, for in their main outlines they have proved thoroughly satisfactory.

Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, is a place as well ordered and pleasant to live in as an English city. To anyone not accustomed to the smallness of South African towns, it is almost impossible to realise that this is the metropolis of the Orange Free State. As you stand on the fort, built by the British in the days of their domination to overlook the town, it seems such a handful of a place; as indeed it is, about 2,000 whites and 2,000 blacks making up its entire population.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

PANNING ORE TO DISCOVER GOLD.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

PASS IN THE DRAKENSBERG—SHOWING ROCK WITH A FAIR LIKENESS OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

It is to the passes of the Drakensberg, which separate Natal and the Orange Free State, that the Boers will probabl when .he British advance takes place.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

BARBERTON (IN 1887).

Situated in the N.E. of the Transvaal and about 100 miles due west of Lorenço Marquez. It was in this neighbourhood gold was first discovered in 1884.

The Presidency at Bloemfontein, however, is a great contrast to Mr. Kruger's modest one-storied residence at Pretoria, being a house of some architectural pretentions. It belongs to the State, whereas Mr. Kruger's house is private property, having been given to him (of course out of pure love and philanthropy!) by the late Mr. Nellmapius, who, by a singular coincidence, was the gentleman who originally obtained the celebrated dynamite concession.

Till this present war we had never had any trouble with the Boers of the Orange Free

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GOLD MINES AT JOHANNESBERG.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

OFFICERS' GRAVES AT MAJUBA.
The one in the centre is that of General Sir George Colley.

State since we relinquished all claims to sovereignty over them by the Sand River Convention of 1852; and those who have lived in the Free State and experienced the hospitable kindly character of its Boer inhabitants feel doubly sorry that they should have suffered themselves to be led into such a war. The simplicity of some of these farmers is almost beyond belief. I recollect an incident that happened to me personally, which I should have deemed incredible or grossly exaggerated if I had been told of it I was travelling by rail through the country soon after the first line was opened, and three Boers got in. Having shaken hands and asked my name, who I was, where I came from, and where I was going to, and being especially astonished at my answers to their further questions, that I wasn't married, nor yet was I engaged (my age at the time was twenty-five); they then proceeded to inform me their own names, ranks in life, ages, numbers of children that they each possessed, &c. They had come from Winburg, a tiny village some four hours drive away in the veld. One said that he was a "Field-Cornet" (which corresponds to a J.P. in England), one was an ordinary farmer, while the third informed me that he had given up farming and had

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

A WAYSIDE BOER STORE.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

COMMISSIONER STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

taken a hotel in Winburg. "And," he continued, "as you are on your way to England, when people ask you there which is the best hotel in Winburg, please be sure and recommend mine." I believe I was naughty enough to say, that I thought nearly every one would be asking me for information on the point.

The present war with the Boers is being waged on far different lines to the old one. Laings Nek, the high saddle of land which our soldiers tried to storm on that disastrous 28th of January, 1881, only to be repulsed with such heavy loss at the hands of the rock-hidden Boer marksmen, is now pierced with a tunnel, the possession of which will be an important factor in our advance. Eighteen years ago there was no railway along which to send armoured trains and provisions for the conflicting armies. Each side had to depend, to a certain extent, on the deadly slow South African ox-waggon, which, even on level ground, and going at "express" speed, seldom averages much more than fifteen miles *a day*. But when a waggon gets bogged in a deep rut, or a break-down occurs, such as is to be seen in the picture on page 31, sometimes days elapse before it can be got out again. In England, we think that the wealth of language and flow of diction of a Billingsgate fishwife are something unequalled, but they fade into insignificance before the torrential flow of the Boer or Kaffir driver on these occasions. The former generally has one ox, which he christens "Engelschman," and the poor animal chosen to be representative of the "Empire upon which the sun never sets," comes in for a double share of

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

RORKE'S DRIFT.

The scene of Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead's gallant stand with eighty men against several thousand Zulus in January, 1879.

Photo., Stuart, Southampton.

SHIPPING HORSES FOR THE CAPE ON THE R.M.S. "HARWARDEN CASTLE."

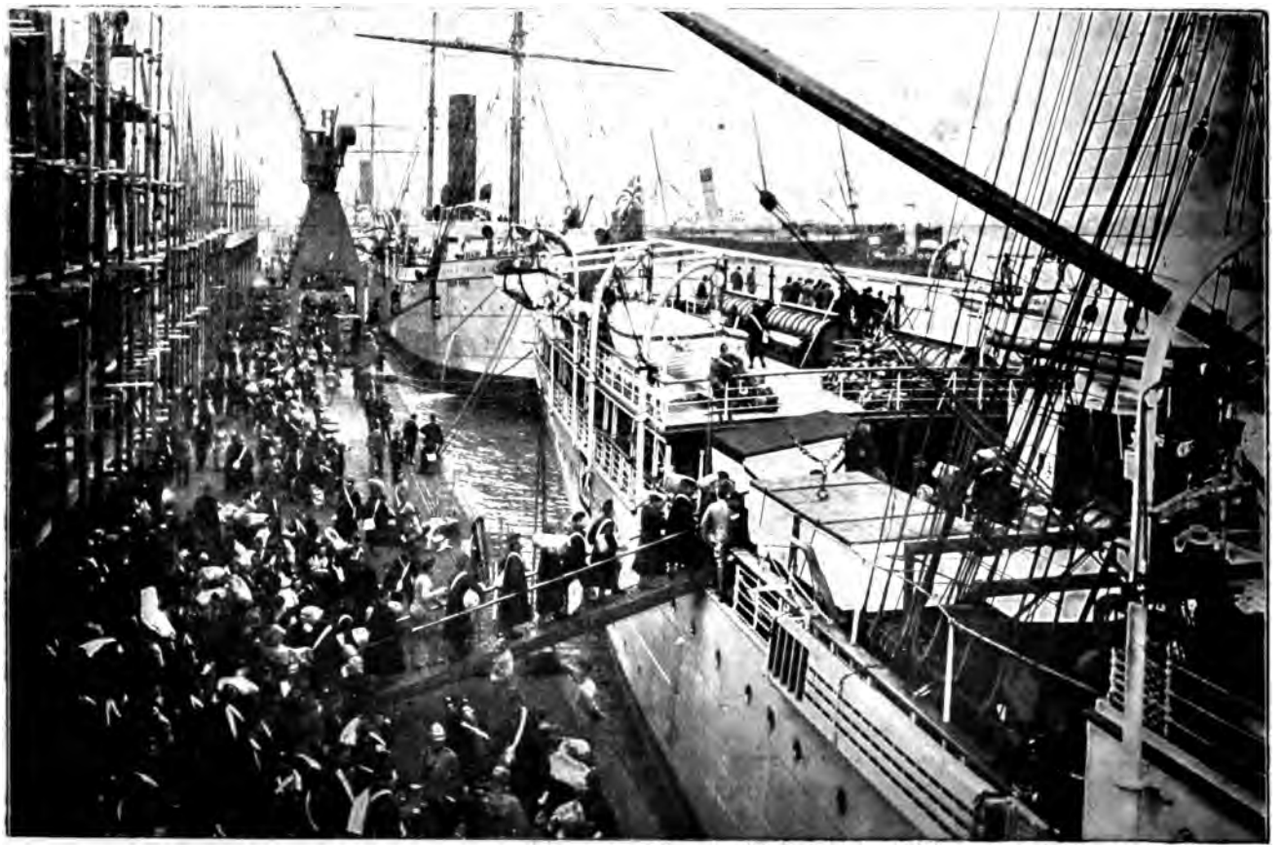


Photo., E. Milner.

2ND BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT AND 2ND BATTALION WEST YORKSHIRE EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON IN MESSRS DONALD CURRIE & CO.'S R.M.S. "ROSLIN CASTLE."

Y.

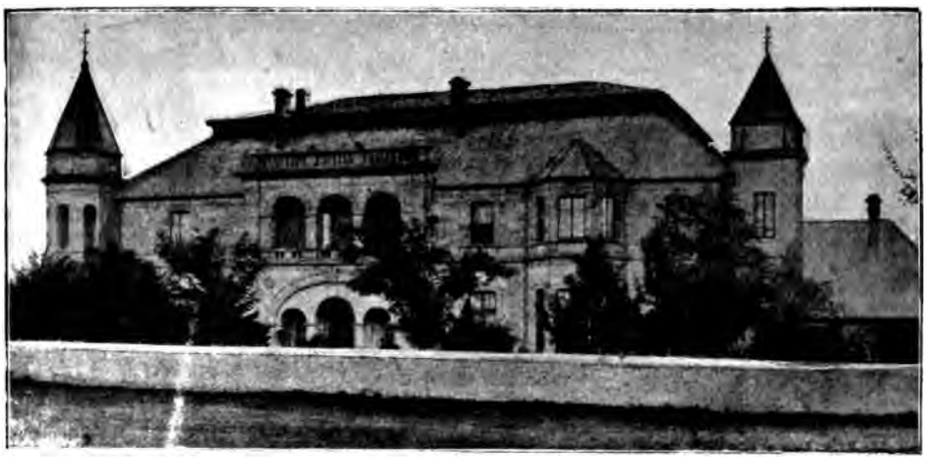


Photo., N. P. Edwards.

PRESIDENCY, BLOEMFONTEIN.

adjectives and blows from the murderous thong of the great fishing-rod-like whip, which his master uses with the dexterity born of long practice. Sometimes the waggon may be stuck for days, and then its owner will go round to all the other Boer transport riders, and borrow perhaps half-a-dozen of their sixteen-ox spans, which he fastens on to every conceivable part of the waggon. Then the scene which follows beggars description! All the drivers yell and thrash at once; half of the oxen pull, and the other half swerve away from the cruel whips,

Photo., N. P. Edwards.

THE RAADZAAL OR PARLIAMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA.

with the result that nothing is accomplished. Bedlam is let loose indeed, and Boers, in their cruel rage, have been known to twist the tails off their unfortunate beasts.

The following information, for which I am indebted to Messrs. Donald Currie & Co., will be interesting at the present moment, as giving an idea of the Stores required for a Transport Steamer :—

SOME OF THE TROOPS' STORES PUT ON BOARD THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE," IN ADDITION TO USUAL STORES CARRIED BY A LINER TO CAPE TOWN.—14 tons fresh meat; 30 cwt. salt beef; 30 cwt. salt

Photo, E. Milner.

TROOPS IN THEIR QUARTERS ON THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE."

By kind permission of Messrs. Donald Currie & Co.

pork; 16 tons flour; 8 cwt. suet; 3,000 lbs. dried fruits; 28 cwt. dried peas; 34 cwt. preserved meat; 4 cwt. preserved vegetables; 6 tons biscuits; 16 cwt. rice; 52 cwt. sugar; 24½ chests tea; 300 gallons vinegar; 200 lbs. mustard; 220 gallons of pickles; 56 lbs. pepper; 14 cwt. salt; 190 lbs. malt and hops; 56 lbs. cocoa; 8 cwt. coffee; 50 bottles herbs; 20 lbs. spices; 120 gallons lime juice; 3 cwt. salt fish; 2,000 lbs. fresh fish; 10 cwt. cheese; 20 cwt. butter; 21 cwt. hams and bacon; 1,000 lbs. jams and marmalade; 120 pints carbolic acid; 20 pints permanganate of potash; 14 cwt. chloride of lime; 4 cwt. disinfectant powder; 1 gallon sulphuric acid; 1 gallon oxide manganese.

CANTEEN STORES ON THE S.S. "BRAEMAR CASTLE."—78 lbs. mixed biscuits to be sold at 6d. per

lb. ; 73 lbs. ginger nut biscuits at 6d. per lb. ; 150 lbs. lunch biscuits at 1d. per four ; 200 tins sardines at 4d. per tin ; 350 tins salmon at 6d. per tin ; 100 tins lobsters at 1s. 1d. per tin ; 500 tins jam at 6d. per tin ; 200 tins marmalade at 5d. per tin ; 800 tins Swiss milk at 6d. per tin ; 200 tins preserved butter at 1s. 4d. per 1 lb. tin ; 20 gallons pickles at 4d. per half-pint ; 403 lbs. cheese at 8d. per lb. ; 7 boxes herrings at 1d. each ; 564 lbs. cake at 1d. per slice ; 50 tins blacking at 1d. per tin ; 448 sauces at 1d. each ; 281 pipes at 1d. each ; 137 pipe covers at ½d. each ; 220 lbs. cavendish at 1s. 6d. per lb. ; 56 lbs. shag at 1s. 6d. per lb. ; 200 tablets glycerine soap at 2d. per tablet ; 190 tins fresh herrings at 8d. per tin ; 12 lbs. sweets at 6d. per lb.

SOME OF THE STORES USUALLY CARRIED BY A CASTLE LINER ON EACH TRIP TO THE CAPE.—For the voyage out and home the edibles required include the following:—1,500 lbs. fresh butter ; 2,000 lbs. salt butter ; 1,200 lbs. cheese ; 38,000 eggs ; 10 cwt. of coffee ; 12 cwt. tea ; 1 cwt. cocoa ; 48 cwt. sugar ; 500 pints sauce ; 16 cwt. rice ; £140 worth of vegetables ; 20 tons of potted vegetables ; 2,500 lbs. preserved vegetables ; 2,000 lbs. fruit ; 400 lbs. mushrooms ; 3,600 lbs. jam and marmalade ; 1,800 lbs. of bread are daily baked in 4-lb. loaves ; 1,000 gallons of fresh milk (frozen), while two cows are kept on board to supply fresh milk. Coming to meat, 16,000 lbs. of beef have to be usually carried ; there is a supply of Kosher for Jewish passengers ; 160 dozen of pheasants and other game ; 128 dozen poultry ; 200 lbs. venison ; 3,500 lbs. of fresh fish ; a ton of smoked fish ; as well as a ton of Finnan haddock and 200 crabs and lobsters. It is interesting to find that on the voyage no less than 140 dozen quart bottles of champagne and 200 dozen pint bottles are con-

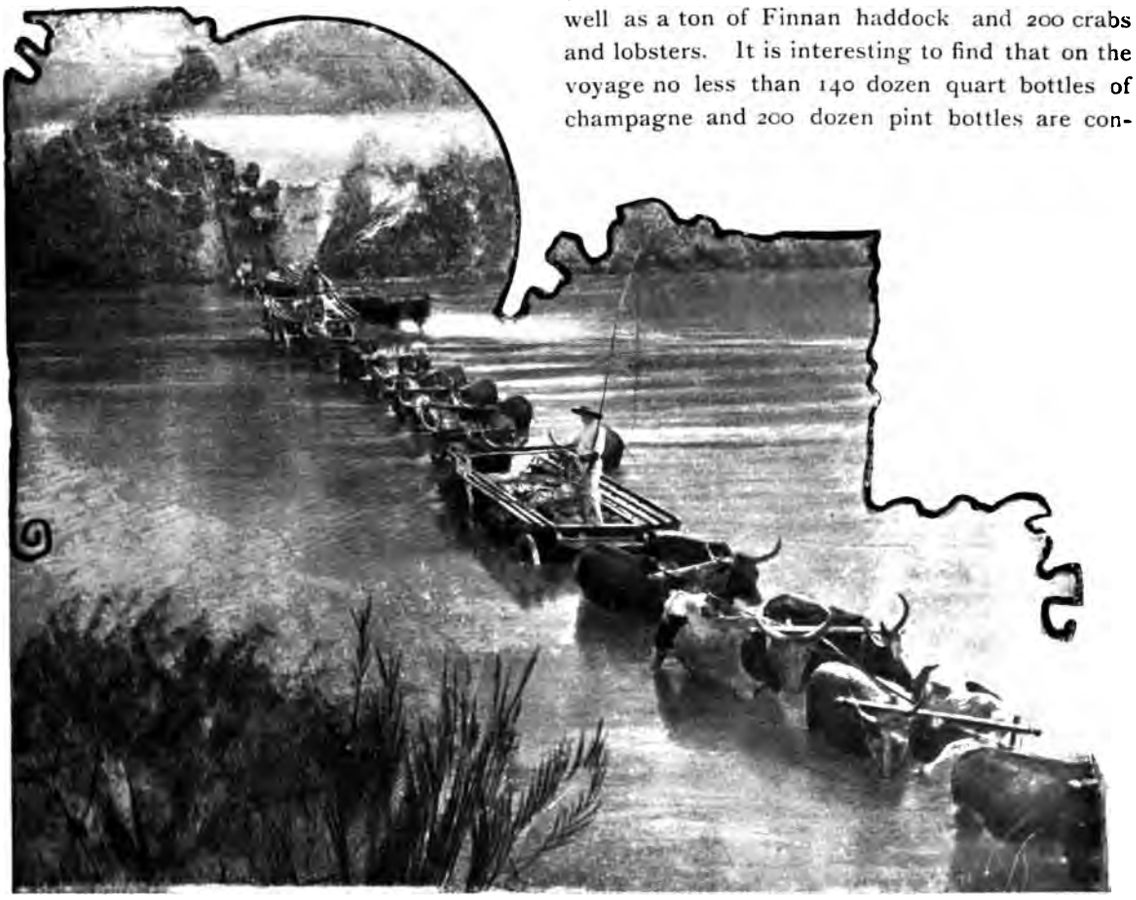


Photo., N. P. Edwards.

CROSSING A RIVER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

N. P. Edwards

BLOEMFONTEIN, CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

THE CAMP AT LADYSMITH.

sumed; 300 dozen of other wines; 30 dozen of brandy; 200 dozen of whisky; 18,000 bottles of mineral waters; 14,000 pints of ale and stout; 6,000 cigars; 17,000 cigarettes; 1,000 lbs. tobacco. There are on board 64,700 pieces of linen; 1,700 wine glasses; 4,000 tumblers; 600 water bottles; 17,000 pieces of crockery; breakages are so frequent that the entire stock of crockery has to be renewed every fourth voyage. The washing bill each trip comes to £300.

Another difficulty of transport is connected with the rivers. In a country where bridges are few, spots have to be chosen in those rivers that have water in them, which are shallow enough for the oxen to go through. "Rivers that have water in them" sounds rather a strange phrase; but in Africa, which someone once described as "a land where birds have no song, and flowers no perfume," water in the rivers is the *exception*, and not the rule. As you go up by train from the coast to the north, you pass over plenty of rivers marked on the map, whose beds are dry as the surrounding country. As the train roars over the bridges, one wonders why they had been put there. But see these same streams after a heavy fall of rain. Then the tiny brooklet, or dried-up bed, changes to a raging torrent, which comes down in a solid wall of water that sweeps away in its resistless course all obstacles. It has happened more than once that coaches and other vehicles thus crossing have been carried away, and all the passengers, as well as the horses, drowned. An incident in my own experience serves to illustrate the delays and hardships these flooding rivers entail. Once, when travelling by post-cart, after a hard day's journey in the driving rain, I arrived within three miles from my destination at what was ordinarily a little brook. But the

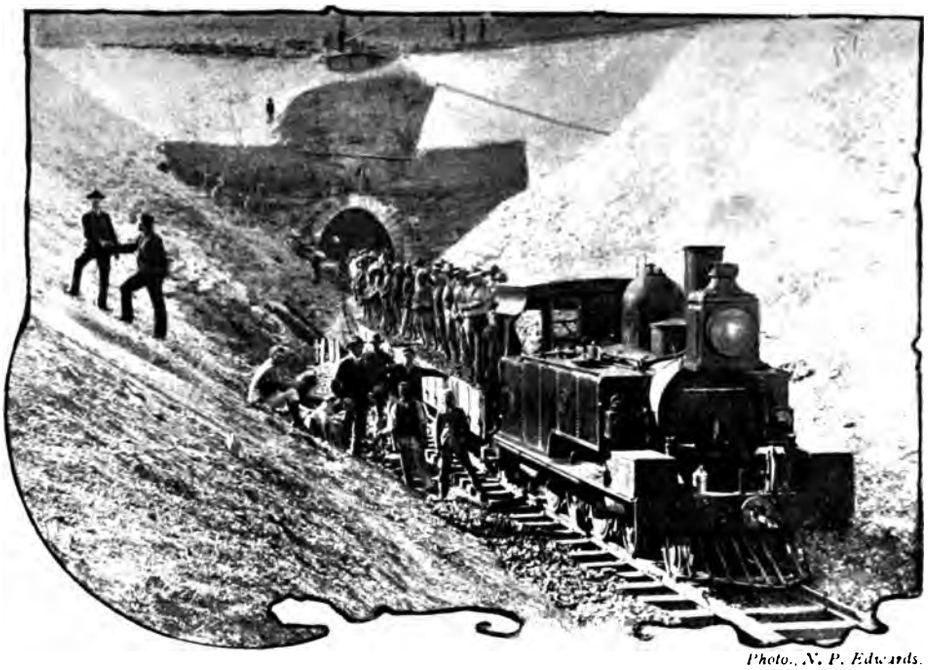


Photo., N. P. Edwards.

LAINGS NEK.
Shewing the Natal Railways tunnel under the Drakensberg range of mountains.

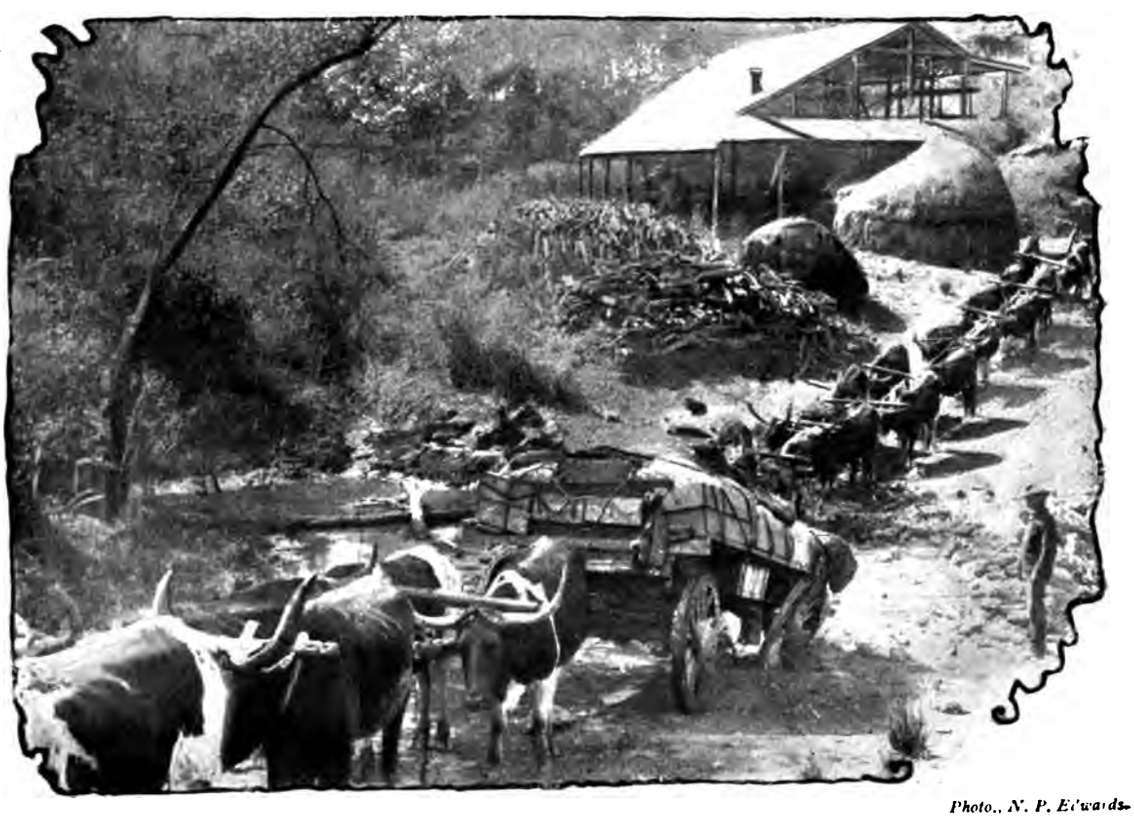


Photo., N. P. Edwards.

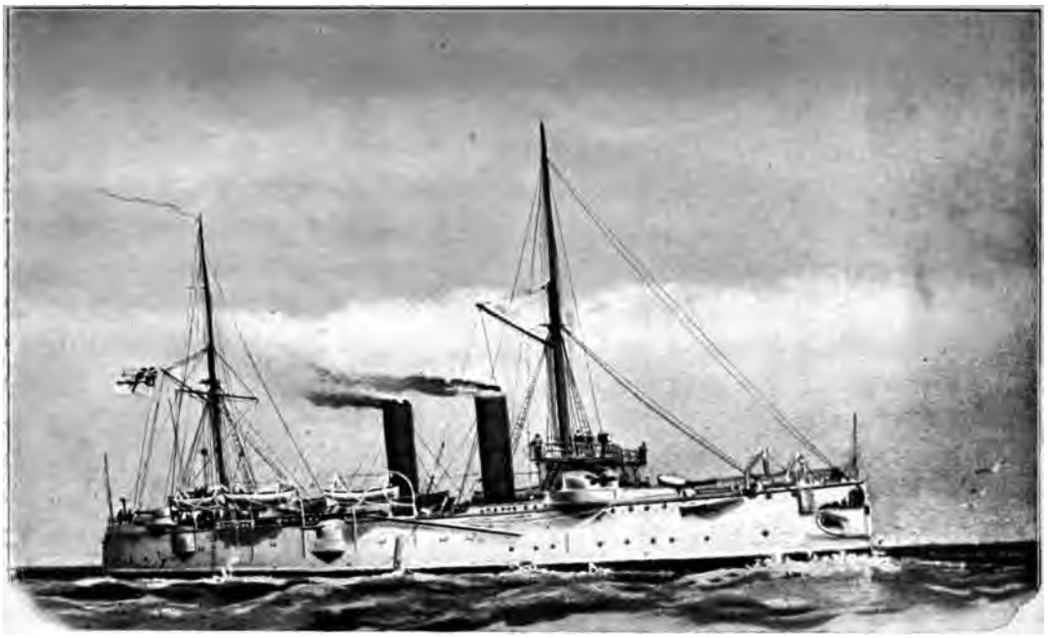
A WAGGON BREAK-DOWN.
An incident of frequent occurrence.

LIEUT.-COL. AUDLEY DALLAS NEELD.
2nd Life Guards. Commanding the Composite Regiment of the Guards recently reviewed by Her Majesty the Queen.

brook had grown into a roaring river, and being unable to find any place of shelter in the darkness there was no alternative but to sit out with the rest of my unfortunate companions in the driving rain of that long, cold night, and wait for the day. To make matters worse, we were all terribly hungry, having had nothing either to eat or drink since the previous day's lunch; and it was not until long after sunrise that our driver dared to venture taking his horses through. Even then it was a hard struggle for them. The water came in the cart, but I kept myself from getting wet by putting my feet on the seat, and thought I had been very clever till I got to my journey's end. Then I remembered my gladstone bag which was under the seat, and found that its contents were reduced to liquid pulp.

A ford of a similar nature and a place which is likely to again see some fighting at no very distant date is Rorke's Drift on the Tugela River, which separates Zululand from Natal—providing the Boers carry out their intention of invading from that side. The name of Rorke's Drift is one of the bright particular stars on the banner of our South African reputation. Here it will be remembered that those two heroic men, Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, with a little devoted band of only eighty men, kept our camp against a raging horde of four thousand Zulus, flushed with success, and with their assegais still wet with the blood of the British army they had massacred at Isandula. It was indeed a wondrous achievement. When the terrible news of Isandula reached the camp, they had scarcely an hour to hastily barricade it with sacks of corn and biscuit boxes, before the overwhelming storm of black devils swept down upon them. Had they failed, the Zulus would have crossed the river into Natal, and laid waste the whole country.

Photo., N. P. Edwards.
MARKET-PLACE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

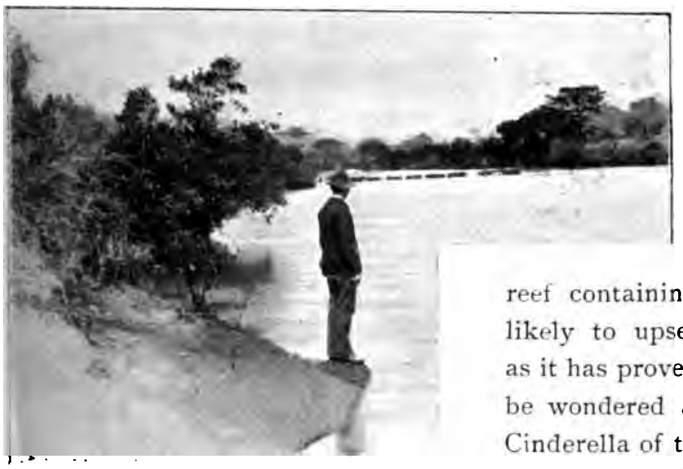


H.M.S. "MAGICIENNE" (SECOND-CLASS CRUISER)

Is cruising in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay, and recently signalled to the French steamer, *Cordoba*; as she did not obey, a blank shot was fired across her bows, and after inspection by the Commander of the *Magicienne*, she was allowed to proceed.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

II.



BOER WAGGONS CROSSING THE LIMPOPO.

UNDOUBTEDLY the beginning of the end of the present Transvaal Republic was the discovery of gold within its borders. To own a farm, the freehold of which is worth sixpence an acre, and then to discover that you have been living on top of a reef containing gold to the value of millions is as likely to upset the mental balance of the individual as it has proved that of the Boer Government. Can it be wondered at that the Transvaal, the back-kitchen Cinderella of the South African sisterhood, should have consequently fancied herself on her connection with such wealth and power, and had its imagination fired by dreams of a united South Africa, with the Boer "vierkleur" flying over it in place of the Union Jack?

These dreams, however, were only adopted into waking-day politics after successive

THE FIRST HOUSE AT JOHANNESBURG.

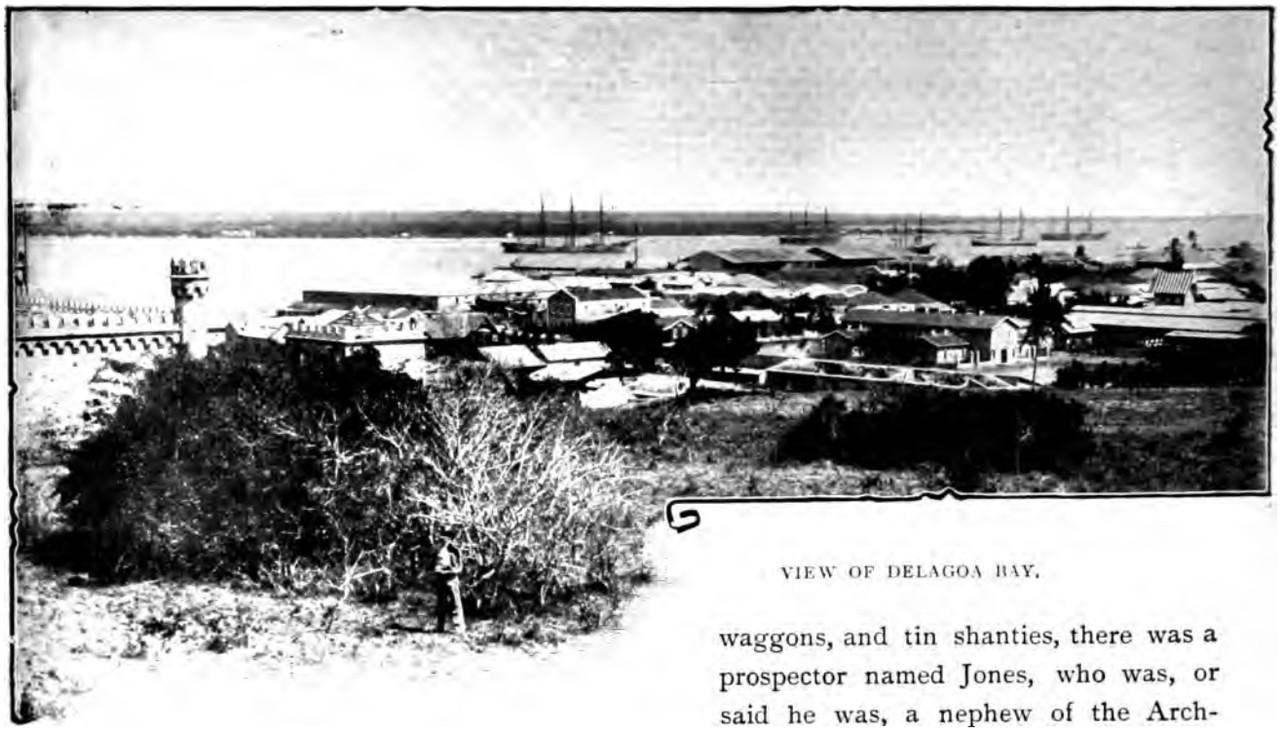
diplomatic victories over the various British statesmen and High Commissioners who tackled President Kruger; and more especially as the old man came to fully realise the marvellous potentialities of wealth in his country. In the early days he could only see that the land was invaded by a swarming host of English and other "Uitlanders," who threatened by sheer force of numbers and intelligence to get possession of the country, which he and his burghers had won back by their rifles in 1881. How often, like Balak of old, must he have prayed, "Come now, therefore, curse me this people which cover the face of the earth, lest peradventure they be too mighty for me."

At first, however, there was but little trouble. The men who came for gold were far too much taken up with the excitements of hunting for reefs and forming syndicates, which, whether they found gold in the ground or not, were pretty sure to extract it from the pockets of the credulous British investor. When a man has just arrived in the heart of a new country, and finds himself flung down amongst an excited crowd pegging out gold reefs, opening stores, bringing out newspapers, and speculating in ground which is worth one day £10 and the next £1,000, it is understandable that he does not trouble his head with questions as to how the country is governed. If you come to such a place and find that you have to think yourself lucky to have the privilege of sleeping on a billiard table after it is finished with at 1 a.m., you are more concerned with the question of getting other and better shelter than whether you have a vote or not. When the price of cabbages varied from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. *each*, as it did in those early days at Johannesburg; when beer is at 4s. 6d. a bottle, and fresh butter unobtainable; one would attach more importance to getting such things cheaper than living under the most enlightened government in the world.

The people who go to goldfields are the notoriously happy-go-lucky, free and easy class. At Johannesburg, which in those days was called Ferreira's Camp, and consisted of tents,

SIR ALFRED MILNER'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE, "NEWLANDS," CAPE TOWN.

"CAN'T I GO TO THE FRONT?"



VIEW OF DELAGOA BAY.

waggons, and tin shanties, there was a prospector named Jones, who was, or said he was, a nephew of the Archbishop of Cape Town; and therefore, I suppose—on the principle of the man who said he couldn't play the flute, but lived in the same street with someone who could—had a flag flying over his tent bearing the inscription :—

"THE ONLY JONES,
MINING AND THEOLOGICAL EXPERT."

Men, who previously had scarcely owned a sixpence in their lives and suddenly found themselves in possession of fortunes, followed the time-honoured customs of the gold-digger all the world over, in throwing away money by every conceivable method available in the somewhat limited resources of a mining camp. In a place where a small whisky costs 1s., and a "B. and S." 2s., you may get through a wonderful amount of cash by ordering a drink out of every bottle in the bar, and then, when all the glasses are placed upon the counter, upset the lot, as was often done. But a man whom I knew in the old days at Barberton had a method of "knocking down his pile," which satisfied his yearning for notoriety, while it helped to diminish his surplus cash. His usual method of greeting any old acquaintance, he saw on entering our hotel dining-room, was taking up a tumbler glass and, with a joyful exclamation of "Hallo Brown, old boy, is that you?" flinging it over our heads at his pal. His friend would reply in the affirmative, accompanied with another tumbler in proof

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR F. W. FORESTIER-WALKER.
Commanding Communications and Transport.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR C. WARREN, R.E.

Commanding Fifth Division, now mobilising for South Africa, has already served in our South African Wars, and commanded the Bechuanaland Expedition in 1884, when he repulsed the Boer invasion. He knows South Africa thoroughly.

MAJOR G. FREND.

Commanding 1st Batt. "Fighting Fifth" (Northumberland Fusiliers) in place of Lieut.-Col. Pennington, who is ill.

COLONEL A. H. PAGET.

Commanding Scots Guards at Mafeking.

COL. CECIL KEITH-FALCONER.

Of the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, lost his life in a reconnaisance at Belmont, Orange River; served under Lord Kitchener in all his Soudan campaigns, had been repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and twice promoted for service in the field. Born in 1860, and only married four months before he was killed.

of his statement. It was said that the man's bill for broken glass averaged £20 per week! but as he was one of the original claim-owners of the world-famed Sheba gold mine, this was but a trifle. Even his valiant efforts to keep the whole town drunk from the time he arrived to the time he left, did not seriously diminish his huge pile; for he was one of those happy or unhappy individuals who, if he had one sober hour out of the week, was said to make enough in that time to pay for all the rest of the week's wild doings.

Naturally, while such high old times as these lasted there was but little fault found with Boer government. But when the reaction, inevitable as the return swing of the pendulum, came, and the bubble shares, which had gone floating up from the pipe of every syndicate, dissolved into the nothingness from which they had started; when prices, which had been rising so long that people had got into the habit of thinking that they must for ever rise, came tumbling down faster than they went up, a change came over the spirit of the dream. Men had time on their hands, time to grumble at the hard times, and time to think of the causes which had brought them about. It dawned on them, now that the mines had grown deeper, and the gold more costly to obtain, that many of the properties never could pay under the existing conditions of heavy duties, levied by the Government on everything that was consumed, and above all, the absence of railways.

For, looking back on it all, it seems hardly possible to realise that any nation—not even the Boers—could be so densely pigheaded as to forbid their introduction. Yet so it was. All that Messrs. Kruger, Joubert and Co. cared for was the transport-riding Boer, and so long as he made a fat thing out of bringing in his lumbering waggons (taking three weeks to do the journey from the nearest railway) all the goods, mining requisites and building materials required by the mining companies, they did not mind how much anyone else suffered. Was it surprising that the share market went down, and the European

LIEUT.-COL. H. C. O. PLUMER.

Of the York and Lancaster Regiment, now commanding a Mounted Infantry Regiment raised at Buluwayo, until recently has been defending the frontier at Tuli, and is now moving south to relieve Mafeking.

TENTS OF THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT LADYSMITH, ERECTED IN THE RECREATION GROUND.

THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS AT LADYSMITH MARCHING TO THE FRONT.

investor got frightened away, when a sum like £10,000 had to be spent by one of the mining companies to bring the machinery of its gold-mill into Johannesburg across the veld? On that occasion over 300 waggons and 10,000 oxen were employed to accomplish what could have been done by one modern locomotive on a railway.

Not only was there this terrible direct expenditure, but the indirect loss caused by the delays was frightful. Merchants ordering goods never knew when they would get them.

MAJOR-GENL. H. J. T. HILDYARD AND STAFF COMMANDING TROOPS AT ESTCOURT.
LIEUT. A. BLAIR, A.D.C. MAJOR L. MUNRO.

Consequently, they had always to carry about twice the stock they need have done, to prevent running short altogether, through flooded rivers, delays at the terminal station, or drought rendering the veld impassable. In November, 1890, Johannesburg was in this latter way as completely cut off from the outside world as Ladysmith and Mafeking are now. It woke up one day to the fact that hungry-eyed famine was sitting down round her gates for 200 miles in every direction; that, in other words, the ordinarily green veld was an arid desert, over which

A BOER ENCAMPMENT.

A GROUP OF BURGHERS READY FOR ACTION.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE, JOHANNESBURG.
(*Ordinary Times.*)

the hungry and thirsty oxen staggered till they dropped dead in their yokes, and lay a prey to the ever-circling aasvogels (vultures). At last even these insatiable scavengers of the veld became unable to cope with the dead bodies that were in all directions, and the outskirts of Johannesburg became a reeking charnel house. The cases of fever, which at all times, owing to the bad sanitary arrangements, were too frequent to be pleasant, now increased to an alarming extent, and scores of deaths occurred weekly. With the market down to zero, and people clearing out at the rate of 4,000 per month, with bread at 1s. per lb., and vegetables and milk almost totally unobtainable, the condition of Johannesburg in 1889-90 was pitiable indeed. All this was brought about by having no railway; and yet the Boer government, session after session, absolutely refused to give us one. If only the editors of some of the pro-Boer London newspapers could have endured the horrors of such a time as this, I do not think they would be quite so ready to make light of the real grievances under which the Uitlander has laboured.

It was the continual refusal of railways which led to the celebrated Flag Incident in 1891, when Paul Kruger came down to Johannesburg and addressed us all as "Vrienden, burghers, and vreimdelingen" (friends, burghers, and outsiders). It was not a very palatable mode of address, and not very surprising that when he continued with the same old platitudes we had heard year after year, that if we would only be

THE STOCK EXCHANGE, JOHANNESBURG.
(*Deserted.*)

A DUST STORM AT JOHANNESBURG.

PAINTING SWORD SHEATHS A DULL COLOUR BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION, TO RENDER THEM LESS VISIBLE TO THE ENEMY.

THE HOSPITAL, JOHANNESBURG.

patient "alleszal recht kom" (all will come right, his favourite motto)—the crowd interrupted him with continual cries of "What we want are railways." At night a lot of young fellows, more for the joke of the thing than anything else, surrounded the house of Captain Von Brandis, the Landdrost, where the President was staying, and continued yelling for railways. I was there to see the fun, and when the crowd in jostling one another had pushed down the low garden fence, we suddenly found ourselves looking down the gleaming barrels of revolvers, levelled at our heads by the Boer police. We then began to disperse; but as luck would have it, some one drew attention to the Transvaal flag floating from a flagstaff in the market square. Before any police could interfere it was hauled down and torn into fragments, which were kept as valuable relics, to be exhibited in strictest privacy among kindred spirits.

People who have been brought up with railways at their doors can hardly conceive what it means to live in a land where the only means of communication was the ox-waggon or coach. We old Transvaalers who have actually lived in the "good old coaching days," to which distance has lent such enchantment to the recollections of our grandfathers in England, can tell a very different tale. In the time of which I write, the passenger arriving from Europe after a railway journey of nearly two days to Kimberley, had to proceed from thence by mail coach. These coaches had a happy knack of always starting out at the unholy hour of 3 or 4 A.M. You crept down the dark deserted street, and had to stand outside in the shivering cold until the booking-office was opened. Then at last, to the toot, toot of the horn, the coach with its long

GENERAL BULLER GOING ON BOARD THE R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE."

span of twelve horses came swinging round the corner. With your knees dovetailed into those of the man sitting opposite, and your elbows pressed close to your sides, you tossed and jolted, one of a party of twelve, in a space that would have been only comfortable with four, hour after hour, night and day, over the veld tracks called by courtesy roads. I recollect that on the occasion of my first journey, having left without being able to get anything to eat or drink, by 8 o'clock I was famishing, and in my innocence asked the driver when we should stop for breakfast. "Breakfast!" he said, "well, we usually gets it at Boshof at 'alf-past-ten, but we are late this morning, so you won't get it much afore noon." Next day we got it at 6 A.M., and the day after at 2 P.M.! so it was what one might call a moveable feast. They were feasts, some of them. At one place where

THE 69TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY ON PARADE AT LADYSMITH

mutton was the staple commodity, the bill of fare invariably ran as follows:—*Soup:* Mutton broth.—*Entrée:* Mutton chops.—*Joint:* Boiled mutton.—*Sweets:* (Mutton) Suet Pudding. One never got to the pudding, for before one was half through, the usual cry was "All aboard, gentlemen," and you had once more to take your place in the horrid old conveyance.

There were two kinds of coaches, those that travelled all night, and those that advertised,

GENERAL BULLER'S PRIVATE SALOON ON MESSRS. DONALD CURRIE AND CO.'S R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE."

as a special attraction, "No night travelling." How, on my first coach journey, I looked forward to bed after it got dark; but when hour after hour went by, and we jolted along at a hand gallop through the darkness, over boulders as big as one's head, and through ruts two feet deep, I came to the conclusion, when we finally stopped at 1 A.M., that the "no night travelling" was a little late in coming into form. And when, three hours later, I was resurrected to the sound of the horn, and called upon to pay for the privilege of having slept in a room with a cow-dung floor, at some veld outspan, I realised the full grandeur of the "No night travelling" fraud. Did I say slept?—I should have said wrestled earnestly with the fleas that kept the passengers busy, during those itching hours, for there must have been a representative of every one of those forty-nine varieties known to science present in those beds to keep us lively.

At the Vaal River, near Kimberley, where the Boers are in possession, the coach had to cross by a pontoon, as shown in the picture on page 64, which was worked over by men hauling on an iron rope which ran across. In the case of smaller streams, places were chosen that were shallow enough to permit of driving through. The coach went down the steep bank on one side with a rush, so that its impetus might help to carry it up the one opposite; and if a mule fell, the driver, instead of stopping, whipped up the other animals all the harder to drag it to

GENERAL BULLER'S PRIVATE CABIN ON MESSRS. DONALD CURRIE AND CO.'S R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE."

COLONEL HUNT AND OFFICERS OF BRIGADE DIVISION ROYAL ARTILLERY.

its feet again. The picture given on page 56 of the Schoonspruit, near Klerksdorp, will give some idea of what charming little green oases these streams make in the usual desert of brown grass veld around them. It is most probable that in the neighbourhood of this stream, our two armies advancing from Stormberg Junction and Kimberley will converge in their march to Pretoria.

TYPICAL ROCKS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

To return, however, to the causes which led to the present state of things, as revealed in the story of the last few years. The franchise, which at first anyone could get after a year's residence in the country, was made harder and harder to obtain. If when I had first gone to the country, I had taken out letters of naturalisation, instead of merely being an ordinary British subject—why I might by now be a Boer! But this tremendous privilege was afterwards made so difficult of attainment, that it was necessary for you to remain five years in the country before you could be naturalised, and then another nine years must elapse before you could obtain the right of voting, and then only providing that the Boer Raad and *two-thirds of the whole burgher population of the Transvaal* signified their consent to your being made one of themselves. So that practically it was an impossibility for the Uitlander to obtain any representation whatever.

Then again, everything connected, however indirectly, with the Government had to be in Dutch. If John Jones, formerly of London, sued William Smith, late of Manchester, both had to get interpreters to give their evidence in Dutch before a Landdrost, who was as perfectly conversant with English as either of them. The Johannesburg Sanitary Board, formerly composed of Englishmen to a man, were compelled to resign in order that a fresh body could be elected, whose primary qualification was that they could speak Dutch, in which language it was enacted that all business should be carried on in future. In the schools the children had to learn Dutch before they could master any books on other subjects, as they were all printed in that language.

Certainly, in one way, it is to the Uitlander's interest to speak it, as there is no way to a Boer's heart like that of being able to speak to him in his own language. However, if you can't, but want to shine as a killing wit in Boer circles, you have only, if a Boer girl asks if you can speak Dutch, to add when confessing your inability, "I have been told that

the correct thing to say to a young lady when you meet her for the first time, is, 'Ach! mij hertje, geef mij lekker zoon.'" As this means "Ah! my darling, give me a sweet kiss," you are at once thought an extremely waggish dog, and the company generally proceed to explain what it means, and you hear, for the five-millionth time in your life, the chestnut about the bashful young fellow just arrived in the Transvaal, who, on being introduced to a lady at a public ball, followed it up by using the words quoted, as he had been told it was the correct expression to use, on asking a lady to dance.

In ordinary times, however much the average Dutchman hates the Englishman, he is always quite ready to marry his daughters to him, and his fat old vrouw, in gossiping with her neighbours, will swell with pride as she informs them that "he is a home born man too." Whether the Englishman who marries a Dutch girl follows out the Dutch system of courting, I am not in a position to say. According to the regulation method, they sit for hour after hour together, without saying a word; the parents leave them and go to bed, and according to the length of the candle which is supplied, the young man knows whether he is a favoured suitor and how long he is expected to stay. He has got to see that candle out, no matter if he drops under the table with weariness. Not that all Boer girls are dull and commonplace, by any means. An English friend of mine was once seized with an inordinate desire to marry a Dutch girl, and marry one he did eventually, at the third or fourth attempt. The first to whom he proposed—dear, shy, innocent maiden that she was—said it was "such an honour, and a thing that required such serious consideration," that would he give her a fortnight to make up her mind? At the end of the fortnight she pressed for another week, and at the end of that other week she had brought a Dutchman up to the scratch, and told her English adorer that she was "so very sorry, but she had engaged herself to Mr. van ———."

MOCHUDISTAD, ON THE NORTH-WEST BORDER OF THE TRANSVAAL.

When the Boers at last consented to a railway, and the first train steamed into Johannesburg on the 19th September, 1892, we felt that brighter days had dawned, and that the Volksraad having given way in this, would be an earnest of their coming round to more modern ways of thought. So

PARADE OF KIMBERLEY RIFLES BEFORE COLONEL KEKEWICH, IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL, KIMBERLEY.

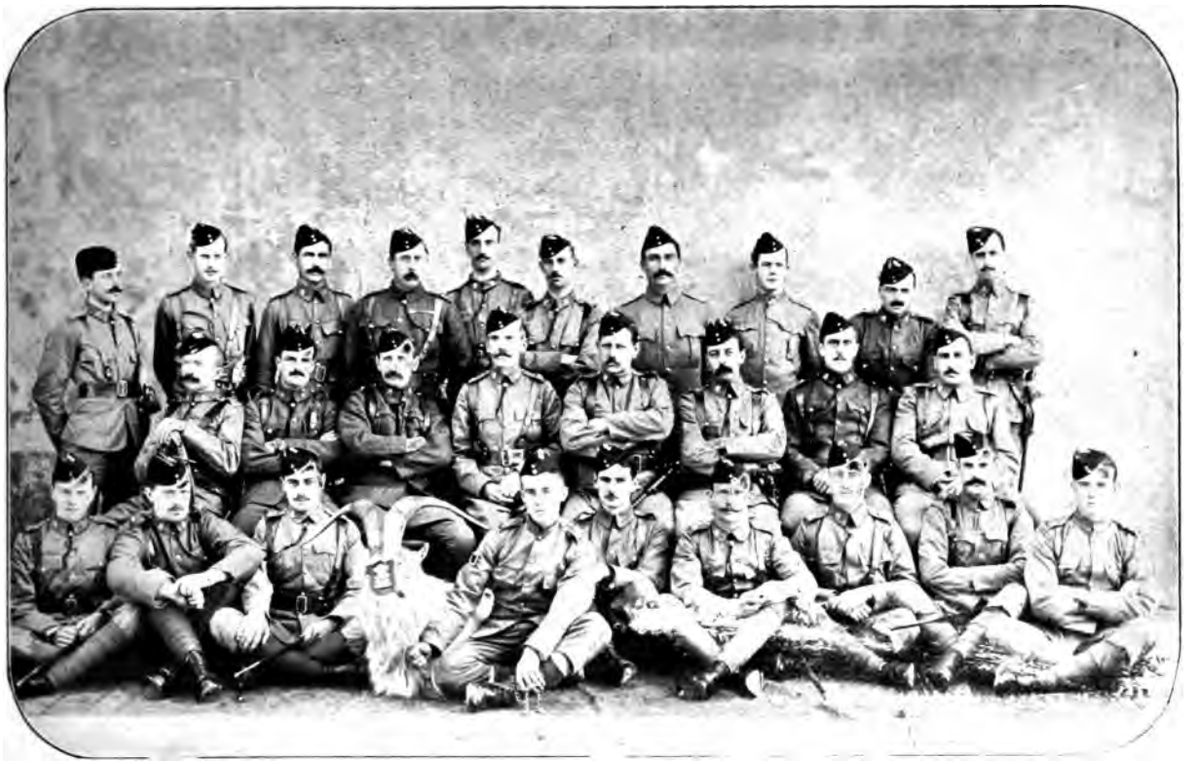
From a Drawing by F. de Haenen of "The Graphic."

COLONEL HALL AND OFFICERS OF THE 2ND DIVISION ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

the Stock Exchange at Johannesburg, which had been almost as deserted then as it is at the present time, when there is scarcely a soul to be seen in the streets of Johannesburg, woke to life. Its membership increased to over 1,000, and the picture here given (page 42), showing the scene in front of the Exchange in good times, speaks of the busy, prosperous period that followed in 1894 and 1895. For the Stock Exchange is the barometer of Johannesburg, and when the shares it deals in are high, skies seem blue, faces smile, and everyone looks as if the millennium was at hand. But let shares run down, and the town dons a very different aspect. Everyone who speculates—and that

BRITISH CAMP IN THE KAROO.

includes nearly all Johannesburg—looks as if burdened with some secret sorrow; the man who ordinarily asks his friends to have a small bottle of "fizzy," looks grateful if he is invited to have a "whisky." The members of the Exchange, when not lounging with hands in pockets, amuse themselves with playing football with each other's hats, and loaf round till the Exchange closes, and the evening cables bring the news of prices in London. At 6 P.M. they have to turn out in the street, no matter what the weather, and it may be imagined what it must be like to have to yell at the top of your voice that you "Sell Geldenhuis Main Reefs," or that you are a buyer of "East Rands," when there is a howling dust storm such as Johannesburg has taken out exclusive patent rights for. You can get some idea of what a dust storm looks like, by the picture on page 43, but to really appreciate it you require to



OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS AND GOAT.

Top Row (standing).—Lieut. J. C. Angell; Lieut. Packe; Capt. R. Price; Major H. D. A. Harkness; Lieut. R. H. Metge; Lieut. A. Derry; Capt. W. V. Pennyfather; Lieut. Pope; Capt. H. R. Westmacott; Lieut. Anderson (Cheshire Regt., attached).

Middle Row.—Lieut.-Col. Giffard; Capt. C. B. Morland; Major O. J. H. Ball; Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield (commanding); Capt. and Qrtr.-Mstr. W. T. Fenn; Capt. and Adjt. D. A. N. Lomax; Lieut. W. H. Ferrar; Lieut. F. A. Jones.

Bottom Row.—Lieut. G. F. Pridham; Lieut. W. A. G. Moore; Lieut. C. R. Berkeley; Goat Taffy and Keeper; Lieut. Lloyd; Lieut. L. W. Herbert; Lieut. F. H. Romilly; Lieut. Lawrence (South Wales Borderers, attached); Lieut. Wimberley.

COLONEL AIRLIE AND OFFICERS 12TH ROYAL LANCERS.

Top Row (standing).—Hon. J. D. Hamilton (Lieut.); Lieut. M. H. Tristram; Lieut. D. J. Keswick; Lieut. J. N. P. Wood; Lieut. B. Macnaghten; Lieut. A. Grant.

Middle Row.—Lieut. G. C. de C. Wright; Lieut. C. Fane; Lieut. W. H. Greenly (adjt.); Capt. H. Clifton-Brown; Lieut. P. J. Bailey; Lieut. G. W. Hobson; Vet. Lieut. Sawyer; Lieut. Lord O. de V. Beauclerk (17th Lancers, attached).

Bottom Row.—Major A. S. Ralli; Capt. F. Egerton-Green; Major J. C. B. Eastwood; Lieut.-Col. D. S. W. Earl of Airlie; Major T. J. Atherton; Hon. H. G. Hencage (Capt.); Capt. F. Wormald.

COMMANDER FREDERICK GREVILLE EGERTON, R.N.

Son of the late Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, M.P., and nephew of the Duke of Devonshire), age 30, fatally wounded by a shell while directing the fire of the "Powerful's" guns at Ladysmith. It was his excellent gunnery which turned the tide in the British favour at the recent artillery duel at Ladysmith.

actually experience what it means to keep your eyes and mouth shut, and even then find grit between your teeth, your collar and clothes turned into one even brick colour, and the opposite side of the street blotted out in the solid wall of red dust which separates you from it. Such an intolerable evil as this could have been largely abated if only Johannesburg had been allowed to have a proper municipality to lay out its streets in asphalte, and water them as is done in Europe. But one of the worst grievances under which we suffered there, was that Johannesburg, which provided all the money, was starved of all such necessary improvements in order that the money should be spent with a lavish hand on the streets of Pretoria, where there was no traffic and no dust.

There can be no doubt that this dust, for ever carrying down the nostrils of the Johannesburgers the disease germs arising from the bad sanitation, has been the principal causes of the sickness which has given the golden city such a bad name; for, situated as it is at an altitude of 6,000 feet above the sea, with a climate which is generally neither too hot nor too cold, and an air unequalled in its bracing qualities, the town *ought* to take rank as the first sanatorium on earth. Instead of that the hospital of Johannesburg, which is now filled with the Boer wounded, has had to be enlarged again and again. It must, however, be said on the part of the Transvaal government, that they subscribed most liberally to this institution. Internally, it is fitted with every modern appliance, and until the present war, any one, no matter their creed or colour, was most tenderly looked after by the English nurses and French nuns, who had the care of the patients. Since the ultimatum, it will be remembered however, that the Boers have insulted and expelled all the English nurses, saying "An English nurse is unfit to wait on an honest Dutchman."

LIEUTENANT THE HON. RALPH I. POMEROY,

5th Dragoon Guards, second son of Viscount Harberton, and nephew of the Duke of Devonshire, during a skirmish at Ladysmith rode back under a heavy fire to the rescue of a trooper of the Imperial Light Horse, whose horse had been shot, took the trooper up behind him and rejoined his comrades in safety.

Another old standing difficulty that we have had with the Boers, has been their treatment of the coloured population. Just as in the early days, our original differences with them arose through their habit of enslaving the

NAVAL DETACHMENT AND GUN.

native population, so right through to the present day our various Colonial Secretaries have been remonstrating with them on their treatment of the coloured subjects of Her Majesty. In Johannesburg and Pretoria there are a very large number of Indian traders and coolies who keep quite large stores (which, by-the-bye, the Boers especially patronize), and also are the principal dealers in fruit and vegetables. They have a great dislike to being photographed; but the snapshot on page 57, of some of these coolie women fruit-sellers, gives a good idea of the class who come round to your door in the morning, announce their arrival by their high-pitched nasal cries of "Fine Bananas, Meesis," etc. These people, though in direct opposition to the spirit and terms of the London

BLUEJACKETS WITH THEIR MAXIM GUN PRACTISING FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A CAPE CART CROSSING A SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER, SCHOONSPRUIT, KLERKSDORP.

Convention, have been forced by the Boers to live in locations outside the towns, being thus degraded to the level of animals rather than human beings. In the same way, Kaffirs are not allowed to walk on the pavement in Johannesburg and Pretoria, being thrown off, arrested, and flogged for doing so by the Boer police. In the country districts, where there is no sort of enlightened public opinion to protect them, their treatment is bad indeed. They have to pay a yearly hut tax, which is often levied more than once, the proceeds of these robberies going into the pockets of the Boer "Field Cornet" who has charge of the district. Indeed, it is an open secret that the late war that the Boers waged to the point of extermination against the Kaffir chief Malaboch, arose out of his refusal to pay the hut tax when it was levied for the third time in a year, and his revolting in despair of ever getting honest treatment. After the war the kindly (?) Boer was filled with astonishment and regret at the number of Kaffi orphans that were left, so these they portioned out as "apprentices" amongst the surrounding farmers. It is a nice word—apprentice—far nicer than slave, but wherein comes the difference between apprenticeship and slavery if you force anyone to work and do not pay them? See the way a party of Kaffirs will clear out on to the veld on the approach of a coach, so as to be beyond the range of the Dutch driver's whip! They know only too well that if he can he will, out of sheer wantonness, lay it across their naked backs.

It is hard to reconcile all this sort of thing with the piety the Boers outwardly express on all occasions. To them it somehow does not seem at all incongruous to act like this and then

to trek perhaps for a week or a fortnight in order to be present at the Nachtmaal, or Lord's Supper services in the nearest town (page 61). These meetings are a very interesting feature of Boer life. The great Church Square, which nearly every Transvaal town possesses, usually so empty, is suddenly filled with outspanned waggons and tents. Every service is eagerly attended, and after listening to sermons which picture them as "God's chosen people," it is not wonderful that they have come to the conclusion that they are special instruments sent by Providence to utterly destroy those wicked "Amalekites," as they now regard the English. Go into a Boer encampment, and between whiles of devising plots for exhibiting flags of truce to be used as cover for treacherously shooting down the "verdomde rooineks," you will hear their leaders addressing them as if they had come together for psalm-singing only. It is wonderful how, in past times, in their wars with the Kaffirs, the Boers adapted these waggons for fighting purposes. By the simple expedient of lashing them together end to end in the form of a square, with thorn bushes filling all intervening spaces, they have been enabled in a "laager" so formed to keep at bay armies of Zulus outnumbering their own tiny forces ten times over.

FIELD BAKERY.

On such occasions the women have helped the men by refilling their bandoliers and handing them cartridges. What a group of burghers in fighting form look like may be seen in the photograph on page 41; the addition of a bandolier or two to his ordinary old clothes constituting the uniform of Oom Paul's own.

INDIAN FRUIT SELLERS.

To return, however, to the causes which led to the present state of affairs—the continued refusal of the Boer Government to give any sort of representation to the enormous body of Uitlanders in the country, who had

CAPTAIN PERCY M. SCOTT, R.N.,

Of H.M.S. "Terrible," recently appointed Commandant of Durban, and in charge of the defences of that town. Inventor of the new travelling gun carriage, thereby coming to the rescue of Sir G. White, at Ladysmith at a critical time, and turning the tide in his favour against the Boers.

developed and worked its mines, owned more than half the land, and, though they outnumbered the burghers by two to one, besides paying four-fifths of the taxes, were denied all say in how those taxes should be spent. It was an obviously impossible anomaly; and if the Boers would have only listened to reason, and sailed with the stream it was hopeless to stem, things would have been very different. "Their rights! they shall only get them over my dead body," said Paul Kruger; and in face of such an attitude as this, the National Union, which the Uitlanders had formed to endeavour by constitutional means to get the franchise, was powerless. Dr. Jameson's ill-starred Raid was the outcome of despair of ever getting the rights to which men born under the Union Jack have ever felt themselves entitled. In many ways it was very fortunate that it ended as it did, for what chance would the population of Johannesburg have had against the Boer commandoes, bristling to the teeth with arms; while it served to draw the eyes of the world to the wrongs under which foreigners laboured in the South African Republic. Oom Paul's famous "Forgive and Forget" proclamation, with promises of a municipality for Johannesburg, which at first caused a return of good times to that city, soon proved to be illusory. The municipality, from which so much was expected, turned out to be far worse than the old Sanitary Board which it supplanted; as while the people of Johannesburg had formerly some representation on their town councils, they now found that they could only elect burghers who would in no sense represent them. As to the "Forgive and Forget" part of the business, the never-ceasing importation of rifles and guns, and expenditure of millions on the construction of forts to overawe Johannesburg, was sufficient proof of the value of Oom Paul's promises. Actions such as these caused men to feel that

MAJOR W. J. MYERS,

King's Royal Rifles, age 41, killed in action at Farquhar's Farm; served in the Zulu war and the Soudan, and was the popular adjutant in 1898 to the Eton College Volunteer Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

LIEUT.-GEN. LORD PAUL METHUEN, C.B., C.M.G.

Commanding 1st Division, First Army Corps, advancing to the relief of Kimberley, was Military Attaché at Berlin, and served in the Ashantee and Bechuanaland Campaigns; in the latter he won much renown at the head of his Irregular Horse—Methuen's Horse.

JACK TAKING HIS LUGGAGE TO THE TRANSPORT.

there could be but one end. Consequently, for the last two years, coming events have cast their shadows before them in the absolute paralysis of business, through dread of the future, blank ruin staring in the face all those who had invested money in the unhappy country. The following extract from one of the Johannesburg newspapers of last year will give an idea of the condition of things:—

"Only commercial men, clergymen, and bankers, with their wide and minute local knowledge, can have any conception of the surprising number of people who, well-to-do two years ago, are now almost destitute and desperate. There are hundreds of people still well dressed and living in good houses, who have no servants, who can pay no rent, who live on one meal a-day, and that consisting very frequently of nothing better than mealie-meal porridge. House and land property, except in the very best parts of the town, have depreciated in value from fifty to seventy-five per cent., and even the most favourably situated stands and buildings have suffered very severely since January

JACK'S LUGGAGE.

A SOUTH AFRICAN CATTLE FARM.

last. There is nothing much but bad debts in ordinary business, while in the share market it is utter 'stagnation,' with a downward tendency."

BOERS CAMPING OUT IN A TOWN SQUARE, IN ORDER TO BE PRESENT AT THE NACHTMAAL, OR LORD'S SUPPER.

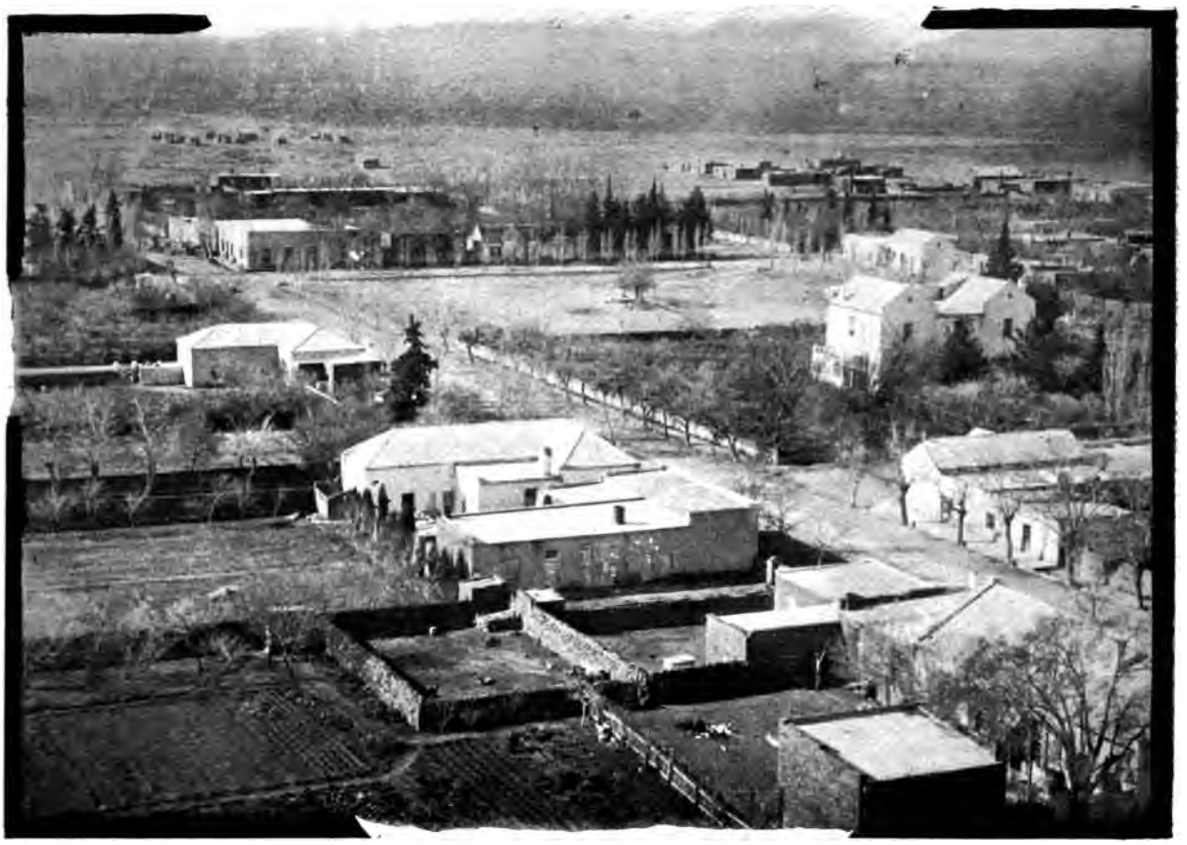
Under circumstances such as the foregoing, the case for intervention had got to be urgent. To those who were not wilfully blind, it had been evident for a long time that the Boers had made up their minds to give nothing in the way of fair treatment, and would sooner fight for the right to oppress the Uitlander, hoping, by the aid of their Dutch brethren in the Cape Colony and Natal, to endeavour to establish themselves as the paramount power in South Africa.

KAFFIR WAR DANCE.

THE WESTERN BORDER.

Having now touched on the causes which since the discovery of gold in the Transvaal have led to the present condition of affairs, we will turn to the western border of the Transvaal, where possibly before these words are in print there may be some heavy fighting. As a theatre for our operations, the district is a great deal more suitable to our more straightforward methods. Instead of the cover afforded to the Boers by the mountainous district of the north of Natal, the battles will here have to be fought in the open. The peculiar nature of the country south of Kimberley is exceptionally well brought home to one by the picture of the Karoo (page 52), showing our soldiers' tents. The Karoo, it may be well to explain, is a district which, if you bought it as Karoo and sold it for desert, you probably would not lose much by the transaction, as in appearance and value they are almost identical. 'Tis true that in the Karoo there are farms — farms where it takes three acres to feed one sheep—sheep which must be the champion pedestrians of the mutton world, judging by the enormous distances they have to travel in their efforts to get enough sustenance to keep body and soul together. It is a country that the Boers are welcome to overrun as much as they like, and if they are only unwise enough to stray so far from their base, so much the more pleasing will it be for Sir Redvers Buller when the day of reckoning comes.

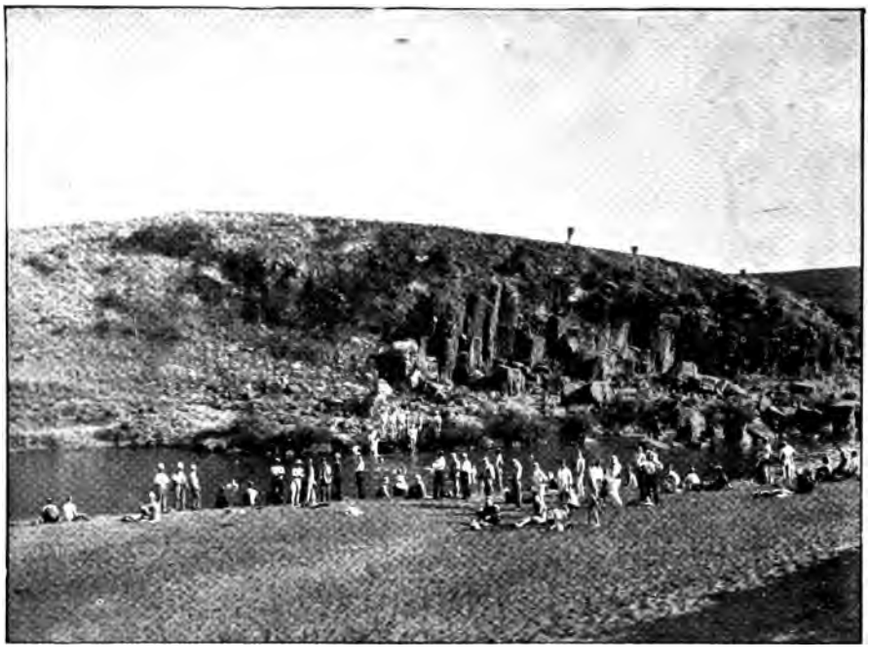
BOER MOUNTED POLICE.



HANOVER, CAPE COLONY.

Although the Karoo is such an "abomination of desolation," some of the towns in it are sweet little oases. They are generally set down in places where there happens to be a plentiful supply of water, given which the otherwise desert Karoo blossoms out as the rose. Hanover, a Karoo Town threatened by the Boers, is a typical specimen of one of these delightful spots. The view given, however, shows it in winter, with the leaves off the trees. In these high districts, the cold is as intense at night as ever it is in England. Barkly West, on the Vaal

NAVAL OFFICERS EXPERIMENTING WITH MAXIM GUN.



THE 2ND BATTALION DUBLIN FUSILIERS BATHING AT LADYSMITH, AFTER A SKIRMISH.

River, some 16 miles from Kimberley, is another of these little places already in the hands of the Boers, who, when not on duty, doubtless fill up their time by hunting for diamonds in the claims now deserted by their rightful owners. For diamonds were obtained from the Barkly West district prior to the great discoveries of diamonds at Kimberley. But Kimberley and the life of the diamond city must be left for another chapter.

PONTOON ON THE VAAL RIVER.

Photographs in this number are by Bassano, Stephen Cribb, J. T. Cumming, N. P. Edwards, Elliott & Fry, H. Kisch, Charles Knight, Lafayette, London Stereoscopic Co., Nicholls, Russell & Sons, H. W. Salmon, Stuart, Symonds & Co., and Window & Grove.

ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

III.

KIMBERLEY, now so closely invested by the Boers, is a place as remarkable as any to be found on the face of the earth. A town made up of tin shanties and dust, but over it hangs that romance and glamour of the diamond which gives it such an extraordinary interest in the eyes of the world. It is true that diamonds are found in other countries, but they are homeless casuals, so to speak, lying scattered in alluvial ground like buried coins, with nothing to show from whence or how they came. But Kimberley is different; it is one of Nature's mints, one of her vast laboratories, so to speak, where in the beginning of time in working out her own mysterious ways, bringing down and lifting up continents, she incidentally produced these glittering gems.

For there can be little doubt that what we to-day call diamond mines, our prehistoric ancestors knew as volcanoes. Though the country now lies so flat, it is pretty evident that here were once active craters. They are like great circular pipes, which appear to go down—limitless in depth, as far as we know—into the bowels of the earth. Yes! Kimberley is indeed the home of the diamond; and that mean-looking, dusty, tin-shantied town, which the Boers would so like to capture, contains within its borders wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—

BROTHERS IN ARMS.
"We're going to fight together."

DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.
Malay Fishermen at Cape Town.

wealth beside which riches of the gorgeous East are "nothing accounted of," and the Arabian Nights tales put out of countenance before this truth which is stranger than fiction. The flashing necklet which graces the heaving breast of "my ladye faire," at stately dance or royal reception, the glittering brilliants set in the ring that love gives in pledge of love, can alike be nearly all traced back to this one desolate corner of the earth.

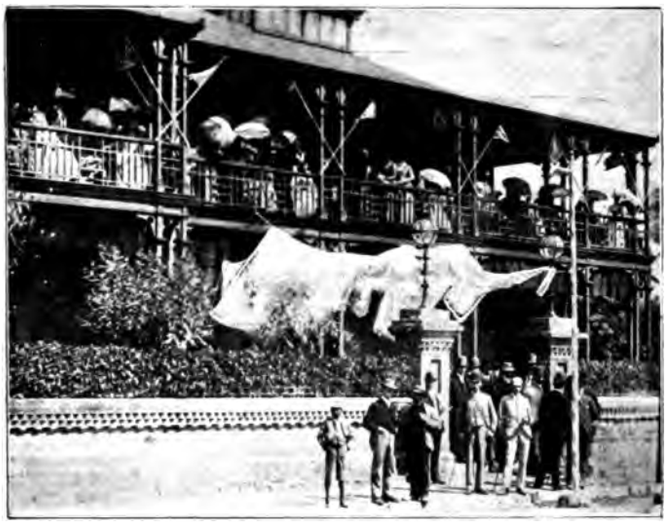
And the neighbourhood of Kimberley is desolate indeed. At home, a few years ago we were going to bring about the Millennium by a scheme to give every cottager three acres and a cow, which were to keep him and his wife and family in comfort, if not in affluence, ever after. But there it takes three acres to keep a sheep alone, and even with this allowance the sheep seems to get more exercise than food. A more uninviting-looking neighbourhood than this district it would be hard to find. It is, however, eminently suited to our tactics, being far too flat and open for the cover-loving Boer. What hills there are, are in the town; hills made by the hand of man, for they are the débris heaps of the ore taken from the mines. And amongst these Kimberley lies, dotted about in and out as if the houses had been shaken down indiscriminately out of a pepper-pot. The term "débris heaps" would seem to imply a huge agglomeration of waste ground out of which all the diamonds have been extracted. But this is by no means the case. In the old days men were in far too great a hurry to look

THE MAFEKING MAIL-COACH.

Lieut. Rundle. Capt. Cox. Lieut. Osborne.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

The Colonial Volunteers have soon been heard of at the front, and Lieut. Osborne, with a party of the N.S.W. Lancers, cut off the retreat of a detachment of Boers at the battle of Enslin, and killed a number of them.



THE KIMBERLEY CLUB.

through a quantity of ground and take what diamonds they could see quickly to bother about getting out every one. Consequently, if you or I, gentle reader, could own one of those "rubbish" heaps, we might figure amongst the world's millionaires. On these, in the old days, it is said Cecil Rhodes used to sit studying Latin and Greek for his degree at Oxford, while keeping his eye "lifting" to see that his Kaffirs did not abstract a more than usual quantity of diamonds. Now every summit is crowned with guns, mostly provided by the De Beers Company, which command the whole country.

Neither the Boers' desire to get hold of and hang their arch bugbear Cecil, nor the promise of £5,000 to whoever takes him alive or dead, has as yet been sufficient inducement to them to venture themselves much within their range. So the Colossus goes about there with a smiling face, enjoying the first real holiday he has had for years, giving dinner parties at the Kimberley Club—founded by him—of which a picture is here given, and by his easy-going ways inspiring the whole town with confidence. Though an enemy is encamped outside, so that none may go out or come in, the De Beers Mines still go on night and day turning out their wondrous output of glittering brilliants. What a haul there would be for the Boers if they did capture the place! These mines turn out diamonds to the value of about £4,000,000 every year, of which over £2,000,000 is usually clear profit. It was not always so profitable; for instead of one great corporation owning everything, there were thousands of claim owners, each working in his own ground at getting out the ore and extracting the gems. There was, in consequence, no limit to the way they undersold each other; and then, as they for ever dug down in the great holes, expenses got more and more with the increasing depth and the consequent falling in of the sides.

DIAMOND SORTING.

These mines, with their vast excavations, can fairly be claimed

DIAMOND MARKET AND PART OF MINE, KIMBERLEY.

ENDLESS HAULAGE AT THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES.

among the Seven Wonders of the modern world. The Pyramids of Egypt showed what man could do in the way of making a gigantic erection above the surface of the earth, the diamond mines at Kimberley show what he has done in the way of a mighty excavation. So great are the holes—vast abysses I should rather call them—that they would hold all the pyramids of Egypt and the cathedrals of Europe without the highest point of any of them appearing above the surface. The illustration on page 69 shows a portion of one of these vast excavations—the lens would not bring in the whole—and conveys some idea of their appearance. Now all the mining takes place underneath the old open workings, shafts going down from the sides to a depth of about 1,500 feet.

In the old days the appearance of these mines was more than extra-

KAFFIR BOYS—GROUP IN THE COMPOUND, KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINE.

OFFICERS OF THE 2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS, AND THE REGIMENTAL DOG.

STANDING AT BACK.—Major F. Gordon (left hand); Major Sinclair Wemyss (next, with head uncovered); Capt. Meyrick; Lieut. Wedderburn.
SECOND ROW (standing).—Capt. Maitland; Capt. Streathfield; Capt. M'Connell; Lieut. Marshall; Capt. Bethune; Capt. Norman (right hand, beside dog).
THIRD ROW (sitting).—Capt. Neish; Major Staunton; Major Payne; Colonel Napier; Capt. Fraser; Lt. Outhwaite.
ON GROUND.—Lieut. C. W. Finlay; Capt. Murray.

THE 2ND EAST SURREY REGIMENT ON BOARD THE R.M.S. "LISMORE CASTLE," ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPE.

ordinary. It looked like a gigantic spider's web, with a lot of ants crawling about at the bottom, digging cellars. Every claim-holder had a wire running to the surface, and on these ærial trams the ore buckets ran up and down with unceasing whirr. The number of wires in this vast amphitheatre of between thirty and forty acres was so great as to almost darken the work below.

They were wonderful days, those. Kimberley diamond mines were discovered at a time when the Cape Colony, and indeed all South Africa, was at the last gasp. Merchants were failing all over the country. Credit was exhausted, and ready-money an unknown commodity. Then, like the happy ending to a melodrama, Providence produced a *Deus ex machina* to put everything right in revealing the existence of diamonds. "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*" (out of Africa always something new), is a saying dating from the days of Horace, and surely never was there anything so strange as finding diamonds in such an unlikely spot as that where Kimberley now stands. The rush to the Klondyke's Arctic horrors in search of gold is so fresh in the mind of the public that it is not necessary to say much to picture to them the rush that followed. For gold, men will sell their souls; but even nugget-hunting is a slow monotonous job to the excitement of sorting through gravel with the chance at any moment

of picking out a fifty-thousand-pounder for a prize. Up they came, all sorts and conditions, from every part of South Africa, and from every corner of the earth, dazzled with the hopes of tremendous fortunes.

There is a good story told of one of the most prominent South African millionaires, whose name sometimes figures largely in charitable donations, as to how he got his first start in life. He was only a store-keeper then, with little money, but great ambitions. When he heard of this marvellous Golconda, which had opened up in the north, he bewailed his lot, saying to himself, "Why should I be chained here to this wretched store, in this miserable 'dorp' of less than a thousand people, selling tins of jam to these beastly Boers?" "But the store is all I have," he continued, "and if I sell off now, when everyone else is leaving, I shall get nothing out of it." Then a brilliant idea struck him. When the Boers at next "nachtmaal" brought in their wool for him to buy, instead of giving them cash according to usual custom, he persuaded them to leave it with him, to be accounted for as soon as he had learned the latest current prices. Meanwhile, he dispatched the wool to the coast, and got the money for it. Then he sent a confederate to go round in an accidental sort of way to all the Boers who had brought him in wool. On arriving at one of their farms, knowing the people with whom he had to deal, he would, in the regulation Dutch way, talk by the hour on the condition of the veld—a never-failing topic with the Boer—and then

THE SHROPSHIRE REGIMENT ON BOARD THE SS. "MALTA" ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPE.

casually remark, "That's a bad business about Johnson, the store-keeper!" "Why, what do you mean?" would be the reply. "Oh! haven't you heard? they say that his affairs are in a very bad way; he's likely to smash any day." "Allemagte!" gasps the Boer, "why he's got some of my wool not paid for." "Dear me," the confederate would reply, "if I were you I should go and see him about it at once. So Boer after Boer inspanned his waggon and trekked to see Johnson. The worthy Johnson confessed that the sad news was only too true; but said to *each* man, "I wouldn't like *you*, at any rate, to lose, so go into my store and choose

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, CAPE TOWN.
Showing Table Mountain in the background.

goods to the amount I owe you." Finally, the last Boer cleared out with a waggonload of pocket handkerchiefs, thankful that he had, at any rate, got something; and Johnson went away—chuckling over the most successful "selling off" on record—to Kimberley, where he made a fortune.

To see the diamond mines now, a permit has to be obtained. But when once inside the sacred precincts, people seem to be left free to go where they like, as if articles of value, let alone diamonds, were the last thing to be found in such a place. At the great shaft-heads

you may see the trucks full of blue ground come rushing up out of the black depths at the speed of an express train, and then automatically capsize into other trucks waiting below. Then comes the most wonderful automatic triumph of all. The trucks pass under the sway of an endless wire rope (see illustration on page 70), and lo! away they glide, as if moved by some spirit force, far out for

LANDING DETACHMENT OF SAILORS.

SHIP'S COMPANY, WITH GUN READY FOR LAND OPERATIONS.

BLUEJACKETS CARRYING DISMANTLED MAXIM GUN.

miles, to the "floors" from whence, when their contents are unloaded, they return again by the same means.

The "floors," it should be explained, are just large open spaces where the diamondiferous rock is spread out for the purpose of disintegration. When the mines were first discovered, no one knew of a ready means of pulverising the ground to extract the diamonds,

but one day it was noticed that there was an old Boer who never seemed to have any trouble with his ore; it always appeared to be just right of itself. Then it was discovered what he did to it. It was—nothing. He just kept it by him, and let the sun, rain, and air play upon it, and the rock and his difficulties crumbled of themselves. That is the system followed at De Beers now. For miles the blue ore is spread out like manure on a field, and left to Nature, which gradually softens the rock; so that, on being passed through washing machines, the dirt can be washed away, leaving only the pebbles and diamonds.

An experience somewhat out of the ordinary happened to me when I visited the De Beers "floors." It is not often that when going by rail one is called upon to get out and

PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAPE TOWN.

(This joined to the Illustration on the opposite page gives a beautiful view of the spot where many of our soldiers are now landing.)

push behind, but it happened to me there. The mines are amply supplied with railways of the "light" order; and, as it was rather a long way to walk, I hailed a passing train drawn by an engine not much larger than a Shetland pony. The Cornish driver and I had it all to ourselves, likewise a long tail of trucks behind us, like a comet. We got along swimmingly until we came to a very steep gradient. Our little engine puffed and panted terribly in its efforts to conquer it; you could almost see the veins stand out on its sides in its frantic efforts, but all to no purpose; we stopped. "Oi reckon we maun git aht an' give her a shove behoind," said the driver; "Oi thort her wouldn't. Her's as bad as a woman," he continued. I had not time to ask if it was his wife he was making comparisons with, as we ran back then, to get up impetus for a fresh try. When we again got to the top, we jumped off and

shoved all we knew. But it was not till we had left half our trucks behind, and made two separate journeys, that we succeeded in conquering our *pons asinorum*.

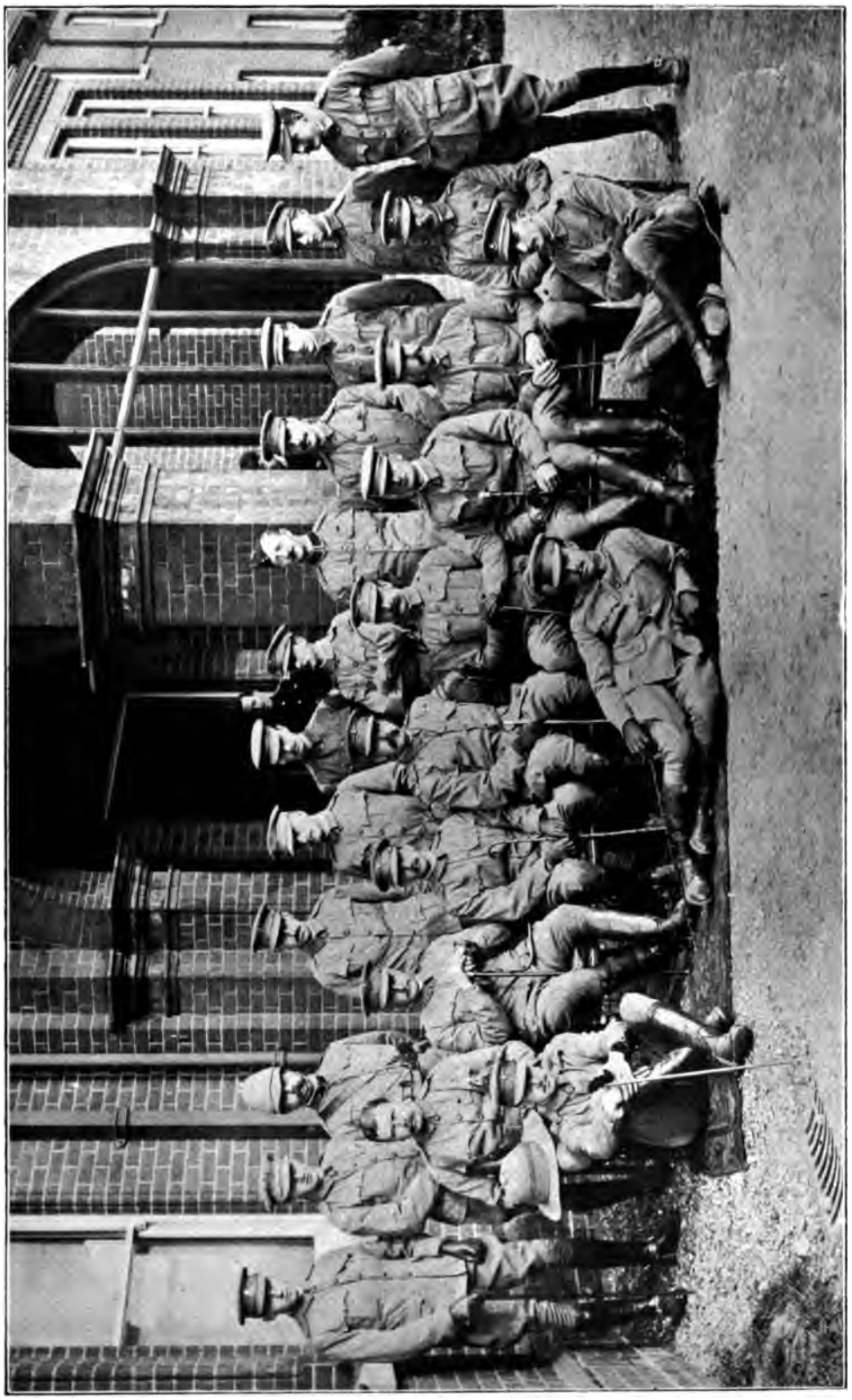
Up to this point you may have wandered through this Golconda of wealth and never seen a sign of a precious gem; indeed, the chances are very great that you would not. The real interest to the visitor comes in the sorting house. There is a fascination in standing by the tables and watching the operator sweeping the gravel in front of him, and then, with lightning eye, picking out the precious gems.

Another sight of great interest at the diamond mines are the Kaffir compounds, where the necessary native is kept as a prisoner. A voluntary prisoner, with thumping good

PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAPE TOWN.

(This joined to the Illustration on the opposite page gives a beautiful view of the spot where many of our soldiers are now landing.)

wages—but still a prisoner, denied all intercourse with the outside world. In the early days of the fields the simple-minded Kaffir discovered that the white man would give him gold for those glittering bits of stone. With the gold he could buy cattle; with every six head of cattle he could buy an additional wife; half-a-dozen wives or so would till his fields and grow all the mealies he could eat, while he smoked and looked on. Here was a vista of the perfect life. So he accordingly took all the diamonds he could, until at last the unappreciative De Beers Company passed a rule that he must henceforward live in compounds. Over these they actually had the heartlessness to spread wire netting, so that he could not even conceal diamonds in tins of condensed milk and hurl them into the road to his "brothers" outside. When he finally leaves he is carefully searched and dosed with pur-



COLONEL PORTER AND OFFICERS OF 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS, "CARABINIERS," WHO RECENTLY LEFT SHORNCLIFFE FOR THE FRONT.

Top Row (standing).—Lieut. A. du P. T. Cole; Lieut. H. B. Collis; Major Barratt, A.M.S.; Lieut. H. C. Bickford; Lieut. M. M. Moncrieff; Lieut. C. C. de Crespigny, 1st Life Guards, attached 6th D. G.'s; Lieut. and Qr.-Mstr. Turner; Capt. Richardson; Lieut. O. L. Francis; Lieut. Wickham, 1st King's D. G.'s, attached 6th D. G.'s; 2nd Lieut. W. Cottrell-Dormer; Lieut. W. G. Home.

Middle Row.—Lieut. and Adjt. the Hon. L. R. D. Gray; Capt. Johnstone; Major Butler; Lieut.-Col. Porter; Major Sprot, 2nd in command; Major Hamilton; Capt. Elworthy; Major Garratt.

On Ground.—Lieut. W. E. Watson; 2nd Lieut. Rundle; Lieut. S. R. Kirby.

THE ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS.
Recently converted into Mounted Infantry, and doing duty at Estcourt.

gatives, the company fearing lest any diamonds that he might have swallowed should cause him indigestion. But with all their precautions the quantity believed to be stolen amounts, if I remember right, to about one-fifth of the output.

It was the unlimited opportunities for theft, and the underselling each other practised by the individual claim-holders, coupled with the need for greater combination of capital and labour, that led to the formation of the De Beers Company. It has been a good thing for the diamond industry, but a bad one for Kimberley. The Diamond Market, which once swarmed with life, is now desolate. The task of letting the offices in it is so hopeless that the landlords do not even take the trouble to put up "To Let" notices. Formerly, for the veriest shanties in it as much as £50 a month was obtained. There is a story told of those good old days, which illustrates the free-and-easy way in which business is done in South Africa. The late Barney Barnato used to tell it against himself, saying that there was only one man in the world who had ever got the better of him at a bargain, and that man was—Cecil J. Rhodes. Barney, it appears, was arranging to purchase an accumulated output for a trifle of £2,000,000 or so. When two such men as Barnato and Rhodes met at a bargain, it was a case of diamond cut diamond indeed. However, the tussle came to an end by Cecil saying:—"Well, all right, I'll close with you if you'll do one thing. You know it would be such a marvellous sight if we could see a bucketful of diamonds, so what I vote is that we have in a bucket, and empty all these diamonds you are buying into it." "Right you are, my boy," cordially responds

TROOPS' QUARTERS ON THE R.M.S. "BRAEMAR CASTLE"—READY FOR MESS.

Notice the hooks, and for their use see illustration on opposite page.

the, for once, unsuspecting Barney; "trot in a bucket." So a bucket was brought, and they poured in all the carefully assorted heaps of diamonds, and buried their arms in them with the glee of schoolboys. It wasn't until Barney had paid his money that it dawned on him that it would take a week to sort the gems out again, and that meanwhile the guileless C. J. R. would load up all the dealers with the previous batch, at the high prices then ruling, and that when he came in with his lot, he would only be able to sell at a big reduction. Which was just what took place.

From Kimberley to Bloemfontein is only some ninety miles as the crow flies; but though the two places are connected by railway, it is probable that when our troops have relieved Kimberley, they will not avail themselves of the "iron horse," should they decide to strike a blow at the capital of the Free State. So roundabout is the route by rail that it is as if one had to go from London to Leeds, Leeds to Liverpool, and Liverpool to Bristol, in order to reach the latter city. When the war is over, what a splendid opening there will be for further railways in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal! Kimberley will probably then be a junction from which lines will diverge to Bloemfontein and also to join the system of that terrible railway, the Netherlands Company, at Klerksdorp, for Johannesburg. Next to having no railway at all, I can't imagine anything very much worse than the one under which the Transvaal groans at present. It is a mismanaged monopoly of the worst kind, and we shall have to find a way to either mend or end this legacy of Dutch rule.

VICTORIA WEST, A KAROO TOWN.

Its name is a pretty fair sample of the language the Englishman is asked to substitute for his own in the Transvaal. It is a question whether it is not better to have to endure a coach journey, such as I have described, than to have to give the company its correct title of the "Nederlansche Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg Maatschappij." If only for the introduction of Hollander companies with names like these, Paul Kruger has much to be answerable for. There is a bank in Johannesburg called "De Nederlansche Bank en Credietvereeniging voor Zuid Afrika Beperkt;" and, judging from the results achieved by the enemy's artillery,

TROOPS' QUARTERS—READY TO TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT.

more deadly than their shells is the title of the dynamite company whose monopoly has caused such an outcry—"De Zuid Afrikaansche Maatschappij voor Ontplofbare Stoffen." What makes the Dutch language so peculiarly difficult to Englishmen in South Africa, is that if you learn to speak the language you are no nearer to writing it, and *vice versâ*. What I mean is this: the "taal," as the Boers call their language, is a low Dutch dialect devoid of grammar, and as incapable of being properly written as a broad Yorkshire accent. Consequently, if a Boer learns to read and write, it is in a different language to that which he is accustomed to use. Conversely, the newly arrived Englishman buys a Dutch grammar, and after learning that his nose is feminine, his mouth masculine, and his toes neuter,

PAARL, CAPE COLONY, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DUTCH "AFRIKANDER BOND."

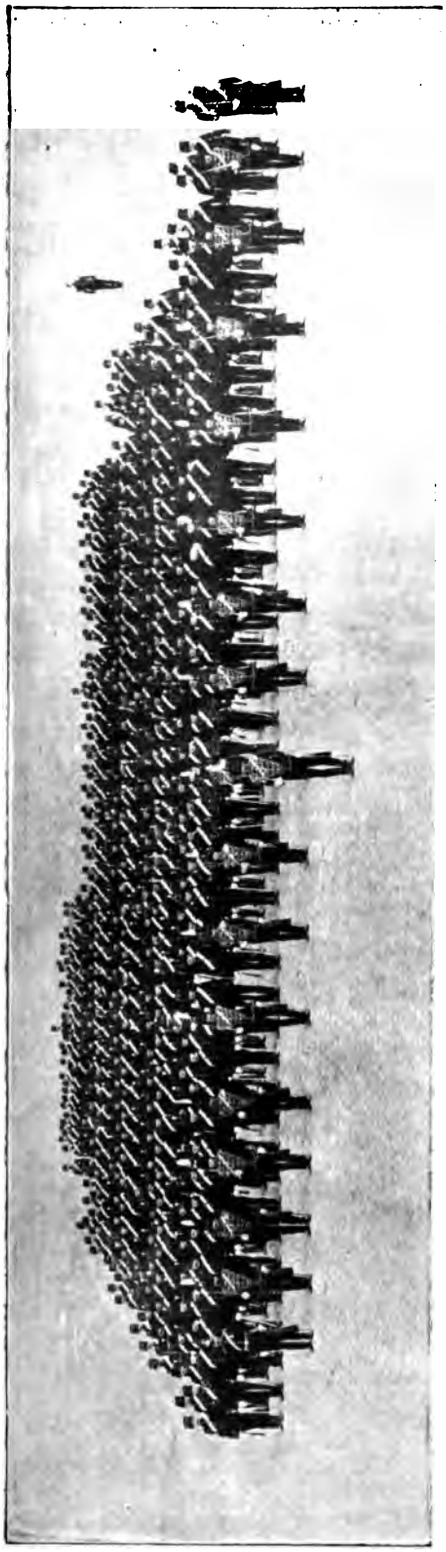
and other eccentricities of the language, becomes, after a time, able to read Dutch; so looks forward with confidence to being able to talk to the Boer in his own language. But when he does so, the Boer shakes his head and says he "no speak Engelsch." Even Boer proper names have in many instances got twisted so as to be unrecognisable. When you hear a man addressed as Mr. Selljee, it is hard to believe that Celliers is intended; and when you find that De Villiers is spoken of as Der Filljee, you wonder how a Boer comes to have such a French name, and how it got to be twisted round to such an extraordinary pronunciation. As to the French name, numbers of the most ultra Dutch Boers are French, and not Dutch, in their origin. For many of the Huguenots, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled at the Cape, and through intermarriage with the Dutch, became part and parcel of the great Boer family.

In the Paarl district of the Cape Colony, which is one of the places our soldiers will pass through in their journey from Cape Town to the north, one sees hardly anything but French names in this Dutch town, in this English colony. Every second man seems to be called De Villiers, and there are so many different kinds of him, with even the initials the same, that W. J. de Villiers, son of J. de Villiers, would distinguish himself from the other W. J. de Villierses by signing "W. J. de Villiers J. son."

Paarl, of which we give a view from the railway (on opposite page) is a very hot-bed of Dutch sentiment. It is the head-quarters of the Afrikander Bond, the political association which has such an influence in returning Dutch Members to the Colony's Legislature.

It is not difficult to understand how it is that the Cape Colony has played such a neutral and feeble part in connection with the present war, if you enter the Houses of Parliament at Cape Town. Every other name on the list of members in the lobbies appears to be Dutch, and if the remainder were traced home it would be found that perhaps half were connected by marriage with Dutch families. It is curious, too, that in Cape Town, the seat of English Government, there is almost more Dutch spoken than in Pretoria. The Dutch, through being the earlier inhabitants of the country, have left their mark in their language. Not only have the Huguenot French lost all trace of their native tongue, but even the Malays, which are such a feature of Cape Town, have forgotten every word used by their Polynesian ancestry; and these, as well as the Hottentots and Bushmen, use the "taal" almost exclusively. They discuss the situation in Dutch with a steadfast determination to shirk the fighting and get all the profits they can out of whichever nation comes out on top.

KALK BAY, LOOKING OVER TO SIMON'S BAY AND SIMON'S TOWN, THE BRITISH NAVAL STATION.



THE 10TH HUSSARS.

Cape Town itself is the first sight that our soldiers will have of South Africa. It is not difficult to picture their excitement when the news goes round that land is ahead, and they see looming up, ever higher and higher, sharper and clearer, the mighty mass of Table Mountain, supported on either side by the Lion's Head and the Devil's Peak, like the cavalry wings to a great central army of infantry. There is something so majestic about Table Mountain — a rampart of living rock, straight as a wall, 4,000 feet high, and flat as a table. At its feet, like a Liliputian trying to climb up a Brobdingnagian monster, is the city of Cape Town, a long line of gleaming white lying along the water's edge in the glowing sunshine. It is a striking scene, as fair and grand as any to be found in the whole world.

Table Mountain is like the sea, never twice alike. One day it stands out gaunt and bare in the sunlight, showing every wrinkle on her aged face, and on another she has donned a delicate veil of blue, with as much success in toning down harsh outlines as was ever achieved by lovely woman. You look again, and a cloud has appeared on the summit, a cloud which slowly takes shape and volume and pours over the edge, yet never gets any lower, and you see the phenomenon of "The Table-cloth." While our transports are arriving, it is just as well, however, that this phenomenon should not be too much *en évidence*, for it is an almost unfailing precursor of the dreaded sou'-easter, which lashes Table Bay into fury, and is at once the scourge and the cleanser of Cape Town. When it rises, the dust, in choking, blinding volumes, with small pebbles, is driven into the faces of the unfortunate passers-by.

Cape Town at the present time is as full of excitements as an egg is of meat. What with the continually arriving transports, the departure of troops for the north, and the marvellous rumours which get into circulation, the inhabitants must be having a lively time. In England, we laugh at the

vagaries of imagination of some of our evening newspapers when they destroy in a startling head bill a couple of thousand Boers, or sink a troopship, but these efforts are puerile beside the finished works of art in the way of falsehoods which now circulate there at every street-corner. "I tell you from a most undoubted source, from a man who is brother to the aide-de-camp of General——, that the British lost a thousand killed instead of fifty, as reported in the official lists," solemnly swears one man. The next assures you that he has just heard, as a positive fact, that President Kruger has committed suicide, and a third asseverates that the whole Boer ammunition is entirely exhausted. Then when news comes from the front at night, one of the newspapers announces special editions on a steam "buzzer;" the effect of which, at midnight, is electrical. People tear down to get the special edition still wet from the press, and "cooks' sons, dukes' sons, sons of a hundred kings" mingle in a wild fight with bankers, newsboys, and lawyers, all nearly tearing the coats off each other's backs in the effort to get into the office and buy a paper. Even the Fleet Street vendors of "horful slorter" would feel lost in such a babel as this.

HARBOUR, EAST LONDON.
Where our forces for Stormberg and the central field of war disembark.

TOWN HALL, EAST LONDON.
East London is on the sea coast between Port Elizabeth and Durban.

At the railway station, even in ordinary times, the crush to see people off by the night mail for the north is considerable; but it must now be an altogether unendurable scrimmage. The Cape Government, who own all the railways, turn to practical account Cape Town's habit of seeing off all and sundry, by charging every

LIEUT.-COL. ROBT. H. GUNNING.

Commander of the 1st King's Royal Rifles; killed at Glencoe; served through the Zulu War of 1879, and also in the Burmese War of 1891-92.

MAJOR W. P. CAMPBELL.

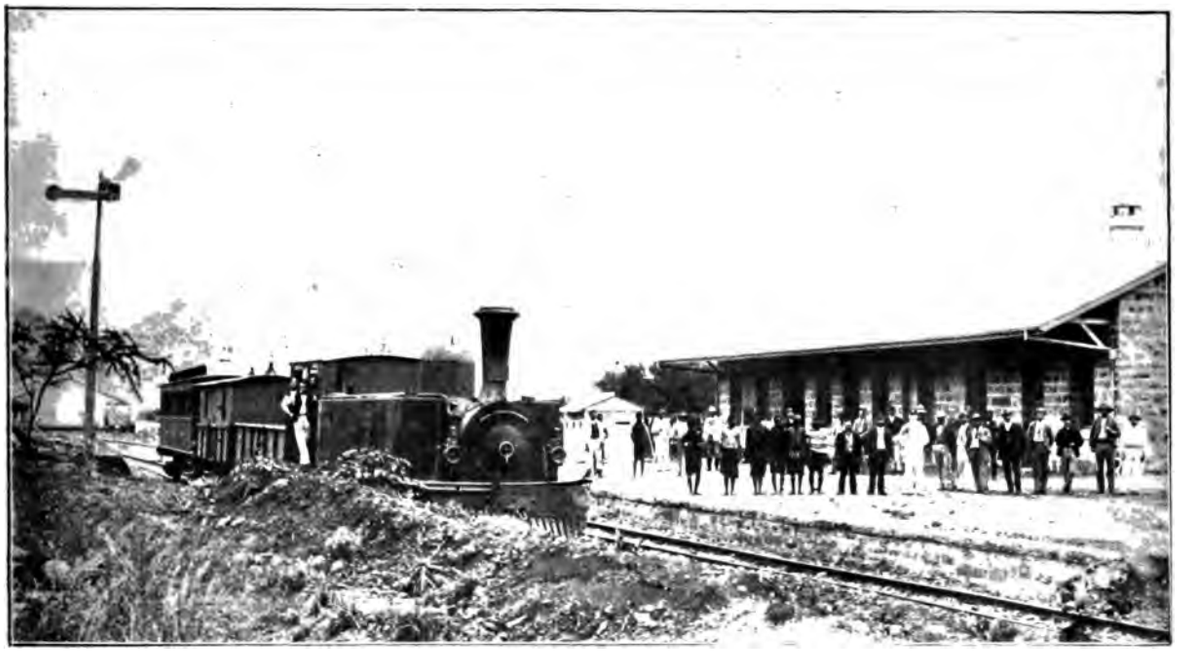
1st King's Royal Rifles; wounded at Glencoe; fought with much distinction in the Soudan 1884-85.

LORD E. H. CECIL,

Major Grenadier Guards, now at Mafeking; fourth son of Lord Salisbury; born 1867, and has seen a good deal of fighting in Egypt.

COLONEL BLOOMFIELD GOUGH.

Commanded the 9th Lancers at Belmont on November 10. The engagement began by being a reconnaissance, but part of the British force was caught in an ambush and the fighting was severe. The Colonel served in the Afghan Campaign, 1878 80.



A TRANSVAAL COUNTRY RAILWAY-STATION.

non-passenger threepence for a "platform ticket." As a great many of these "see-ers off" are actuated by the knowledge that one or two rounds of drinks are likely to be stood them on these occasions, the platform-ticket system has been rather a blessing in relieving passengers of their too numerous friends. Some have been heard to express the wish that the charge was a shilling instead of threepence.

The neighbourhood of Cape Town is one of the most beautiful in the Southern Hemisphere. The suburbs, nestling in groves of pine trees, stretch for miles, and the marine and mountain scenery are simply exquisite. Excepting for Adderley Street, which rivals almost any European thoroughfare, the streets are very insignificant; some of them being only just wide enough to allow vehicles to pass. As you go farther away from the centre of things, brown heads begin to peer out from the windows instead of white ones, little brown kiddies obstruct your way, and coloured people of various kinds are almost the only passers-by. These signs, coupled with the increasing number and richness of the smells, demonstrate in the most convincing fashion that you are in the Malay quarter. Cape Town has got rather a reputation in the way of odours, but in the Malay quarter it surpasses itself. Here, all those you have met

OX WAGGON BRINGING IN FUEL.

COLONEL GUNNING (KILLED AT GLENCOE AND OFFICERS OF THE 3RD BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

Top Row (standing).—Capt. R. W. Lord Manners; Lieut. A. R. Mildmay; Lieut. G. A. P. Kennie; Lieut. R. F. M. Sims; Capt. and Qtr.-Mstr. E. F. Overton; Lieut. G. K. Priaulx; Lieut. H. Wooke; Lieut. B. F. Wildrington; Lieut. R. J. Grant; Lieut. M. Pratt.

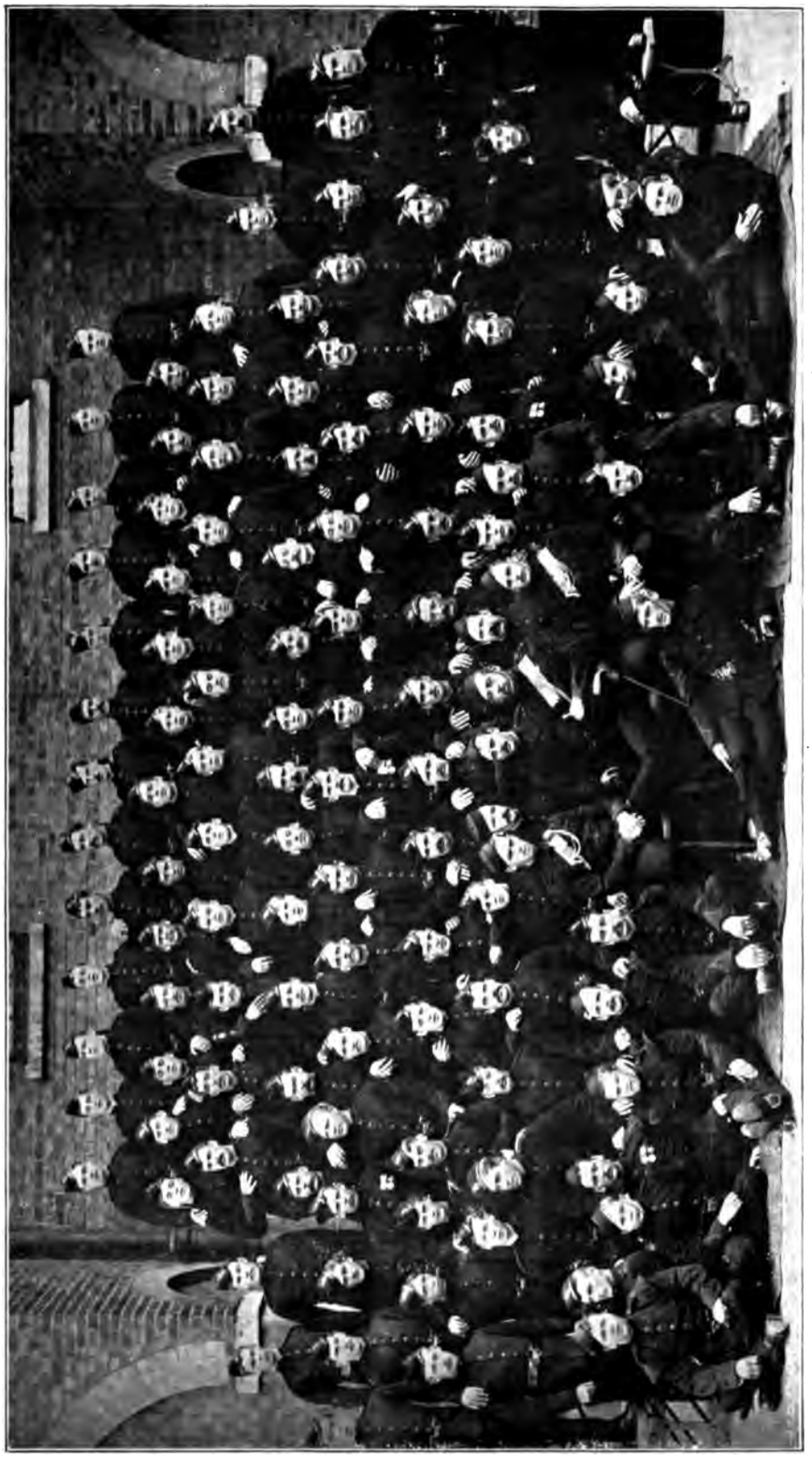
Bottom Row.—Capt. G. C. Lister; Capt. W. H. Kennedy; Major D. G. R. Ryder; Lieut. E. W. Herbert. Col. R. H. Gunning (killed); Capt. and Adjt. C. W. Wilson; Col. H. E. Buchanan-Riddell (wounded); Major F. A. Fortescue; Capt. L. C. D. Jenner.

before greet you like old friends, together with new ones, which for strength, liveliness, and staying power, are unequalled.

The Malay is the speciality of Cape Town, being comparatively rare elsewhere in Africa. He is everything—cabman, stable-keeper, blacksmith; and has a face which appears to have been moulded out of equal proportions of sand and putty, pitted with smallpox marks to give variety. But see Mrs. Malay and the Misses Malay decked out in their Sunday best. I feel that the quotation about "Solomon in all his glory" is hopelessly inadequate—at any rate, one can only hope he was not arrayed like one of these. Picture an enormous green crinoline just twice the size of those in old numbers of *Punch*, a woman's body in a red blouse rising from the middle of it like Neptune from the sea, and the edifice crowned by a rather pretty olive face, wrapped in a pale blue silk head-cover. Such is Miss Malay—green-red-blue; blue-red-green—"Nothink gaudy, just plain red and yaller," as the Cockney girl described her hat.

EAST LONDON.

East London, where our troops disembark for the central seat of war under General Gatacre, is a town of small appearance and



"B" COMPANY OF THE 1ST KING'S ROYAL RIFLES (THE HEROES OF GLENCOE).

The first battalion was in the front of the fight at Glencoe; they climbed the hill on hands and knees, with fixed bayonets, and were first over the top. As soon as the Boers saw them coming they turned and fled, and a few fell on their knees and begged for mercy.

A CAPE DUTCHMAN'S WINE FARM AT PAARL.

big pretensions. It has a bar at the entrance to its harbour, to cross which, when the waves are in full working order, is the nearest approach to the switchback railway that I know of anywhere. There is nearly always such a heavy swell running that vessels have sometimes to wait outside in the open roadstead for days before they can enter the river's mouth. Consequently, the passenger in a hurry, and the trooper under orders to the front, have alike to be transferred from the ship to a steam lighter. This transfer has as much excitement in it as the general run of people can appreciate. You are invited to walk into a basket along with half-a-dozen others; "Heave ho!" yells a sailor, you hear a steam crane utter bad language, and before you realise what is happening, you have been picked up high from the deck and are swinging, like Mahomet's coffin, between Heaven and hades, or rather between Heaven and a lighter, which one moment swings up on the crest of a wave and the next leaves you dangling over blue water. Thud!—you hit the lighter's deck with a force that almost shakes the teeth out of your mouth; you separate yourself from the jumble of your fellow herrings in the basket, and then, when you see others taking your place, begin to feel that the business has its humorous side. Once past that tossing bar, vessels are safe in a good harbour, which cost a very big figure to construct.

East London is the nearest of all the seaports for Bloemfontein and the Stormberg

Junction district; but, owing to the difficulties I have mentioned, is not a place where troops could be very rapidly disembarked for the front. Very small trains to convey the soldiers would have to be employed, owing to the terribly stiff gradients on this branch. In Africa, gradients as steep as 1 in 20 are by no means uncommon, but in place of high driving wheels, the engines have an extra number of small wheels coupled, with brakes on all, and by these means are enabled to negotiate these terrific gradients in safety. As will be seen from the photograph of a Cape train on page 93, the locomotive is also fitted with a cow-catcher on the American plan.

WHAT THE VELD LOOKS LIKE.

The heavy gradients of South Africa have always constituted a problem in getting railways into the country. The characteristic of the continent, especially of its southern portion, is the height the whole of it stands out of the sea. In going up from the coast to the Transvaal, the land gradually rises, so that though there are no especially high mountains, the country south of Pretoria averages over 5,000 feet high, Johannesburg itself standing at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet above sea-level.

On the line from the Cape to Kimberley, a large portion of the rise takes place comparatively suddenly at the Hex River Mountains, that form such a barrier between the fruitful districts of the Cape Peninsula and the Great Karoo, as to cause the climate on the two sides of the range to be quite different. On the Karoo side no rain at all falls in the winter, and precious little in the summer.

BOERS ON TREK.

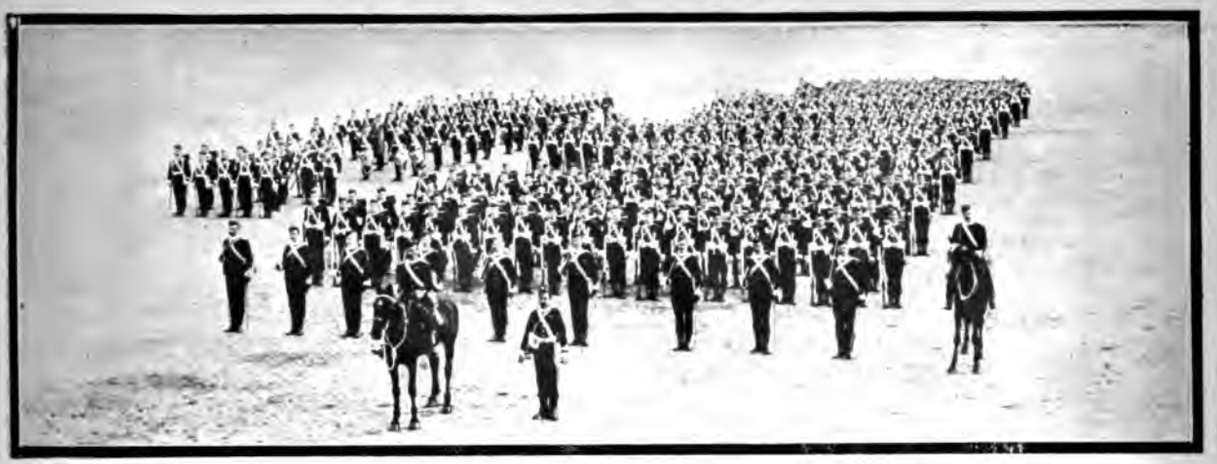
On the other side plentiful rains fall in the winter, and none in the summer; so that grapes, which rot and mildew under the summer rains up-country, can be grown in the Cape Peninsula to perfection. It can be readily understood that to get a

Lord Roberts. Col. Hamay. Major-Gen. Gaussett, A.D.C.
OFFICERS OF THE ARGYLE AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS,
Inspected by General Lord Roberts before leaving for the front.
Some of the Argyle and Sutherland Regiment reinforced Lord Methuen after the battle of Enslin, and suffered heavy losses at Modder River.

railway through such a district as the Hex River Mountains constituted a splendid engineering feat. The train goes twisting in and out, doubling itself into knots like an eel swimming; in one place trying to catch its own tail, and the next to "say suzerain," but never getting beyond the letter S.

It was doubtless in leaning out of the carriage windows to admire the wondrous view which is here unfolded, that one of our soldiers the other day met with his death, as reported in the papers. The fresh panoramas which are constantly unfolded are very fine, and the district has been called the Switzerland of South Africa. But when one hears a thing spoken of "as the finest in the world," as one sometimes hears the Hex River scenery described, it will generally be found it is merely the finest that one's informant has seen, and one is apt to smile at the enthusiast who so displays his ignorance of all else in the great world. It reminds me of how, about ten years ago, two Boers were showing me over the fort at Bloemfontein. One of the soldiers in charge of the place explained to my companions enthusiastically admiring a new Krupp gun, which was only about the size and length of one's leg, what it would do. "Man," said one Boer to the other, "didst ever hear the like? he says that gun will throw a mile!" What would he have said to one of our modern twelve-inch guns, which, mounted on the heights of Dover, could throw a shot into France?

Railway travelling in South Africa



PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

The West Yorks took an active part at Beacon Hill, in a reconnaissance to prevent the Boers taking up important positions overlooking Estcourt. The Boers at first ran away, but afterwards rallied, when they were charged with great vigour and soon fled, leaving guns, ammunition, rifles, &c., behind.

is by no means unpleasant if you only enter into the thing in a proper spirit. That is to say, you must set out with a firm determination to be satisfied so long as you get there *some* time. In a country where there are only single lines, so that trains have to wait for each other on sidings, delays are inevitable. At Stormberg Junction, which has of late been brought into such prominence, the following conversation was overheard: SCOTCH DRIVER OF EAST LONDON MAIL:—"Mon! it's juist awfu', ma train's seex hours late." CHEERY DRIVER (FROM CHESHIRE) OF A "GOODS."—"Six howers! whoy thaat's noothin', moy trean's thirty-three howers laat, an' hers loikeley to be laater yet." This tale is true, so it emphasizes my remarks as to the necessity of not being in a hurry. I have been in one of those expresses which stop at every station and got through eighty miles in eight hours, without finding it a long day at all. Travelling so slowly one can read or write letters all day without discomfort, and if a change is desired, the train being built on the corridor plan, one can walk to any part of it and talk to the fellow passengers you scrape acquaintance with. From them —and especially from the newcomers— a lot of amusement can be got out of their remarks and questions. I remember once a young Johnny-come-lately, whose lack of brains was only equalled by his assumption of omniscience, on waking up in the Karoo, asking me where we should get breakfast. I replied that the train usually stopped for it at a place called

CAPE MAIL TRAIN IN THE KAROO.

LEGISLATIVE CHAMBERS, MARITZBURG.

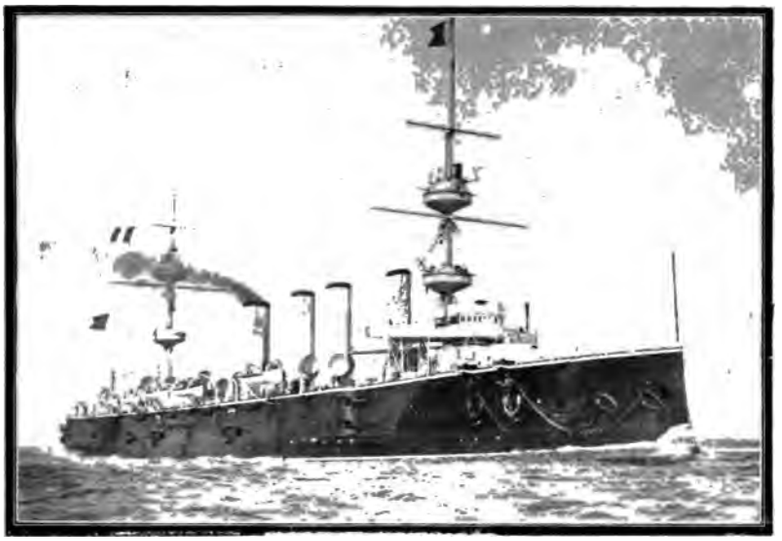
Matjesfontein. Knowing how exceedingly small these kind of places look to anyone from Europe, with their fifty houses or so stuck down in the open, I added: "It's not so large as you might think, judging from the way it is marked on the map." His answer consequently came rather startling, and set all the carriage laughing. "Oh no! no! I quite understand that it wouldn't be large; not much more than 25,000 people, I dare say." After a puzzled look to see what people could be laughing at, he lapsed into silence. When the train rounded a corner, and the full glory of Matjesfontein's one house, six tin shanties, two dogs, and a coloured woman, burst into sight, his face was a study.

On another occasion we had with us a music-hall troupe. Amongst the members was a Manchester man named Smith, who, as he was a trick-dog performer, figured on the bills as Signor Mancinelli. Well, to-day Signor Mancinelli is puzzled. There are heaps two feet high all over the country, far as the eye can see, every dozen yards or so. Being of an inquiring mind, he turns to me, thinking here is a new operation in farming. "I say, Mister, what are those heaps for, they put down all over the country?" It took me a minute to think it was possible that he could be alluding to the ant-heaps, so I said very modestly, "Oh, do you mean the ant-heaps?" "Ant-heaps!" he replied; "yer don't mean to say

BARKLY WEST, VAAL RIVER.

A village of Griqualand West, and is the constituency which has been represented continuously by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, since he first entered upon public life, some fifteen years ago.

BISHOP'S COURT AVENUE, CAPE TOWN.



H.M.S. "POWERFUL,"

Some of whose bluejackets were sent up to Ladysmith with their big guns, and did such signal service in quickly silencing the artillery fire of the Boers.

those are ant-heaps! Now that *is* interestin'; I'll go inside and call my wife."

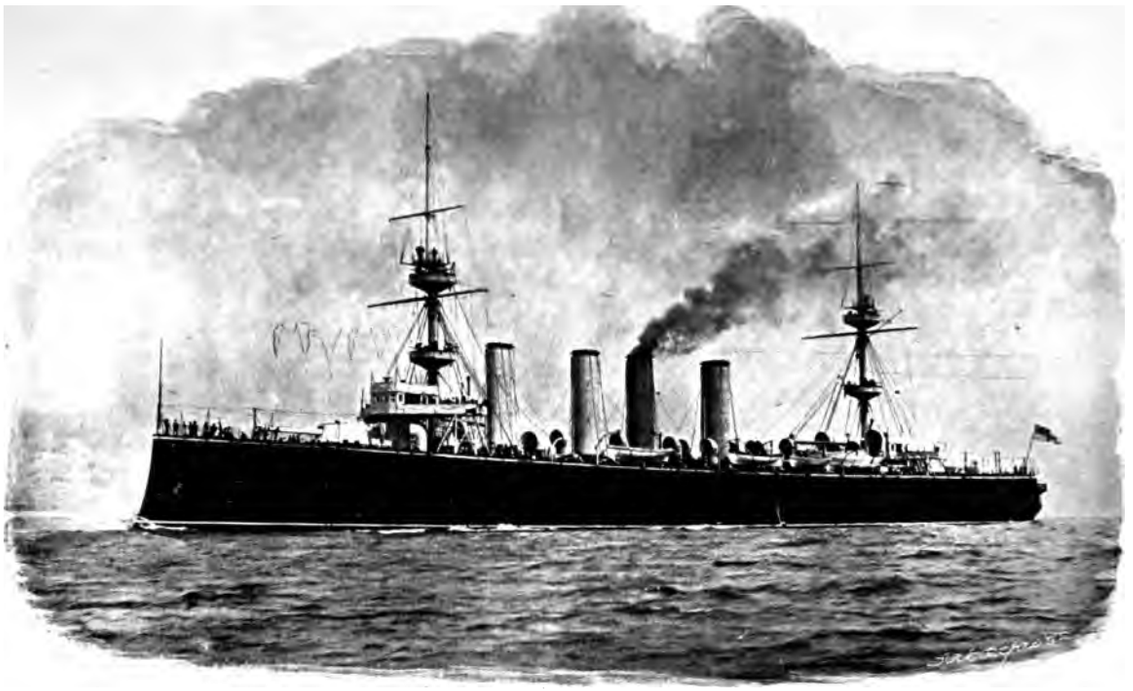
They say that to pass the time profitably and never waste a minute, when Cecil Rhodes goes on one of these journeys he always has a secretary and a typewriter, both of whom he keeps hard at it, just as much as when he is in his office. He is a wonderful man; of wonderful energy, of wonderful courage, and wonderful capacity, and almost as wonderful as some of the tales journalists invent about him. Here is one sentence from an article published in London in a paper of the "Halfpenny Home Blitherings" order, as Barry Pain expresses it. The italics are mine.

"By sunrise the next day there was a magical change. Buluwayo was founded. Buluwayo was partly built, and *Mashonaland*, a veritable primeval wilderness, had the beginning of a civilized town within its borders. About a week *afterwards*, Cecil Rhodes, with six of the Directors, arrived near the kraal of Lo Bengula, 300 *miles from their own camp*. Rhodes, who speaks almost every native African language, talked with them in their own tongue. He told them that they must make certain treaties with him; that they must only have one wife; and they must become the subjects of the great white queen.

"The astonished chiefs were mute; such boldness awed them. Just then Lo Bengula entered in all his majesty, in his six feet four inches of height and giant strength. When he heard the blunt proposals he straightened his giant frame and glared upon the white man. He saw no fear in the eyes of Rhodes. Lowering his massive head, he spoke: 'White man, you are brave like Bengula! your life is safe. I will give these things my thoughts. Go!' Shortly after, a treaty was signed and the *protectorate* established. Rhodesia became a fact."

It is scarcely necessary to point out that Buluwayo is in Matabeleland and not Mashonaland, was built not 300 miles away, but almost on the site of Lo Bengula's old kraal, which was taken from him in the first Matabele war, when he himself came to his end, and it was after his death that the town was built.

The photographs in this number are by H. W. Barnett, Stephen Cribb, J. T. Cumming, N. P. Edwards, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Miell & Ridley, E. Milner, Symonds & Co., and Lambert Weston & Son.



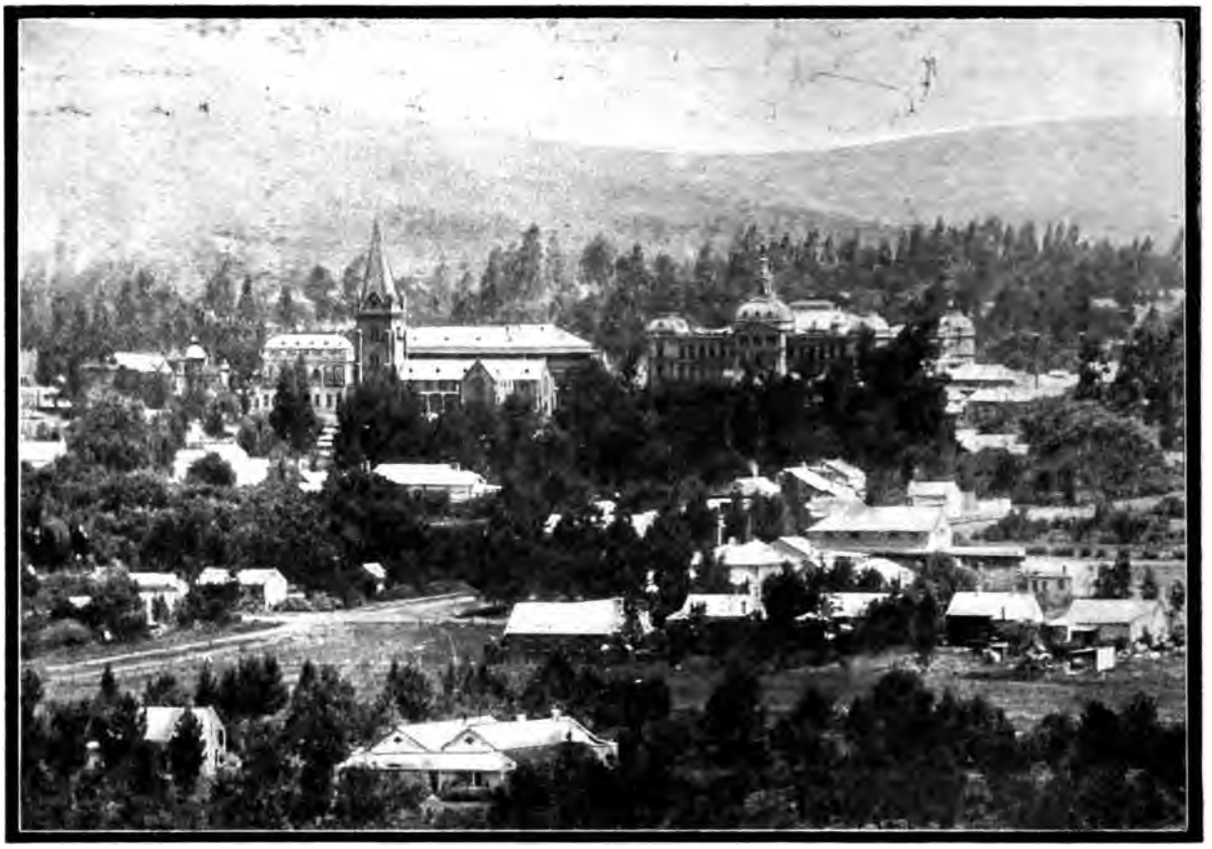
H.M.S. "TERRIBLE," AT DURBAN,
Which landed a Naval Brigade and big guns, mounted by Capt. Percy Scott, for the relief of Ladysmith.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

IV.—PRETORIA.

GOOD Americans, when they die, go to Paris, but the Boer, when his earthly existence is rounded off with the lyddite to which he objects, goes to Pretoria. It is the *ultima thule* of the Boer ambitions, and by the way that we are addressing cases of ammunition, etc., "To Pretoria—viâ Cape Town," it is evidently ours also at present. Pretoria should be eminently suitable for the purposes of a besieging army, being situated in a valley commanded by hills nearly all round, from which shells could be dropped with that gentle but earnest persistence characteristic of the British artilleryman. As the illustration on the next page was taken from one of these hills, it is readily apparent that what was capable of being brought within the range of the camera would be but child's play to the guns of our siege train. 'Tis true that

THE CLUB, PRETORIA.



GENERAL VIEW OF PRETORIA FROM DAASPOORT HILL,
Showing the Dutch Church on the left centre, with the Raadzaal on its right, the Grand Hotel over body of Dutch Church, and the Banks on the left of it.

this photograph was taken by means of the new tele-photo lens, which combines the telescope with the camera in such a way as to show a distant view much nearer, but more as it appears to the eye than is the case in ordinary photographs: all the different buildings coming out in their natural perspective.

According to the newspapers, several of these lenses have been taken out by photographers anxious to get views of the war. As they cannot however be used in hand cameras, but only in the three-legged variety, and a long exposure being necessary, it will not be surprising if it is the Boer who snapshots the photographer. I know that when I took the view here given it was a matter of some considerable time, even without the interruption of

VERMEULEN STREET, PRETORIA.

COL. J. TEMPLER, R.E.

Director of Military Ballooning and Steam Transport. Invented the new Steam Plough which is being sent out to South Africa; this machine throws up a 4 ft. entrenchment at the rate of 3 miles an hour across very rocky and rough country.

LIEUT. ROBERT W. M. BRINE.

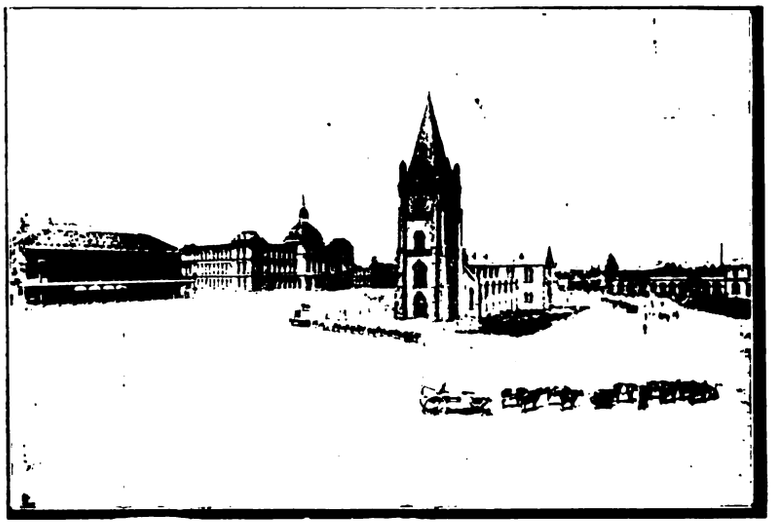
The Fighting Fifth (Northumberland Fusiliers); born 1875. Was in the battle of Omdurman, and comes of a regular fighting family. His great-grandfather and two great-uncles were Admirals, his grandfather served in the Peninsula, two uncles served in the Navy and three in the Army, and his father was Colonel of the Royal Engineers. Killed at the battle of Kaffirs' Kop, Belmont.

LIEUT. HUBERT C. HALL.

The Fighting Fifth (Northumberland Fusiliers); born 1876. Served in the last Nile Expedition, and was present at the battle of Khartoum; wounded at Belmont.

LIEUT. THE HON. ALEXANDER V. R. RUSSELL.

3rd Grenadier Guards; wounded at Belmont.

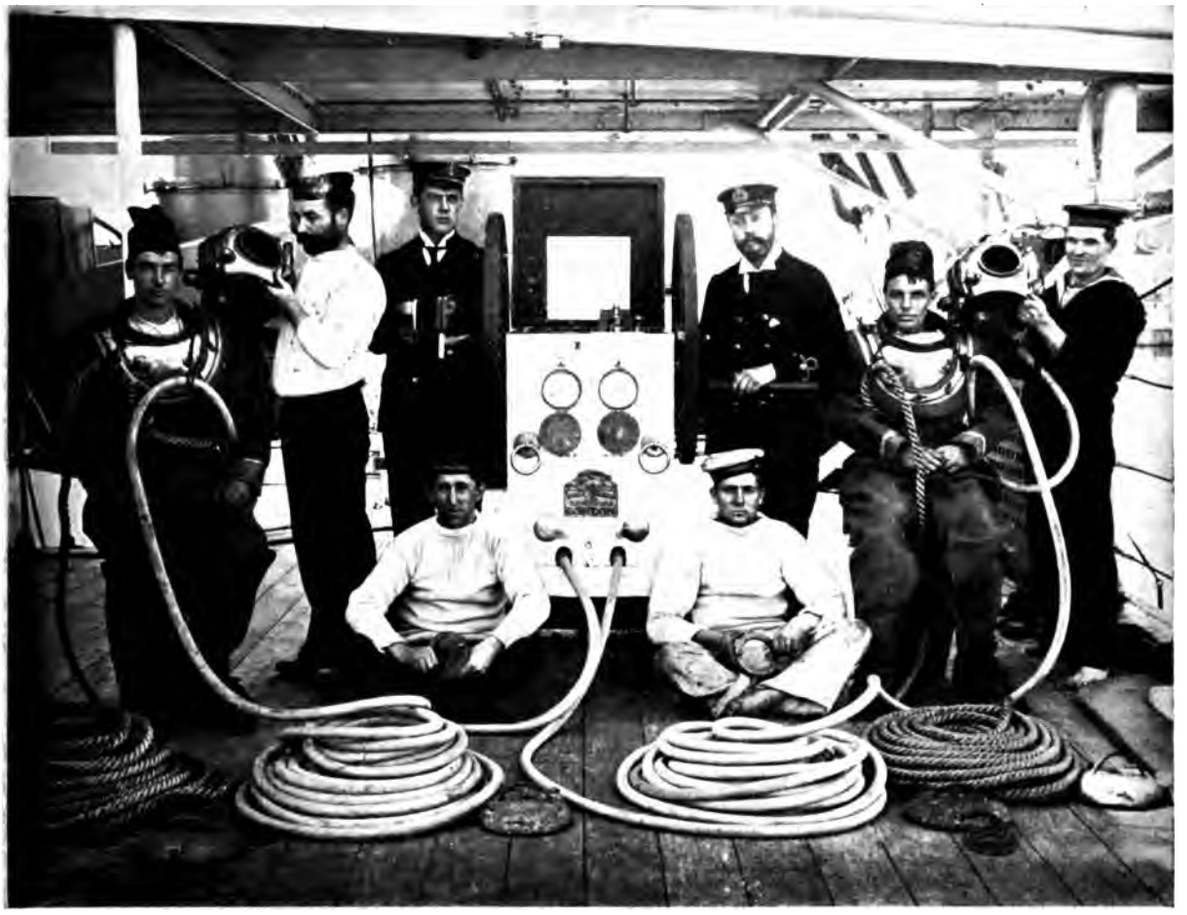


CHURCH SQUARE, PRETORIA.
Showing Grand Hotel on the left and next to the Raadzaal; the Dutch Church with Post Office on its right.

dodging shells. During the exposure the remarkable heat of the place was manifested in a striking way. Pretoria, it should be remembered, swelters in a valley 1,000 feet lower than Johannesburg, and so has not the exhilarating climate of the latter place. I heard a loud crack, and found that the spirit level of my camera, though sheltered under the focussing cloth, had burst. Certainly Pretoria is very hot at times, though perhaps the story of the wicked man from that city who died, and afterwards had to send back for his blankets, is an invention.

Viewed from Daaspoort Hill, from whence the photograph was taken, the Metropolis of the Transvaal presents a very beautiful and picturesque sight. A city—not of houses but trees; verdure, verdure, everywhere, hiding away the houses and only letting enough of the fine buildings peep through to form accessories to a landscape already made beautiful by nature. On entering the streets one is even more struck with the arcadian nature of the place. The houses, instead of pushing themselves forward in the barrack-like way of European towns, here for the most part nestle each under his own vine and fig tree, so to speak; or, to be more accurate, big blue gums and weeping willows. On both sides the trees line the way, the streets are fenced in with hedges of wild roses, and the grass grows at the sides as if a city's traffic was quite unknown. In fact, you might think yourself in an English country lane, were it not for the electric light, telegraph and telephone wires, which thread their way through the branches, and speak of a very up-to-date life co-existent with these rural surroundings. One is struck by the air of peace and rest pervading everywhere. No one is in a hurry,

IN BURGERS' PARK, PRETORIA.



Lieut. Egerton.

DIVERS ON H.M.S. "POWERFUL" PREPARING FOR A DESCENT.

This group has a melancholy interest, as it shows Lieut. Egerton, who died at Ladysmith from his wounds.

everything seems to move quietly, prosperously, slumberously along. You are reminded irresistibly of the words of the song:—

> "Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily home goes everyone.
> Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily in the noonday sun,
> Every eyelid closes, all the world reposes."

I think the writer of these words must have been to Pretoria, or some of the other Dutch towns in the Cape Colony, for what he describes is just what happens at midday. Nearly all the inhabitants turn in for a short siesta, and "leave work to fools and Englishmen," as they express it, the two almost meaning the same thing in their eyes.

One of the great causes of the marvellous growth of vegetation in Pretoria is its wonderfully ample supply of water. A whole river (the Aapies River) has been diverted, so that it flows through every street in the form of a rivulet on each side. When any one wants to irrigate his garden, he simply jams down a flood-gate and gets all he requires. This system,

CAPTAIN THE HON. HEDWORTH LAMPTON

(Third Brother of the Earl of Durham), of H.M.S. "Powerful," arrived at Ladysmith during its early bombardment, with 500 bluejackets, and several 4.7 quick-firing guns. He got his guns quickly into action, and by their accurate fire silenced the Boer artillery, and probably saved the British troops from a serious reverse.

combined with the moist heat and good soil, makes Pretoria a perfect paradise of vegetation, with its gardens blazing in flowers of every hue.

For pedestrians these rivulets are not so charming. Their coverings in the pavements often give way, and at night one walks in fear and trembling lest one's leg should pop through a hole and experience what the doctors in their fiendish way describe as "a compound fracture of the tibia." Otherwise the Boers are very clever at making these "sluits" for irrigation purposes. Many an old Boer will cut a watercourse to his farm in this way from a river miles off. When the water is turned in, it flows to the desired point as correctly as possible, the farmer accomplishing by his instinct and rule-of-thumb methods what a surveyor would have made into a big job. Indeed, the man of science does not always achieve success even then, as I know for a fact from an incident which happened near Barberton. There was a gold mine there, from which great things were expected. It had been talked of for a long time, boomed in the newspapers, got its machinery for crushing erected, and only wanted the completion of its water-race for driving its mill to commence to crush gold, and live happily ever after. It had spent almost its last penny of working capital in the completion of its water-race, under the supervision of a swagger technical school-of-mines man. "But, bless you," people said to each other, "it will be all right when once the water-race is finished, and they start crushing."

So the opening day was looked forward to with great interest. When at last it came the whole town drove out to the spot,

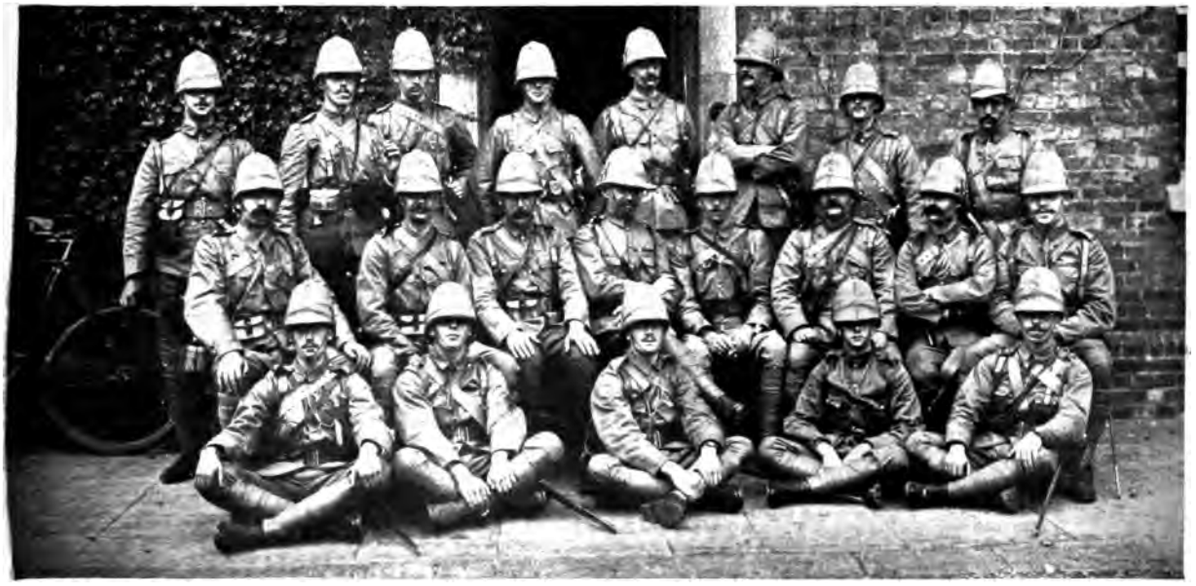
2ND BATT. THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY (85TH).

First Row (standing).—2nd Lieut. Miles; Lieut. Hooper; 2nd Lieut. Hanbury; Lieut. Atchison; 2nd Lieut. Underwood; 2nd Lieut. Simpson; 2nd Lieut. Dorrien Smith.

Second Row.—Lieut. and Q.M. Forrest; Lieut. Bryant; Major Bulman; Lieut. Sowray; Lieut. Horace Smith; 2nd Lieut. Kettlewell; Capt. Forbes; Capt. Gubbins.

Third Row.—Capt. Banon; Capt. Money; Capt. R. Astley Smith; Major Austen; Lieut.-Col. Spens; Capt. and Adjt. Higginson; Capt. White; Lieut. Wright.

On Ground.—2nd Lieut. Carter; 2nd Lieut. Middleton; 2nd Lieut. Fitzgerald.

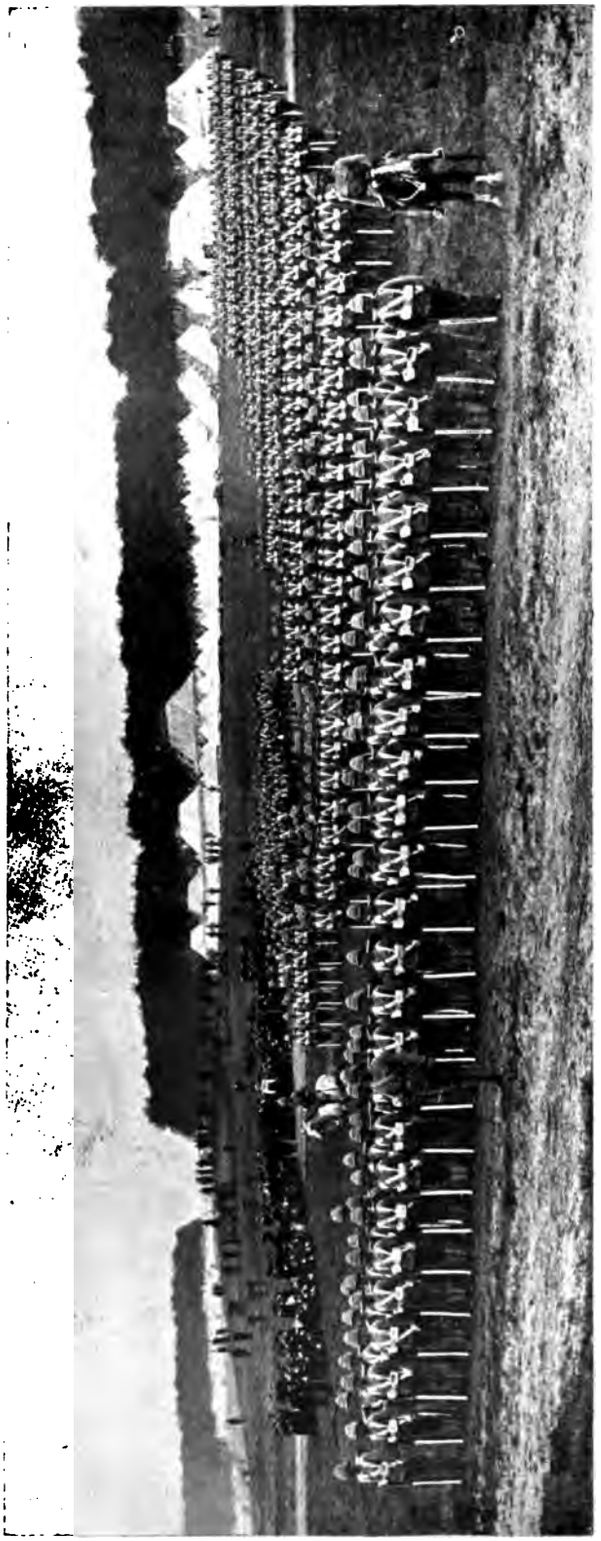


OFFICERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' OWN WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Top Row (standing).—2nd Lieut. J. C. Greiton; 2nd Lieut. C. A. Cooke; Lieut. G. L. Cressman; 2nd Lieut. C. C. Bicknell; Lieut. L. H. Spry; Capt. T. H. Berney; Lieut. M. B. B. Riall; Capt. J. S. Bartrum.

Middle Row.—Major C. J. M. Heigham; Major W. Fry; Major H. T. Hobbs (taken prisoner); Col. F. Kitchener; Capt. A. C. Daly; Major J. C. Yale; Capt. W. Carey; Lieut. S. G. Francis.

On Ground.—2nd Lieut. E. A. Porch; 2nd Lieut. A. H. Cuthell; 2nd Lieut. F. J. Lemon; Lieut. O. H. L. Nicholson; Lieut. A. M. Boyall.

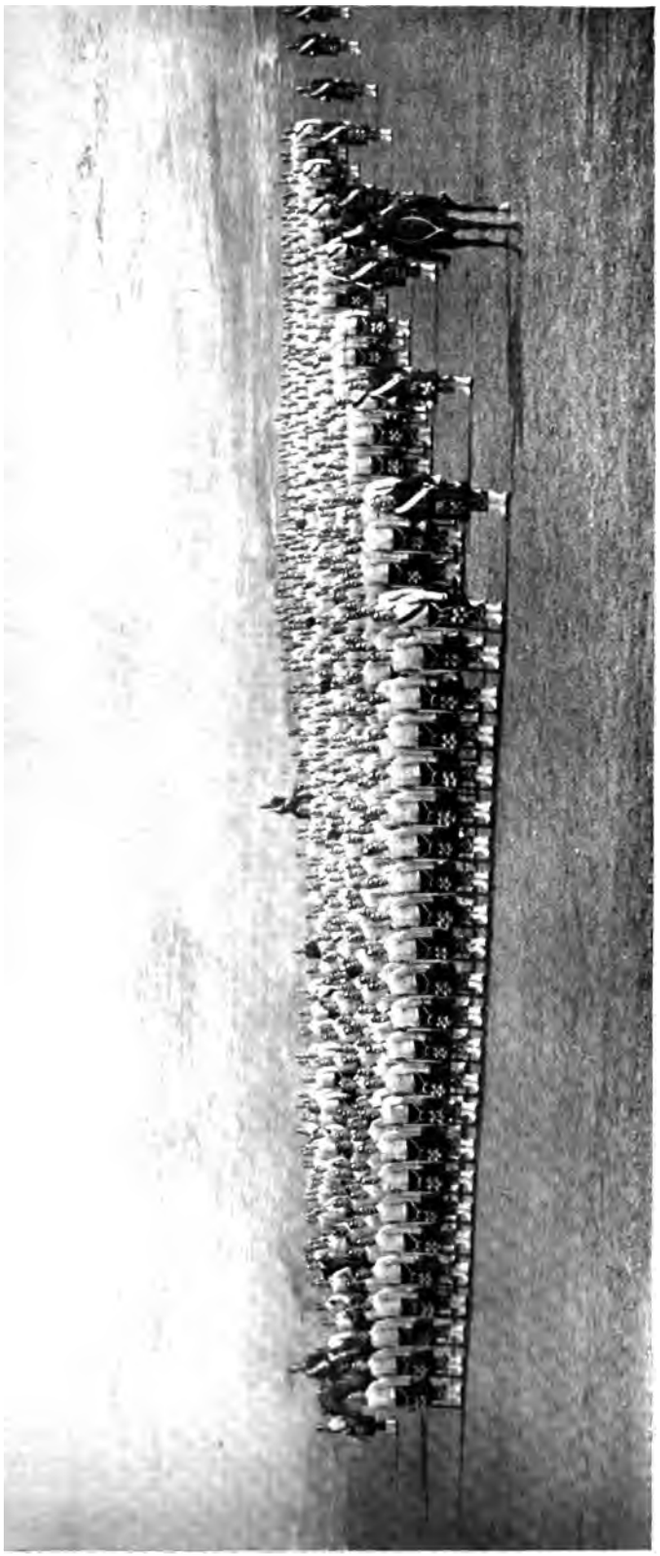


THE FIGHTING FIFTH (NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS).
The 1st Battalion has been with General Sir G. White at Ladysmith ever since war was declared; they have greatly distinguished themselves, and have suffered heavy losses, both of officers and men.

including men who exerted themselves on instruments, whom we spoke of as "our band." There was a lady to christen the water-race. She was to break a bottle of champagne, as if launching a battleship. She did so; pulled the necessary string, the water flowed in, and—ran the wrong way. It was the end of that mine.

Barring the risk of breaking your leg through the holes in the covers of Pretoria's water-courses, a walk through the streets is particularly enjoyable. It all seems so restfully rural that you are hardly prepared for the architectural magnificence of its great Raadzaal, which bursts on you like a revelation on entering Church Square. It occupies the whole of an entire block, with frontages on to four streets, and cost about £250,000. It is, indeed, an outward and visible sign of what has been got out of the Uitlander—the Uitlander who has been to the Boer too much what the Armenian has been to the Turk, with the massacres, however, left out.

In ordinary times anyone seems allowed to enter the Raadzaal, there not being even a porter to keep watch and guard; indeed, if you ran races in the corridors, and cut and carried off President Kruger's portrait out of its frame in the First Raad Chamber, it is doubtful if there would be any to prevent you. In the same way, except when there is a secret sitting of the Raad, any person



1ST BATTALION (THE 91ST) ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.
Some of these are now with Lord Methuen.

can go into the Strangers' Gallery without let or hindrance.

It is an interesting sight to see the Raad sitting. The first impression that strikes you is what on earth all those farmers, with their innocent faces (innocent, that is, of soap, razors, and water), are doing, dressed up in a lot of Nonconformist ministers' old clothes? And then your eye wanders to the old man, with green sash of office across his chest, standing on a dais, hammering hard-sounding sentences into his stolid listeners. You presume they are hard facts, for the voice is harsh enough for anything, and sounds as if he were trying to speak with cinders in his mouth. No need to ask who he is; there cannot, and, we trust, never will be, two President Krugers. He claps his hands together as he speaks, and discharges his sentences like a Maxim gun. Every now and then they draw a response of approbation from his listeners in the form of a deep-voiced "Hoor, hoor" ("Hear, hear").

An interesting sight, certainly; but to the majority who enter the Strangers' Gallery the interest ends

KERK STREET WEST, PRETORIA.
President Kruger lives in this Street. The view is taken from opposite the President's house, which is on the left.

with the sight; as, unless one knows the "taal," the dialogue is about as hard to follow as a Greek play. Not a few of the members sport silk hats, but this display of tremendous respectability does not prevent them joining with the rest in a chorus of expectorations on the floor, between deep draws of their big pipes, as they listen.

All things considered, the life of a "Lid van Eerste Raad" (Member of the First Raad) is not half a bad one. None of your all-night sittings for him. When the shades of eve begin to fall, your worthy "Landsvader" goes home happy in the consciousness that he has earned £3 for his day's work, besides his expenses, instead of like his "brother Boers" at Westminster, having to be satisfied with the honour for his pains.

On the face of the Raadzaal is the Boer motto, "Eendrakt maakt magt" (Union makes strength), and over that a bronze statue of Liberty, whose female form divine has been the cause of sore and heated discussions among the Boers. "Man!" said one, "I know what it is: it is one of those graven images we are forbidden to fall down and worship. Can't you see it's a statue of the Virgin Mary?" "No," said another; "it's Queen Victoria put up there over us. Oh, that I had my rifle here that I might shoot it down!" Yes! the idea of Liberty being represented by a female form is slightly beyond the comprehension of the Boer.

Mark Twain, in his book "More Tramps Abroad," tells an amusing story in connection with his experiences of the Raadzaal clock. Being "an innocent abroad," he did not all at once rise to the true inwardness of its extra special double-Dutch system of striking ten strokes, with two chimes before it, to signify half-past nine. He had just donned a new Waterbury, and on hearing the clock strike what he thought to be ten o'clock, was disgusted

AVENUE, BLUE GUM TREES, PRETORIA.
Dutch Reformed Church is at end of Avenue.

to find the watch half-an-hour slow. He put it on, and did not think to compare it for the next two half-hours, but at eleven o'clock tore his hair in bewilderment at finding it had made up for its previous misdeeds by apparently gaining half-an-hour, and registering half-past eleven. Mark, however, heaved a sigh of resignation, and put the watch back to eleven o'clock, undressed and went to bed. Later on he heard what he thought to be twelve o'clock, and, to his terror, found that his evil watch had this time lost another thirty minutes. "The situation was too much for me, so there, in the solemn midnight hour, I beat out its brains against the bedpost," he concludes his narrative.

POST OFFICE AND NATIONAL BANK, PRETORIA.
The Post Office is the lower building on the left.

The Dutch Church, which stands out so prominently in the photograph of the Church Square, though not of any great architectural beauty, is noteworthy as having been, until quite recently, the finest building in the Transvaal. In comparison with the age of most other things in this very new country, it is quite historical.

For it was begun as far back as 1882, and then replaced a still older edifice, with a thatched roof, which dated back to the foundation of Pretoria in 1866. As the present building cost £17,000, one wonders how the money was ever got together to pay for it in the poverty-stricken days when it was built. But the Boer will make great sacrifices for his church. He is nothing if not pious, though it has been hinted that what he lacks in practice he more than makes up in profession. But when all this has been said, it must be granted that religion plays a specially real part in the lives of this people. They are the living representatives of the old Puritans, and have for their head a very typical Cromwell in the person of Mr. Kruger.

Bank of Africa. Natal Bank. Standard Bank.
THE BANKS, PRETORIA.
The tiny building on the right is the Standard Bank's old office.

The tenets of the Dutch Reformed Church, with the exception of a few minor points, coincide very closely

RAILWAY STATION, PRETORIA.

with those of the Scotch Presbyterians. Indeed, though the services are conducted in Dutch, many of their ministers have been educated in Scotland, some of them being actually Scotchmen.

President Kruger himself, however, belongs to the stricter and more Calvinistic sect of the Doppers, whose chapel, just in front of his house in Kerk Street West, often reverberates to the thunders of his oratory. His house, of which a photograph was given in Part I., is a typical Pretorian house of one storey, with a wide, shady stoep, where the old man receives visitors any time from five to eight in the morning. Here the secrets of State are discussed with his burghers and members of the Executive Council, and if that verandah could only tell all it has heard it would reveal some strange things. It is a *sine quâ non* that visitors must be able to speak Dutch. The old man will not defile his tongue with anything half so common as English. Given a fluent knowledge of the "Taal," a smile may be drawn out of the little shifty eyes, and even Mrs. Kruger may be induced to leave polishing the stove in the scullery and bring you a cup of coffee. The President gets £300 a year allowed him by his faithful people, to pay for the coffee consumed by his visitors. He gets a further trifle of £7,000 a year as salary, but it is said that Tanta Kruger makes it her proud boast that she runs the house on the coffee money alone. The salary goes to swell the old man's capital. He is said to be worth a million or two.

The drawing-room, which is the first door on the left as you enter, has an air of cleanliness which compares very favourably with the President himself. It is a cheerful apartment, of very ordinary size, in the best parlour style of an English country farmhouse. But at the end of the room, surmounted by the arms of his country, and wreathed in his country's flags, the portrait of Oom Paul looks down upon you. You look round and there is another; further, and there is still another; on the opposite wall

A RELIC OF THE LAST BOER WAR.
Jess's House. "The Palatial," Pretoria.
The scene of Rider Haggard's novel "Jess," and where the Author lived when he wrote the story.

OFFICERS OF THE 9TH LANCERS.

Top Row (standing).—Capt. F. T. Lund; Lieut. F. H. Allhusen; Capt. Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes; Major Follett.
Second Row (sitting).—Major Little; Col. Gough, Commanding Officer; Lieut. Brooke; Capt. Stanley; Capt. the Hon. C. H. C. Willoughby.
On Ground.—Capt. Campbell; Capt. Henry.

OFFICERS OF THE 13TH HUSSARS.

First Row (standing).—Capt. Taylor; Lieut. Church; Lieut. Bayley; Lieut. Symons; Lieut Denny; Lieut Wigan; 2nd Lieut. Pepys; Lieut. and Riding Master McWalter.
Second Row (sitting).—Capt. Battye; Capt. nd Adjt. Tremayne; Major Murphy; Lieut.-Col. Blagrove, and Commanding Officer; Capt. Wiggin; Lieut. Wise.
On Ground.—Lieut. and Q. M. Rupert; 2nd Lieut. Marchant; 2nd Lieut. Twist; 2nd Lieut. Hodgkinson; 2nd Lieut. Lyons.

COLONEL JOHN SHERSTON, D.S.O.
Rifle Brigade; born 1857. Nephew of Lord Roberts; saw much active service in the Afghan War and the Burmese Expedition; killed at the battle of Dundee.

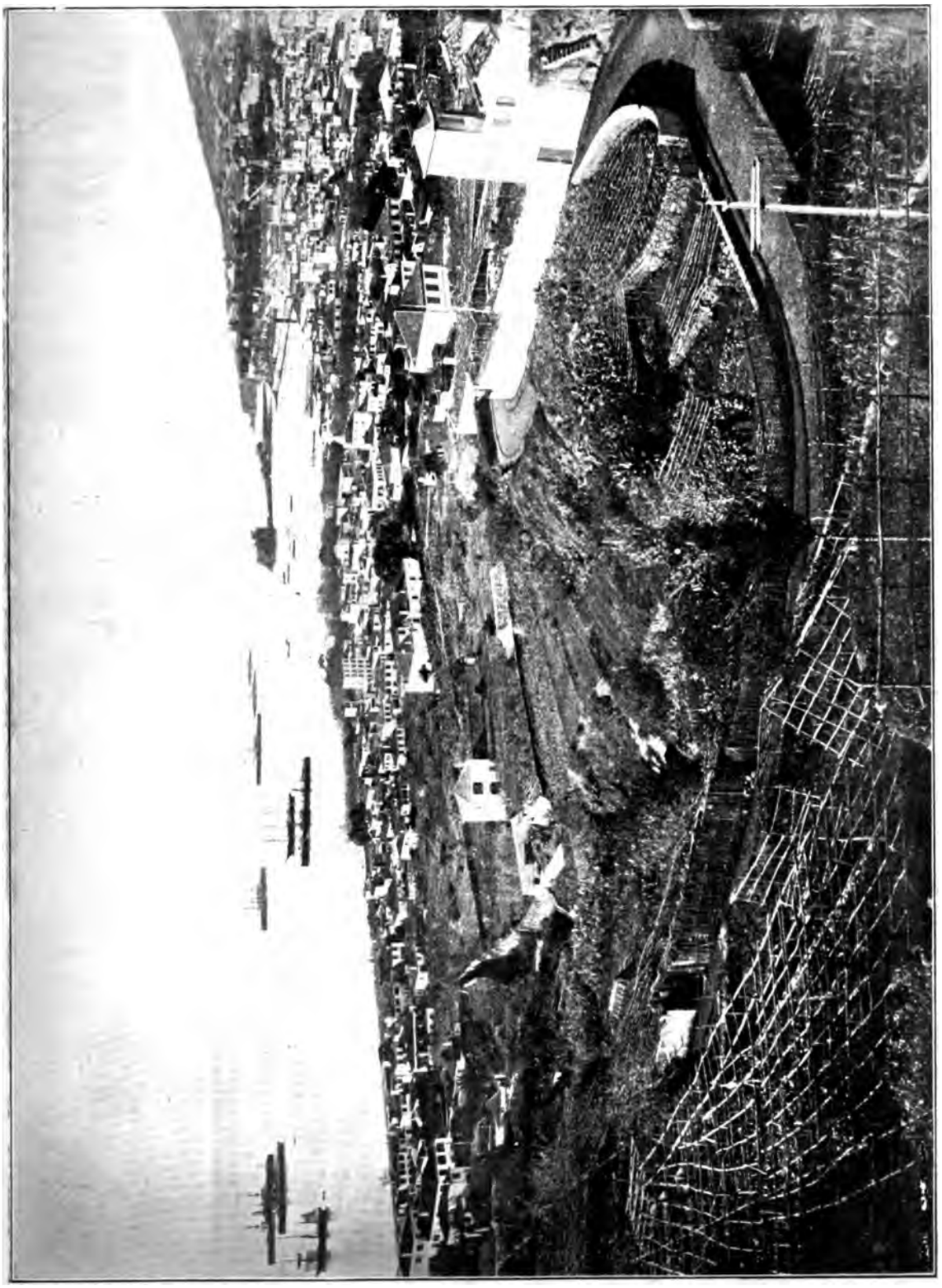
again the familiar figure as he was when Commandant-General. Then there are photographs of him at all ages. It is as if Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" were reproduced in Paul Kruger. When I was there his grandson volunteered to show me over the house. He was a very decent young fellow, who spoke English fluently; but his ready-made clothes and ruddy bucolic features irresistibly suggested that if he were in England you would at once set him down as one whose mission in life was to bring round your morning meat.

But he is a great deal smarter-looking than the President himself, in his rusty suit of black broadcloth, and his silk hat belonging to a period of the earth's history which geologists have failed to classify. Oom Paul is devoted to his "lum hat," and is rarely seen without it. Indeed, it is a wonder that it does not figure on the Transvaal coins bearing the old man's image. These coins are now refused everywhere outside the Transvaal, but, just previous to the war breaking out, one of our officers, in paying his men, gave a sergeant a Kruger florin. The sergeant came back: "Beg pardon, sir, I think this coin must be a bad 'un," he said, after saluting. "Oh, that's all right," replied the officer, "they'll take it for two shillings at the canteen." "Well, sir," answered the sergeant, "if you says it's all right, it is all right, but it's the fust time ever I seed the Queen with whiskers on."

The coins are manufactured in the Mint at the back of the National Bank, which is the two-storeyed building in the photograph given on p. 107. As a Kruger sovereign has a slight fraction more gold in it than an English one, their manufacture was an expensive piece of vanity for the State. But since the war broke out the President has doubtless chuckled over his forethought in providing a Mint to coin unlimited supplies of brand new sovereigns out of the gold he has commandeered from the various mining companies.

Excepting the National Bank (which is the State bank, holding pretty much the same position as the Bank of England does to Great Britain), the other banks are now closed down. Until about six years ago they all had miserably poor shanties of premises, but, as the photograph

LIEUT. CHARLES E. FISHBOURNE.
Fighting Fifth (Northumberland Fusiliers); born 1869; served with the last Nile Expedition, and was present at the battle of Khartoum; wounded at Belmont.



MADEIRA.
The only stopping-place between England and the Cape. This is where all the vessels call for coaling purposes.

IN THE NATIVE LOCATION, PRETORIA.

shows, are now very well housed indeed. Bankers in Pretoria meet with some rather curious experiences in the course of their dealings with the country Dutch. I remember once, on going into one of the Pretoria banks, I was rather surprised to see an old Boer vrouw and her six strapping sons seated on a bench munching lunch out of pieces of newspaper. It seemed a rather unusual sight in the halls of finance, so I said to the cashier, who was a friend of mine, "What on earth are those people doing there?" He replied, "Come round here out of sight of them and I'll tell you." Then he continued: "My word, I have had a morning. I don't know whether to explode into swearing, or crack my sides with laughing at the absurdity of the whole thing." "Well, what's it all about"? I said. "Why," he explained, that old fool of a woman, it seems, has sold her farm to a gold-mining syndicate for £90,000. It was not worth as many halfpence until they found gold on it, and now what do you think? Why, nothing would satisfy her but she must come into the bank and have the money counted out before her, sovereign by sovereign. She says she does not believe that we've got so much gold in the bank, and as good as tells us in her polite Boer way that we are a lot of thieves and verneukers (swindlers); 'but,' she says, 'if we can really show that we've got the real harde gelt' (hard cash), 'she'll may be leave it all with us at interest.' But, oh dear," he continued, 'we've been at this job hours and hours, and though they've got this thumping sum, they are too mean to go to an hotel and have a decent lunch."

Certainly if a Boer has money, he does not seem to have much idea of getting any comfort out of it. In Pretoria there is scarcely any social life in the circle of Government officials; there is no such thing as "Society" among them, as we understand the term. They have no club of their own, and

WASHING DAY AT PRETORIA.

COL. HORACE R. STOPFORD.

2nd Coldstream Guards; born 1855. Killed early in the action at Modder River.

LIEUT. FRANK BEVAN.

Fighting Fifth (Northumberland Fusiliers); born 1874. Has been in Africa with the Frontier Force for the last two years. Wounded at Belmont.

CAPTAIN EDWARD B. EAGER.

Fighting Fifth (1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers); born 1860. Served in the last Nile Expedition, and was present at the battle of Khartoum. Killed at Kaffir's Kop, Belmont.

LIEUT. ETHELSTAN,

Of H.M.S. "Powerful"; born 1852. In command of the 1st Naval Brigade, which fought gallantly at Graspan. He took part in the naval and military operations in the Soudan, 1884-5. He lost his life in the action at Graspan.

A NATIVE BELLE.

scarcely any of them belong to the one which has been built by the Uitlanders, a photograph of which is given on page 97.

Once away from the public buildings in the Church Square, there is little of historical interest to be seen in Pretoria. The railway station, of which a photograph is given on page 108, stands on the site of the little house called "The Palatial," mentioned in Rider Haggard's well-known novel "Jess," dealing with the last Boer War. It will be remembered that "The Palatial" was the house where Jess and her lover were supposed to have stayed during the siege of Pretoria. It was really Rider Haggard's own house which he was describing. In that house he wrote the story, and the farm which the opening chapters describe was one also owned by him.

Among the interesting features of Pretoria are the native women, who promenade the streets selling sugar-canes, in various stages of dress and undress. In the native location, to which all coloured persons have to go at night, they are, of course, to be seen in hundreds. It is a curious place of tiny houses and big smells. The women do not object to being photographed, but believe in not wasting their sweetness on the desert air. They generally say, when you have finished, "Me good girl, baas? You give me sheeling, baas."

In the native location, the principal part of Pretoria's washing is done. It is quite one of the problems of domestic life is the washing. You can employ an Indian coolie woman, who will drive up with your clean linen in her cab and pair of horses, for which (the linen, not the horses) she will airily charge you fourpence a piece right through—even if that piece be but a pocket-handkerchief. Of course, they get Kaffirs to do the real work, who stand up to their knees in the rivers rubbing in soap. Their methods of washing are wonderful, and the results obtained unequalled. I do not say this in disparagement of what can be done in certain London laundries, still, I do not know any place, excepting South Africa, where your shirt comes home frayed after the first washing, and worn out with the third. The washing—if I may dignify it with such a term—principally consists in banging the article on to a rough stone slab.

KAFFIR HOUSE BOY.
The Transvaal "Maid of all work."

THE 12TH LANCERS.
Recently made a successful attack from Estcourt on Piet Retief's Commando.

MARINES AND FIELD GUNS FOR THE FRONT.
Rear-Admiral Sir R. Harris inspecting the Naval contingents in Simon's Town dockyard before leaving for Ladysmith.

LAST CHURCH PARADE OF GENL. SIR REDVERS BULLER AT ALDERSHOT.
General Buller with Mrs. Douglas in front. Colonel Douglas, Assistant Adjutant-General, with Lady Buller behind, to the left of the company of Cameron Highlanders.

So it is not surprising that the results are unique.

Housekeeping, generally, in the Transvaal is attended with a good many difficulties unknown to English mistresses. I have often heard South African ladies wonder what their sisters in England, who grumble about their well-trained, neat servants, would say if they had to hand over their households into the charge of a raw Kaffir. He may have come straight from his native kraal, and, in consequence, be in absolute ignorance of the uses of even cups and plates. As to "plain cooking," beyond the preparation of his own mealie meal "skoff," his imagination stops dead short. And then, instead of quick response to orders, there is the vacant look which naturally comes to a person who does not understand a word of the language in which he is addressed. So you have to learn how to make your own few words of Kaffir cover the whole gamut of human thought and expression. It is really wonderful how much you can convey with the usual half-dozen or so words which everyone knows, such as "ikorna" (none), "peleela" (finished), and "voetzak" (get out). Of course, you have to amplify with unlimited sign language, and on occasions it is necessary that this sign language should be of a forcible character.

The worst of Kaffirs is that they have such a trick of running away without giving you notice. The mistress of the house comes down, and finds that all her boys have decamped in the night,

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK AND MEN OF THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS EMBARKING FOR THE CAPE.

and unless breakfast is to be done without altogether she will have to cook it herself. One thing, however: it is not difficult to get fresh boys to supply the vacancy. The whole business generally takes the form of putting your head out of the window and hailing the first passing savage. "Hi, John, woza lapa" ("Come here"). In reply to your pseudonym of "John," he swings up his hand over his head and calls you "Baba Inkoos" (Great Father, Chief). It is a doubtful compliment, but you continue with "Funa sabenza?" ("Want work?") He grins all over and says "Yah," and that probably completes the ceremony. As like as not you do not even trouble to ask for a character; the good boys often do not bring them, while the bad ones frequently forge theirs. Those who cannot read sometimes get characters given them by their employers which are more amusing than flattering. In one instance, a native, in happy unconsciousness of its purport, handed in the following:—"This is to certify that the boy Sixpence is the biggest fool in the length and breadth of the Transvaal; but he is honest, and willing to work."

CAPTAIN MEIKLEJOHN,
Of the Gordon Highlanders. Wounded at the battle of Eland's Laagte, being hit six times, and three times in the arm, which had to be amputated; he was engaged at the Chitral Operations, and at Dargai was the first officer to reach the top of the awful ridge.

LIEUT. LEWIS B. BRADBURY,
2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders; born 1877. Was one of the finest athletes ever produced by the Edinburgh Academy. Died from wounds received at Eland's Laagte.

If you do get a servant who sticks to you, in a very short time—a year or two at most—he wants to go home and invest his surplus savings in an extra wife. There is generally some black umfazi, like the one in the photograph on p. 114, who is the load star of your servant's hopes, and who, on her part, looks forward to the day when she shall be number one, two, or three in her husband's *ménage*. She could not bear the thought of being the *only* wife, but would look down on her husband if she was one of less than three, in the same way that the lady who has been accustomed to a coach and four, might perhaps look down on the husband who could only provide her with a carriage and one.

It will be readily understood that with the raw boys employed a great deal more falls to be done by the mistress of the house than in England. It might be wondered that she ever gets through at all, but one thing that is a decided help is that with most of the houses, being one-storeyed, there is not nearly so much work as is involved by stairs.

IRON HOUSE AT PRETORIA,

Now disappearing to make way for more substantial buildings.

The annexed photograph shows home-life on one of the wide "stoeps" which are such a feature of South African life, where most of the leisure hours are spent. Many of them are screened from curious eyes by passion flowers, which make charming cosy corners, where, after a hard day's work, a well-earned rest may be enjoyed in the fresh air. If friends drop in—and social intercourse is not the formal business it is in Europe coffee is served on the stoep, and the men woo my lady nicotine, the fair sex not infrequently joining them.

There is not that restraint between the sexes in South Africa which is characteristic of European communities. People see a great deal more of each other, and intercourse is freer altogether. Picnic parties are often got up to drive out to some shady kloof amongst the hills, where *al fresco* meals are served. These picnics often extend over several days, the ladies sleeping in the waggons, and the men dossing down either in a tent or out in the open. To people not accustomed to it, it is not an altogether pleasant experience, when the usual time comes to turn in, to have to turn *out* instead on to the veld. Even the rude shelter of a waggon is luxury compared to it. The wind seems to have such a marvellous knack of getting down the back of your neck, and the cold seems as if armed with a gimlet, which bores into the small of your back with painful persistency. And the ground—well it *does* get hard before morning, especially if you have not been put up to the tip of digging a hole for your hips.

A ROSE GARDEN, PRETORIA.

But with it all there is a fascination. The night wind, dry and cold, comes sighing over

the ground, and the only sounds that break the silence are the chirping of the veld crickets and the "munch, munch" of your horses consuming the forage you have brought for them. By and bye the moon rises, and the sight is lovely. Lying on the ground, with nothing to hide the clear-cut, unbroken line where earth and sky meet, it is glorious to see the little clouds, like heralds in some fairy transformation scene, putting on golden garments, in anticipation of the coming of the queen. And then she rises, a golden sun, from a sea of plain, and the whole world turns light, and the stars pale before her brightness. Gradually, however, tired eyes close, and neither the beauty of the sight nor the hardness of the ground can keep sleep from stealing down and carrying one away, for a space, to where beauty and weariness are alike forgotten.

COL. TUDWAY AND OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATTALION MOUNTED INFANTRY.
TOP ROW (standing).—Lieut. Heath; Lieut. Dwyer, Leicester Regt.; Lieut. P. Vigors, Connaught Rangers; Hon. Clegg Hill, Welsh Fusiliers; Lieut. H. Fargus, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; Lieut. Haire Forster, Royal Irish Fusiliers; Lieut. C. Saunders, Dorset Regt.; Lieut. L. K. Smith, Royal Scots.
MIDDLE ROW.—Lieut. A. Taylor, Royal Dublin Fusiliers; Capt. C. R. I. Brook, King's Own Yorks Light Infantry; Capt. Atkin; Col. Tudway; Capt. Ruck-Keen, Oxford Light Infantry; Capt. De Lisle, Durham Light Infantry; Lieut. Courtenay, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
ON GROUND.—Two non-commissioned officers. Lieut. White, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

But aren't you up early next morning, though! By the first streaks of dawn you are astir, trying with numbed hands to get a fire lighted wherewith to produce coffee to cheer your cold, miserable selves. It is said that a good many matches are made at these veld picnics; but if so, they are made under somewhat trying circumstances, and if girl and man can keep tempers unruffled on these occasions it should be a good augury for their future happiness.

Few people in England seem to have any idea what the cold on the veld at night is like. They seem to have Africa so firmly fixed in their minds as a land of burning heat that they quite fail to realise that there is another side to the picture. As that excellent correspondent Julian Ralph said, in one of his war letters to the *Daily Mail*—"To be perfectly happy anywhere between the Cape and the Zambesi, the traveller should take a fig-leaf for a daytime

AN ENGLISH PROSPECTOR'S HUT.

costume and a Laplander's suit of furs for the night-time. I take off all that the law allows every day, and then gasp in the shade of my tent; but at night I do myself up in a lambswool blanket, two ordinary blankets and a steamer rug, and lie down to listen to the rattle of my teeth, until the sun begins to blaze through the canvas at daybreak."

The habits of a hot summer produce some curious results when winter takes its place. To take a quite cold bath in winter at Johannesburg is a considerable ordeal, but most men go through it without one drop of hot added to temper it. But for the climax of shock in the way of cold water, a prospector whom I knew had a method which gave a shiver to even hear of. He was very fond of having his bath in the shower form; but as such luxuries as shower baths are not to be had when you are out on the veld, a thousand miles from nowhere, he improvised one. That is, he got his kaffir to clear the ice each morning from a couple of buckets of water put ready the night before, and then, standing outside his hut door in the shrieking cold wind, in a state of nature, the kaffir would throw the buckets of water over him.

Prospectors are not like other men. The saying, "Once a digger always a digger" applies also to the prospector. He is the true Bohemian, wandering round the country at his own sweet will, testing likely-looking rocks to see if they contain gold. He is usually in a chronically "stony-broke" condition, with short intervals of millionaire prodigality and wild debauchery, when he has located a paying reef, and sold it at a good round sum. In "stony-broke" days the veld or Swaziland swallows him up, but if any money comes his way

A PICNIC PARTY NEAR PRETORIA.

OFFICERS OF THE 5TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

It was a squadron of the 5th Dragoons which charged through and through the retreating Boers at Elands Laagte and did considerable execution amongst them.

he quickly reappears in the nearest town, under the urgent necessity of knocking down his pile in the least possible time.

All days are alike to the careless gold-seeker. I remember one Sunday morning, on my way home from Barberton Church, coming across one of these individuals standing at a street corner. His face wore a puzzled expression. He looked up the street: not a soul was in sight; he looked down the street: there was no one there either. "Say," said he, "what on earth's happened to Barberton. There is not a soul about! Is the town dead, or is it Sunday, or what?" He had as completely lost count of time in the wilds of Swaziland as if he had been living at the North Pole!

Some of these prospectors are awfully good fellows in their own way, ready to do anyone a kindness, and, if any possible excuse can be found, stand him a drink. I remember once, on arriving in a coach at the Devil's Kantoor, about forty miles from Barberton, one of them insisted upon standing drinks to everyone of the twenty men on the coach, saying to each, as he got down, "Say, mister, name what you'll have, I'm standing the drinks to-day?" One of them, who was very well known in that part of the world, was an old fellow who was

NO. 10 MULE BATTERY, EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT, THE MORNING BEFORE THEY WERE CAPTURED BY THE BOERS.

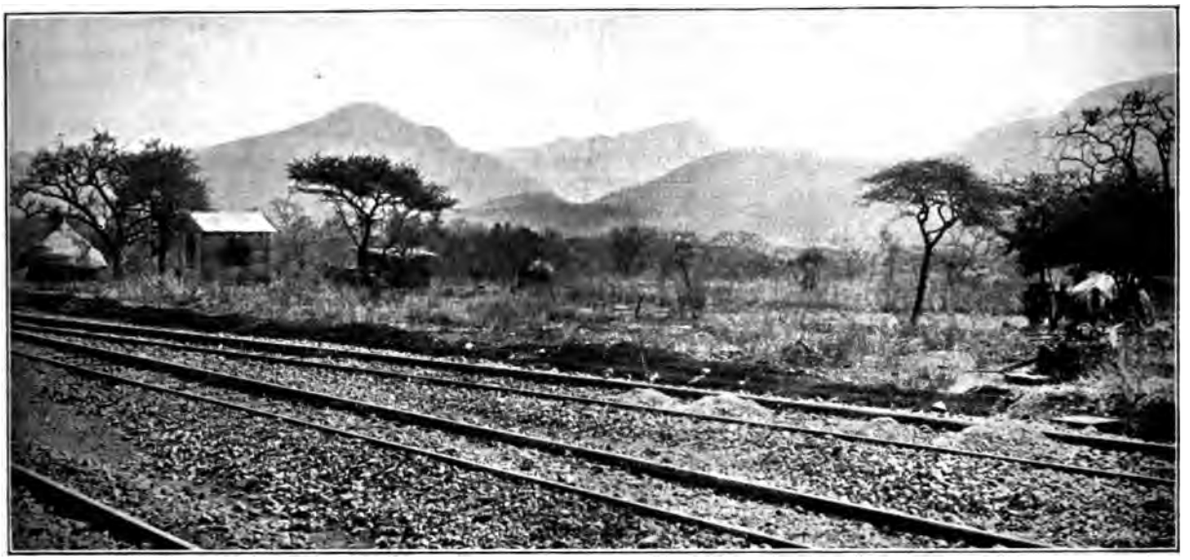
called Mad Owen, concerning whose doings some extraordinary yarns were in circulation. It is, I believe, a well-authenticated fact, however, that once when he was riding through the Crocodile River one of those animals seized his horse's foreleg, and that Mad Owen jumped down and commenced kicking the crocodile. The animal promptly loosed its hold, and seized—not Mad Owen, but the horse's other foreleg. After a little more persuasion from the boot, the crocodile retired from the contest, and Mad Owen rode away in triumph.

Not far from the Devil's Kantoor there is a tombstone to one of these happy-go-lucky choice spirits, which breathes the free-and-easy life of these out-of-the-way places—

> "Where the best is like the worst,
> Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,
> And a man can raise a thirst"

—as Kipling puts it. The inscription commences with the usual "Sacred to the memory of John Jones" (or whatever his name was), but finishes up with the rollicking refrain of his convivial days:—

> "For he's a jolly good fellow,
> For he's a jolly good fellow,
> And so say all of us."



KAAP MUIDEN,

On the Netherlands Railway Line, between Delagoa Bay and Pretoria. This is the Junction for Barberton. The trees are mimosas, which have thorns on them about 3 inches long.

SWAZILAND.

Swaziland, which at present forms part of the South African Republic, is the country lying to the east of the Transvaal, but separated from the sea by Tongaland. The Boers assisted the father of the late chief Umbandine to get the chieftainship, by that means acquiring a footing in the country, which ended in their having it formally ceded to them. The wandering Boer, who regards his waggon more as his home than his farmhouse, dislikes the cold winds of winter on the bleak "High Veld"; so, on somewhat the same principle as English people go to the south of France for the winter, but more especially by reason of the fact that he has neither taken the trouble to make hay or build shelter for his cattle, he provides for them by trekking with them and his family into the warmer country of Swaziland, lying two or three thousand feet lower than the High Veld. In the first instance, the Boers got grazing leases only from King Umbandine, but they were not long in discovering that that potentate, if only supplied with plenty of whisky and good living, would grant concessions for everything under the sun.

UMSINGA'S KRAAL, SWAZILAND.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his glass, he called for his pipe,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Umbandine was a perfect old King Cole, and the swarm of adventurers who descended upon him in consequence soon turned it to account. For a bottle of whisky he would give anyone the sole right to practise as a doctor throughout his dominions; for an extra case of cigars he could also be the sole authorised lawyer. Plain ex-tailor John Smith would give him a smoking jacket, and, lo! in return he would receive a concession for doing all banking business. Concessions were given for everything that the wildest imagination could hit upon. Concessions for advertising, concessions for railways, for photography, for markets, for any conceivable object under the sun. But perhaps the most wonderful of them all was "the sole right of obtaining concessions for others."

It was bad enough while Umbandine lived, but when the dear old man was taken, things got complicated. His various native counsellors, according to the immemorial savage way, each tried to be made successor.

It must be exciting work being chief of a tribe like that. The formula for getting and holding power seems to be somewhat as follows. You first of all get your partisans to quietly

GENERAL WHITE'S WAR BALLOON BEING BROUGHT FROM LADYSMITH RAILWAY STATION TO THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

NAVAL BRIGADE H.M.S "TERRIBLE."

murder all competitors, and then boldly proclaim yourself chief. However, in the process of murdering, you possibly give offence to some of the friends of the deceased. It then becomes necessary to get them also out of the way. So you have an indaba. It is evident that there is witchcraft abroad, therefore your witch-doctor must smell it out. The witch-doctor is no fool, and knows his business. So he goes through his incantations and dances his weird witch-finder's dance round the assembled people. The women clap hands to keep time with the dancing, and chant also. Presently the witch-finder darts suddenly at the man you have a grudge against, smells him out, and on a charge of, by his witchcraft, preventing the rain or giving a horse the sickness, he is instantly clubbed. In half an hour you are able to feel that all obstacles have been removed to a peaceful and happy reign.

SWAZIE "BOYS."
Swaziland lies to the east of the Transvaal, of which it is a dependency.

Generally, however, the peace and happiness do not last long. There are plenty to

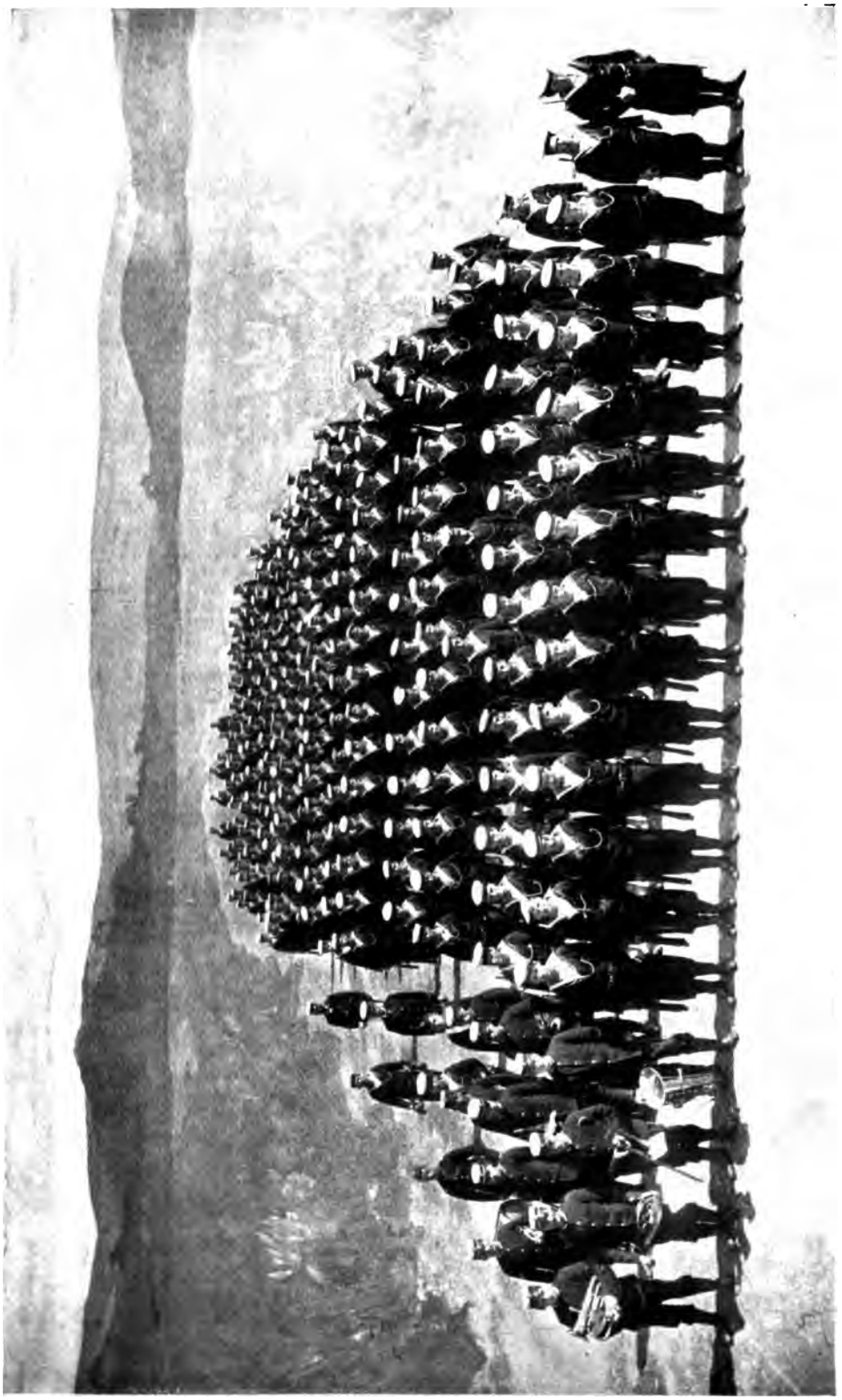
COMMANDER LIMPUS,

H.M.S. "Terrible," gone to the front with a detachment of Marines, 4.7 guns, and cannon, and a searchlight signalling apparatus, devised by Capt. Percy-Scott, for communication with Ladysmith.

envy the new-made chief's good fortune; so one fine day a quiet murder makes room for a fresh chief, and the same round of operations takes place again, in as certain a sequence as harvest following seed-time. It was owing to the regularity of these practices that the British and Boers were forced to establish a joint commission over the country in 1890, and this finally ended in its being ceded over entirely to the Boers, in exchange for other concessions elsewhere.

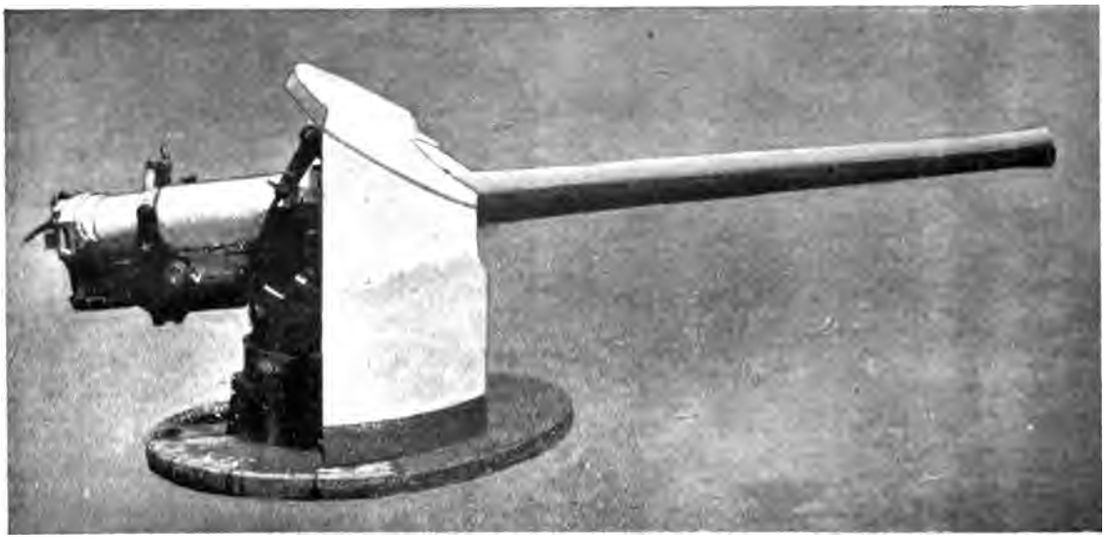
Barring the aforementioned little habits of these savages —only their way, you know—they are not a bad people to deal with: very moral, very cleanly, and very hospitable. If you go to one of their kraals, such as is shown in the photograph on page 112, they will gladly give you shelter for the night, and generally refuse payment next day. The floor, made of a mixture of blood and cow-dung (it sounds repellent when you are told what it is, but has the appearance, and almost the hardness, of asphalte), is kept as smooth and clean as possible. In fact, this mixture is often employed for the floors of huts built by white prospectors. The picture of a white prospector's hut, on page 120, gives a fair idea of what can be got for an expenditure of £10 or £20, in the way of providing shelter. It would hardly be believed how very comfortable these huts are. I lived in one for many months, and, excepting that every morning I found the inside of my boots was an inch deep in ants, which I shook out by banging the boot against the centre pole of the hut, as a man knocks his pipe after smoking, I had little inconvenience.

BLUEJACKETS TRAINING WITH A 12-POUNDER FOR ACTION AT THE FRONT.



NAVAL BRIGADE, H.M.S. "TERRIBLE."

The Naval Brigade at Modder River rendered great assistance with their heavy guns, and at Graspan (Enslin) the honours of the day rested with the Naval Brigade, which suffered terrible losses of officers and men.



A 4.7 BIG QUICK-FIRING GUN, SHOWN HERE AS MOUNTED ON A BATTLESHIP.
Several of these were specially mounted by Captain Percy Scott, and sent up to Ladysmith and Modder River, where they have done excellent work.

A thing that is very amusing with all Kaffirs, but specially with Swazis, is the extraordinary incongruities of their dress. It seems as if they would wear any article of a white man's attire without the slightest reference to its use. I have seen a bare-legged, bare-footed son of Ham disporting himself in one legging; another magnificent, ebony-hued specimen passed me once attired in a white silk necktie and a smile; while a third had the dignity of a judge in a white top hat, a pair of green spectacles, and—nothing else.

The photographs in this number are by H. Bullingham, page 117; J. T. Cumming, pages 99, 103, 105, 109, 115, 116, 121; N. P. Edwards, photographs of views, etc.; Hughes & Mullins, page 126; Charles Knight, pages 103, 104, 109, 119; Maull & Fox, pages 99, 110; J. Moffat, page 117; J. Russell & Son, page 99, 113; Symonds & Co., pages 97, 99, 101, 102, 110, 113, 125, 126, 127, 128.

TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM THE SEA, WITH THE TRANSPORT "GUELPH" IN FOREGROUND.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

V.—JOHANNESBURG.

PIPE-MAJOR LAING, 1ST SCOTS GUARDS.

TO think that only about a dozen years ago the place where this great city now stands, with its huge buildings, and—till to-day—busy streets, should have been just blank, open veld, in the heart of Boerdom! A dozen years! Why, in the life of an European nation such a period scarcely counts—we take longer than that to pass a Bill authorising the widening of the Strand—and yet in that time a new nation almost has been established. A bustling, nineteenth-century London, on a small scale, has risen up complete, in a country previously so poor that its inhabitants had relapsed to barter through lack of money. I am speaking, of course, of Johannesburg as it was prior to the present war, and as it will be again when it is over. The transformation is as startling as the change in scene which occurs when travelling to Johannesburg by rail, either from the Cape or Pretoria, on reaching Elandsfontein Junction, nine miles away. You have been going hitherto, hour by hour, through endless seas of waving grass, rolling up and down in long undulatory slopes with scarcely anything to break

GENERAL VIEW OF JOHANNESBURG.

its unvarying monotony, and then—hey presto! you have left the solitude for the busy haunts of men as represented by a long line of smoke-stacks and shaft-heads, far as the eye can see. From Elandsfontein for over half an hour, as your train rushes by into Johannesburg, gold mine succeeds gold mine in unbroken continuity. You catch sight of shaft-head and battery, of trim manager's house and miners' quarters; of long rows of huge vats; of natives swarming like black ants on white tailings heaps; of forests of young blue gum trees growing up; and, finally, trim suburban houses rapidly accumulating until you enter Park Station.

The Park Station, though situated in the middle of Johannesburg, it should be remarked, as an illustration of the methods of the Netherlands Railway Company, which have been such a grievance to the people of the "Golden City," is not the Station which they intended Johannesburg should use. One of their interesting little peculiarities is putting their railway stations as far outside the towns as possible. Thus, there is a Johannesburg Station, but it is a mile or so beyond Johannesburg; and it took the Company several years before they could grasp the fact that people will use the station which is most convenient for them. In consequence of the pigheaded policy of this Dutch monopoly, the Park Station was, until quite recently,

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM GATACRE, K.C.B., D.S.O.

Commanding the Third Division of Infantry. Has been well known during all his military career for energy and hard work, and in a recent address to his troops said, "I will never ask you to do anything which I am not willing to do myself." He commanded a Brigade in the Chitral expedition, was at Atbara and Omdurman, served with the Hazara expedition, and also in Burmah in 1879.

FIRST TRAIN TO REACH JOHANNESBURG, SEPT. 15, 1892.

nothing but the most miserable collection of galvanized iron shanties it was possible to imagine.

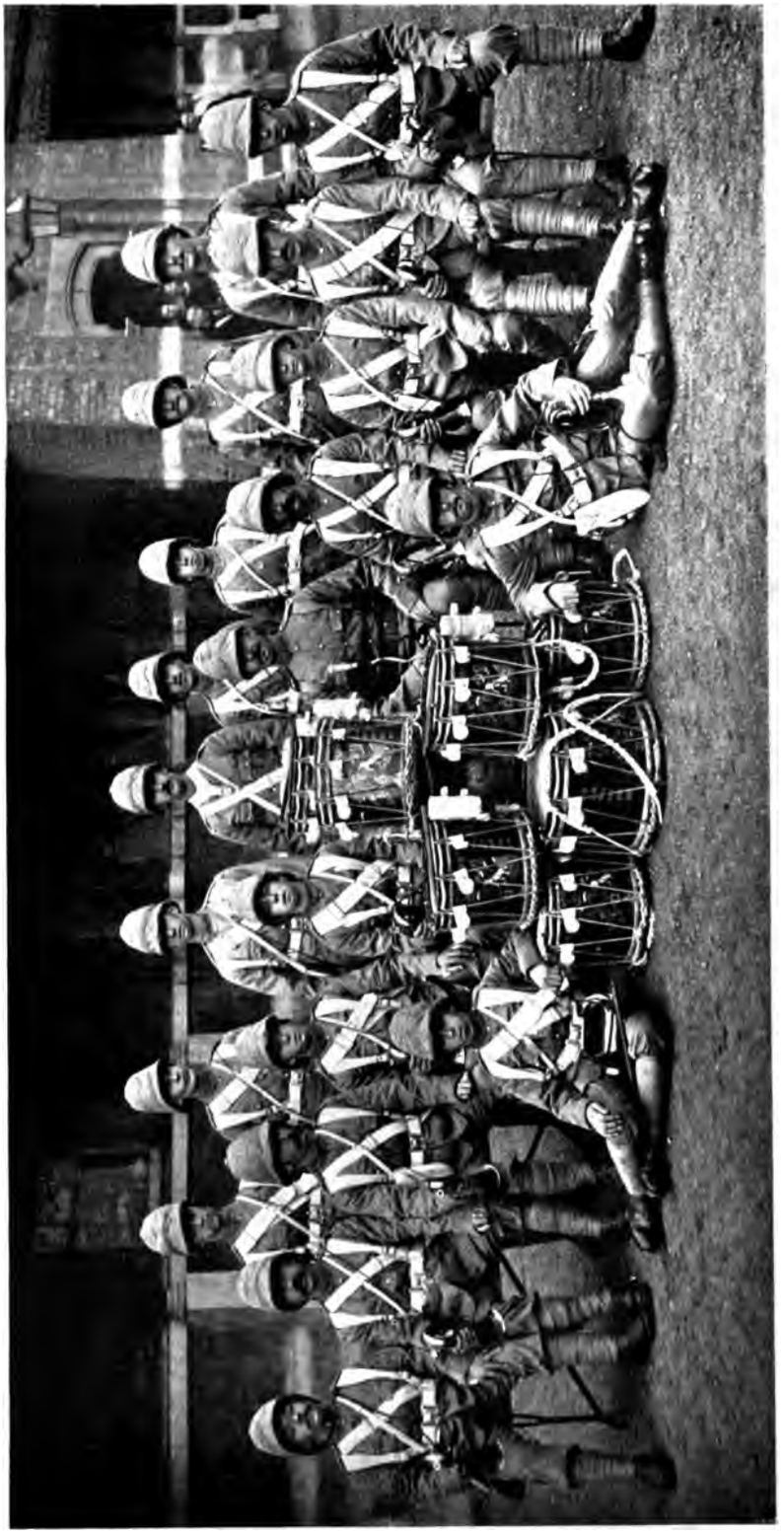
This contrast of the tin shanty on the one hand, and fine building on the other, is a peculiar feature of Johannesburg, which is borne in on you directly you enter the town. But, let me here whisper gently to the reader that photographers all the world over have a habit of only taking the finest buildings, and never show the reverse side of the picture. Consequently, it might be imagined from the photos one always sees of Johannesburg, that it is a city composed entirely of splendid buildings; but though it has many fine piles, marvellous indeed, considering the age and circumstances of the town, there are still more than enough of the tin shanty order.

In fact, it often happens, curiously enough, that the more valuable the ground is in Johannesburg, and the more princely the erection intended to be placed on it, the more miserable the shanty which meanwhile occupies the position. The explanation of this apparently curious phenomenon is, that the owner is holding the ground for a fancy figure, or until such time as he can raise enough to put up a colossal pile. Meanwhile, he leaves the original shanty to just pay him interest on his speculation. For instance, as you drive from the station up Eloff Street, a fine wide thorough-

LAST MAIL COACH TO LEAVE JOHANNESBURG, 1892.

fare which everyone tells you is going to be one of the leading streets in Johannesburg, you see hardly anything at present but galvanised iron and one-storied brick houses of the most ordinary description; but if you approached the owners with a view to buying ground, you would be quoted the most astonishing figures.

There can be little doubt that when once things are settled on a sound political basis, these figures will be higher than ever. How high they have been in past times may be gauged by the price which was paid for the ground on which the splendid shop shown on page 134 was erected. The area is only 50 by 50 ft., but no less a sum than £50,000 had to be paid by Messrs. Thorne, Stuttaford and Co. for it. No wonder that, when the ground value is so high, the buildings have to be high likewise, in order to get any return on the money. So every two years, Johannesburg has raised its ideas by another storey.



BUGLES AND DRUMS OF THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS (SHOULD REACH THE CAPE ABOUT CHRISTMAS).

JOHANNESBURG OF TO-DAY.
The Whiteleys of Johannesburg.

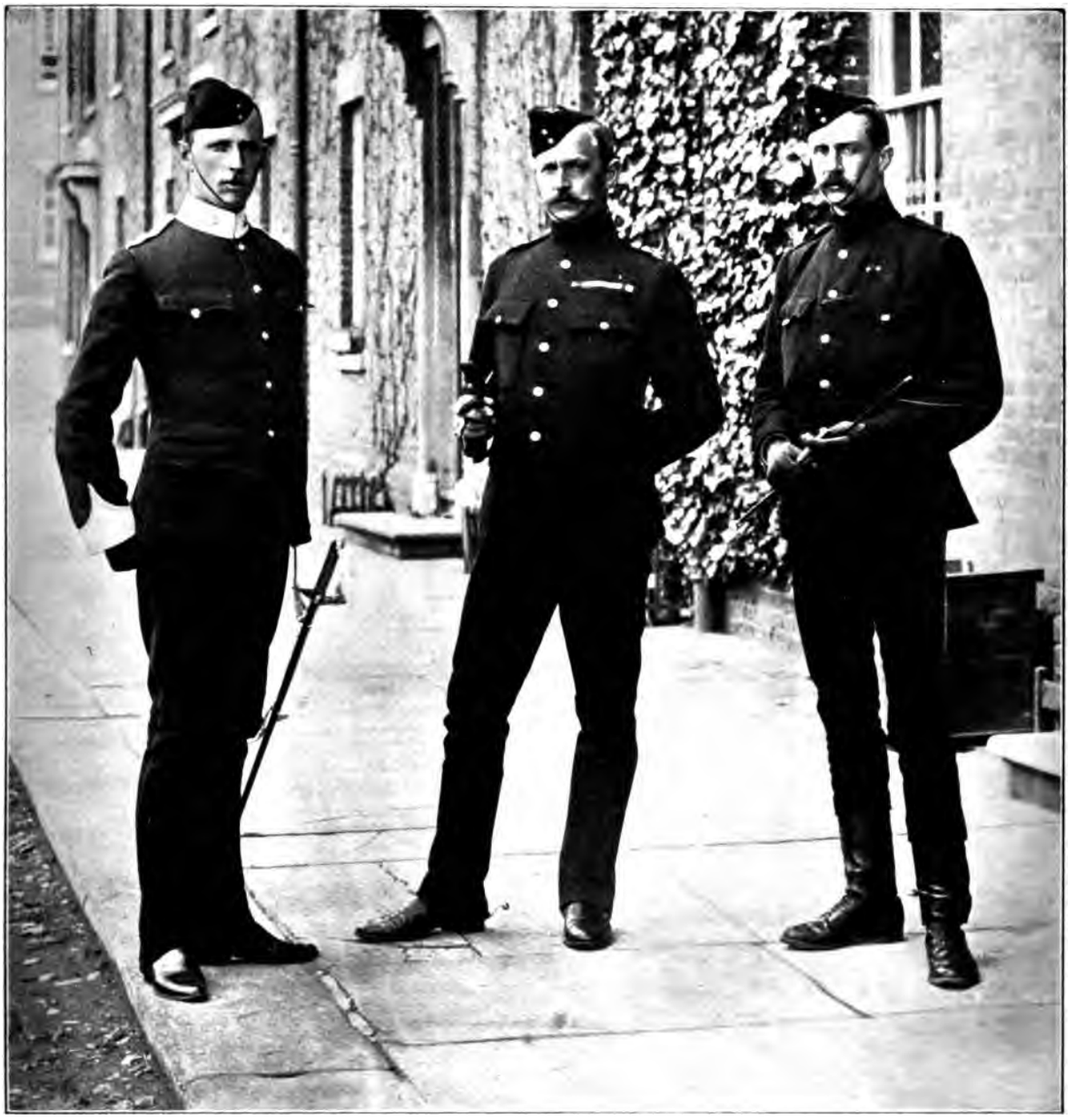
At first a two-storied house was considered a marvel—"Quite European, you know,"—and people took photographs of it, and sent them home as an instance of Johannesburg's marvellous progress. When three storeys appeared they were christened "So-and-So's folly," dark prophecies being freely launched that tenants would never be got to fill them. When four storeys came, people held their breaths. It has got to six now, and as there are no bye-laws restraining the number, perhaps Johannesburg is destined to out-vie the thirty-two storeys of the Park Row Offices in New York.

When it is considered the circumstances under which Johannesburg was built, which, as already mentioned, consisted of isolation by 300 miles of veld from the nearest railway station, its buildings are wonderful indeed. Thirty-year-old Kimberley, with its wealthy diamond mines, has never to this day got much beyond the galvanized iron shanty stage, and has nothing in any way to compare with Johannesburg's Pritchard Street, of which a photograph is given below. The proud Johannesburger dubs it "The Regent Street of South Africa," and the Africander, in his boastful ignorance, feels that he is rather flattering the real Regent Street than not, by so describing it. Certainly, as one sees it at ordinary times, especially on Saturday nights, with well-dressed crowds promenading under its brilliant electric lights, or looking in at shop windows splendidly filled with, in many instances, most *recherché* goods, it compares more than favourably with the best thoroughfares of most of our English provincial cities.

PRITCHARD STREET, JOHANNESBURG, LOOKING EAST.

At such a time it is very difficult to recall the old days, and what Johannesburg was like then. Oh, the abomina-

tion of it! Life did not seem to have one redeeming feature. Its memories come to one through one pervading halo of red dust. Goodness knows, the dust is bad enough nowadays,



THREE CHIEF OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATTALION WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Capt. and Adjt. A. C. Daly. Col. F. W. Kitchener. Major W. Fry.

The West Yorks were employed at the Beacon Hill engagement, when they attacked the Boers and put them to flight, thus preventing them taking up positions overlooking our forces at Estcourt. Major Hobbs was taken prisoner while tending the wounded. The regiment was also engaged at the battle of Enslin.

with macadamised streets and an attempt—a feeble attempt it is true—at watering. But in those times there were no trees to break the force of the wind, which swept the dust over

OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BATT. ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS (THE 27TH INNISKILLINGS).
Who sailed from Queenstown for South Africa on November 5th, in the ss. "Catalonia." The Battalion forms a portion of the 5th Brigade (Irish) of the Third Division, under Major-Gen. A. Fitzroy Hart. Inspected by Lord Roberts at Mullingar.

TOP ROW (standing).—2nd Lieut. T. W. Whiffen; 2nd Lieut. C. Ridings; Lieut. J. N. Crawford; Lieut. R. A. B. Young; 2nd Lieut. W. W. Meldon; Lieut. and Qr.-Mstr. I. A. Page; Capt. A. J. Hancocks; Capt. W. F. Hessey; Lieut. H. A. Leverson; 2nd Lieut. D. G. H. Anchinleck; Capt. Donald Maclachlan; Lieut. M. Welch (attached from the 18th Royal Irish); Lieut. F. C. Loftus; Lieut. J. T. Lowry; Lieut. A. C. Jeffcoat; Major J. H. Brannigan, R.A.M.C.; 2nd Lieut. T. A. D. Best; Capt. F. G. Jones; Lieut. W. O. Stuart.

BOTTOM ROW (sitting).—Capt. W. L. P. Gibton; Capt. C. J. L. Davidson; Capt. and Adjt. E. J. Buckley; Lieut.-Col. T. M. G. Thackeray (commanding); Major J. F. W. Charley; Major F. A. Sanders.

the place from sunrise to sunset in never-settling clouds. Brick houses were the exception then, and through the crevices of the galvanised shanties and ill-fitting windows, how it used to find its way! At the hotels and boarding-houses you realised what it was like, on lifting a knife or a fork from the table, and saw the white place exactly outlined where it had lain. The table-cloth had got an art shade of chocolate while you had been sitting there.

They say that you must eat a peck of dirt before you die, but we old Johannesburgers, as we were not carried off after the first peck, ought never to die at all, for we have swallowed innumerable bushels. Even a rain storm brought scarcely any relief, for, in that extraordinarily dry air, three hours after a flood which converted every street into a river, the dust would be raging again.

And the cold. People scarcely realised that a place in the heart of Africa could be so intensely cold. So, at first, nearly all the houses were built without fire-places. Many of the owners were Durban men, and had been accustomed to doing without fires for years together; therefore, in building, the idea of a fireplace was clean left out of their calculations. So, in the boarding-houses and hotels, we sat and shivered as long as we could in our bedrooms, into which the searching wind found its way as through a sieve, and then in desperation went to bed. Those were the

BRIG.-GEN R. S. R. FETHERSTONHAUGH,

Acting as Station Commandant on the lines of communication, had the misfortune to be severely wounded in the shoulder while commanding the 9th Brigade under Lord Methuen. This necessitated his retiring in favour of Col. Pole-Carew. He was in the Zulu Campaign, and the Nile Expedition, 1884-5.

COL. THE EARL OF AIRLIE,

Commanding the 12th Royal Lancers, attacked the Piet Retief Commando near Estcourt, and inflicted great loss on the enemy.

LIEUT. LORD OSBORNE DE VERE BEAUCLERK,

17th Lancers, born 1874, *now with the 12th Lancers, under Lord Methuen.*

COL. L. G. BROOKE,

In command of the Connaught Rangers, wounded in the Zulu Campaign at the Battle of Ulundi.

FIRST STANDARD BANK, JOHANNESBURG.

days when you were considered fortunate to get a room at all. My stable companion in the first room I got on arriving at Johannesburg—you could not get one to yourself—was just as ready to make the most of a bad job as I was. But we did occasionally indulge in a grumble at our surroundings. Our only room, measuring about eight feet every way, was in a galvanised iron shanty facing on to a back yard, and was furnished with—well, one realises it more by remembering what there wasn't—there was no carpet, no chest of drawers or wardrobe, and of course no such feminine frivolities as curtains. What there was, was a rough wooden packing case on which stood the wash basin and jug. This had to serve for a toilet table also, and when you wanted to write home you had to do it among the soap and things, sitting on the side of the two broken iron bedsteads which completed the furniture. And for this princely apartment we were paying a rental of £84 a year!

The picture here given of the first Standard Bank at Johannesburg, shows what even an institution like the Standard Bank of South Africa had to put up with. Banking in South Africa is not the cut-and-dried, old-oak-and-wrought-iron, respectably unalterable sort of thing that we are accustomed to in England. If a new gold rush started to-morrow, and a crowd of people assembled, the day after there would be a tent with the word "Bank" on it, and inside, a clerk with a revolver doing duty for a safe, and a manager with a couple more six-shooters in his belt opening new accounts.

The Standard Bank's different buildings at Johannesburg form quite an epitome of the rise of the town. From their mud-walled, thatched-roofed cottage, their next move was into a tin shanty with a verandah; which soon in its turn proved hopelessly too small. An hour before the Bank opened in the mornings, there would be a crowd blocking the verandah, waiting to begin business. From morning to night, the unfortunate manager was kept a prisoner in his room, interviewing an endless

THE STANDARD BANK, JOHANNESBURG.

INSPECTING HORSES OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS PREVIOUS TO EMBARKING.

stream of people waiting to open accounts or get overdrafts, who waited in a long queue outside his door like passengers at a booking office. More and more clerks were got up till the office overflowed with them. The Bank commenced building larger premises next door; and it can be imagined what the pressure of space was like, when, in order to get room to do their work, the clerks would go into the unfinished building, and, in default of chairs or desks, would lie on the ground like alligators, and post their ledgers amongst the shavings.

No wonder that under such conditions mistakes were occasionally made. Perhaps the most brilliant thing that was ever done in the history of banking, was when one of the Johannesburg banks gave a sum of £10,000, which had been cabled out, to the wrong man, and though he said at the time that he did not think it was intended for him, actually pressed him to take it. When three weeks afterwards letters arrived from London correcting the cable, they found that an error had occurred in the transmission of the wire. But it is one thing to pay money and another thing to get it back. The man was a Jew, who fully agreed with them that it was unfortunate they had paid him the money, for "Ach! mein goot friends," he said, "I haf lost it!" Possibly he had lost it where he could find it again, but the donors made themselves still more conspicuous by having him arrested on a criminal charge, which the Court promptly threw out.

Bankers need to make good profits in those out-of-the-way places, considering the risks they run. In the old days, when all the specie and gold bars had to be sent by coach, without

armed escort of any kind, it was always a marvel that someone did not recognise the splendid opening for an enterprising highwayman. One of the banks once lost, for a week, £20,000 in sovereigns. They were lost, that is to say, in the same sort of way that the ball was lost, for which W. G. Grace ran a hundred runs, owing to it falling into his flannel shirt when he was batting, and the fielders being unable to stop him, because it would be interfering with the batsman. The Bank knew where they were, but could not get them, for they were at the bottom of the Queen's River, near Barberton, in consequence of a flood overturning the coach; and there they lay till the river sank to its normal condition.

The present office of the Standard Bank is really a very fine building, approached by a great lobby, and in good times containing close on a hundred clerks. On windy and dusty days the bank people found that the draughts were very trying, so they put up an enormous screen. The feelings of the management may be imagined, when, within half-an-hour, they discovered a placard which some wag had affixed thereto, bearing the legend which nearly every bar in Johannesburg flaunts, "All liquors sixpence, except ***" (that is, Three Star Brandy). Sixpenny drinks, it should be explained, were then a comparative novelty at Johannesburg. The convivial citizen of the Golden City felt that he was very near the summit of earthly

MOUNTED POLICE ATTACHED TO GENERAL BULLER'S STAFF.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. G. WAUCHOPE, C.B.,

Commanding the 3rd Brigade (Highland); born 1846. Killed in the attack on the Boer position on the Magersfontein Hills, near Modder River, on December 11. He entered the army in November, 1865, became a lieutenant in June, 1867, and acted as adjutant of the 42nd Foot from April, 1870, to December, 1873, and as Instructor of Musketry from October, 1875, to August, 1877. He was made a Captain of the Royal Highlanders in September, 1878, and Major in March, 1884, served in the Ashanti War, and was severely wounded in Egypt and the Soudan; in fact he was wounded in every engagement in which he took part, except at the battle of Omdurman, at which he was present and greatly distinguished himself.

happiness, when, instead of shilling and eighteenpenny drinks, some of the bars advertised this reduction of prices owing to the competition amongst them.

For whatever else may be lacking in Johannesburg, a bar is never far to seek. The practice of standing drinks is there carried out to its utmost extreme. It must be said in favour of the Johannesburgers that, if they drink a great deal more than is good for them, they do not do it by themselves. Generally, of course, the one who invites pays, but there is always a dice box on the counter to settle the matter by the three throws, or "sudden death"

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS ATTACHED TO GENERAL BULLER'S STAFF.

method. There is no measuring out noggins of whiskey; the bottle is passed over the counter and everyone helps themselves. This custom so aroused the enthusiasm of an Irishman, straight from the "disthressful counthry," that he expressed himself as follows:—'Sure, an' the barman was a perfect gintleman; he passed the botthle, an' turned his back on me!"

Whether it is the climate, or whatever the cause, drink in South Africa does not produce the deplorable results that it does in Europe. One seldom hears of crime committed through drink, excepting crimes like embezzlement of which it is the indirect cause, through the losses

it entails. Drink and the spendthrift gambling spirit of its population are Johannesburg's besetting sins. When bad times come, men, who with the money they had made previously should be able to weather almost any gale, go under like a pack of cards, and in their fall, bring down others, to make matters worse; consequently, when things are bad in Johannesburg they are very bad. And the extraordinary part of it is that you never seem to know when you are at the end of your troubles. You may think that Fate has shot at you every possible arrow; but Fate, at any rate in Johannesburg, is like the Heathen Chinee, for she has always got some thing more up her sleeve. For instance, towards the end of 1895, when the share market began to go wrong, people said, "Oh, it will be all right directly the rains come!" as it was thought it was owing to the prospect of the batteries being short of water. But the rains didn't come, and Johannesburg was an arid Inferno of dust and desolation. And the Market grew worse. Then fever came along, and people in the despondency of losing money right and left, seemed to be an especially ready prey to it. Then came locusts. What little vegetation there was left was either eaten or killed by these noisome pests, which darkened the sky and spread destruction throughout the land. The fact of there being no green vegetables left, was, however, a minor detail, for by now coming political troubles had cast their shadows before, and the Market every day dropped seriously. Then a

A JOHANNESBURG BAR.

THE 2ND DEVONS GOING ON BOARD THE S.S. "MANILA" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

COL. GEORGE M. BULLOCK,
Commanding 2nd Battalion of the Devons. Taken prisoner at Magersfontein.

LIEUT. L. W. LONG,
2nd Battalion King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry); born 1879. Only entered the army in August, and was killed in November at the Modder River battle.

CAPTAIN H. A. BETHUNE,
Gordon Highlanders.

CAPT HUGH KEITH FRASER,
1st Life Guards.

bolt fell from the blue in the form of the revolution and Jameson Raid. When this was patched up, it would have been thought that outrageous fortune had finished slinging her arrows at poor Johannesburg, but not a bit of it. She had the rinderpest still to come, and north, south, east, and west throughout the continent the terrible scourge raged with all the fury of the plague of London. So it was by now a case of neither vegetables nor meat, except at terribly enhanced prices that bore hardly on those who had lost their all in the downfall of shares. Worst of all, to finish the list, it was feared that credit and confidence

A GENERAL VIEW OF ESTCOURT, TWENTY-FIVE MILES SOUTH OF LADYSMITH.

in the future would be so utterly shaken in Europe by the Raid that there would be no revival in the share market for years to come.

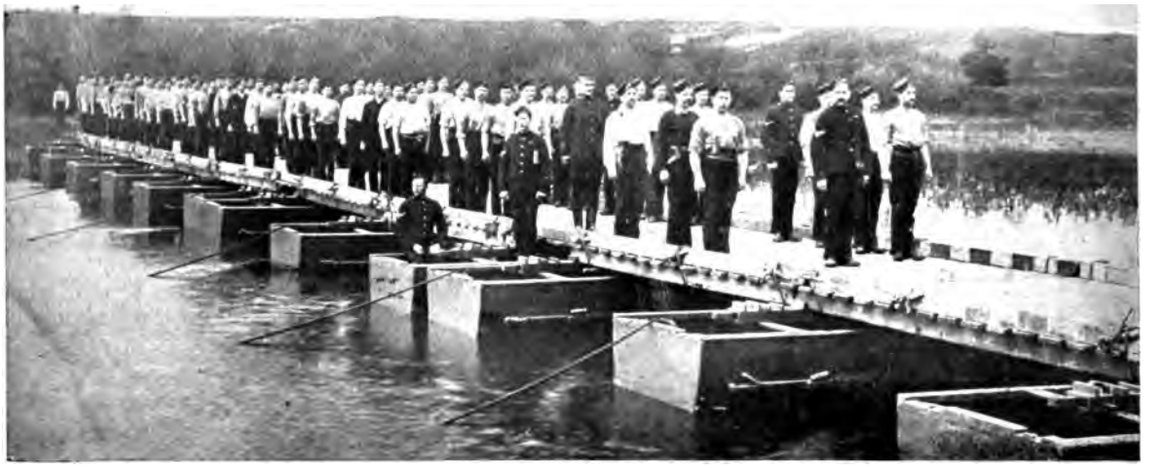
Consequently, when there was not a ray of hope left, fickle Fortune, out of sheer mad-headed wantonness, began to send the Market up again. It appeared for a time as if the Jameson Raid had been a wondrous fine advertisement for Johannesburg. It had set the whole world talking about the Golden City; and people who, previously, had scarcely ever heard or thought of the place, now read of and realised its possibilities in the future. So, at the very time when one would have expected that they would have stopped away, after such an

BUILDING A TRESTLE BRIDGE FOR RAILWAY.
A Trestle Bridge has just been built at Frere across the Tugela River.

exhibition of political unrest as the Jameson Raid furnished, shoals came out, and initiated almost another boom.

TRESTLE BRIDGE BUILT BY THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES DURING MILITARY TRAINING.

As an illustration of the ups and downs of life there, I vividly recall the case of a man who, in 1889, was said to be a millionaire (which in South Africa generally turns out to mean that a man is actually worth about a hundred thousand pounds), by 1890, he was in a very bad way; by 1891 he had "busted," leaving one of the Banks to mourn his downfall with an uncovered overdraft of about £40,000. By 1892, he had restarted in business.



PONTOON BRIDGE.
A Pontoon Bridge has been erected across the Modder River for Lord Methuen's forces.

in a small way; by 1893 his staff of clerks had trebled; the year after he was building an enormous block of offices, one of the finest piles in Johannesburg; and by 1895 he was said to be richer than he had ever been.

Another instance of ups and downs, almost more striking, was that of a man who agreed to rent a house I had built. The only thing that he said he was uncertain about was whether it was large enough to hold all his furniture. He told me it had cost £4,000, and gave me to understand that, as he had found nothing good enough and massive enough in London, he had been obliged to go to the Continent for it. He did not take the house after all, but paid me a month's rent instead, as it was found that the furniture was so

PRACTISING BUILDING A PONTOON BRIDGE.

SHIPPING PONTOONS FOR THE ROYAL ENGINEERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Some of these have already been utilized for crossing the Modder River.

huge that it would not go through the door. He asked me down to his house to see it, and never shall I forget its sombre, terrible magnificence; it was the sort of house that no one, except the most out-and-out *nouveaux riche* Philistine, could have inhabited. And this man, for whom London had nothing good enough in the way of furniture, only two years previously borrowed the money from a friend of mine to get a shilling meal at one of the cheap restaurants which are Johannesburg's last resort of the destitute.

These shilling meals are quite one of the features of the place. The *à la carte* system is almost unknown in South Africa. You pay a certain fixed price for a meal, whether a breakfast, lunch or dinner, and are free to choose anything and everything on the *menu*. I don't fancy there is anything to be had in all Johannesburg for less than a shilling; but, for that sum, you can commence with soup, wade through an entrée of the resurrection-pie order, have a cut off an iron-bound joint, and conclude with pudding which contains enough solid indiges-

RAND CLUB, JOHANNESBURG, THE REFORM LEADERS' PRINCIPAL GATHERING PLACE.

tion to last an ordinary man a week. There is no charge even for the liquid, with a flavour like medicine, called tea or coffee—it will do for either—which is supplied in any quantity to wash it down. Men from all classes and of all nationalities are to be found in these "bob-meal" places, as they are called. Alas! Johannesburg is not a city of gold to all. A shore, rather, where the storm-broken hulks of society are thrown up. Men who in other lands and other days have been God's ministers; men who have worn Her Majesty's uniform; men who have run through fortunes; men who set out in life with every sky smiling fair and every

EARLY MORNING MARKET, JOHANNESBURG.

wind blowing hope, drift here for a time, and then either die or drift on into the great unknown world outside the city's borders.

Johannesburg is a town with as many and various sides as it is cosmopolitan in its inhabitants. In Commissioner Street, with its banks and brokers' offices, and its Throgmorton Street talk of stocks and shares, you get one side. In Pritchard Street, with wealthy Johannesburg shopping in fine carriages, another; but if you turn out of either into the Market Square you find yourself in a different world altogether. It is only then that you realise you are in the Transvaal at all, and then especially in the early morning—it is Boerdom indeed. This early morning market is a most fascinating and wonderful sight to the stranger, with its

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE, SUBURBS OF JOHANNESBURG.
In houses such as these Boer police are now enjoying themselves.

hundreds of waggons and thousands of oxen—a moving mass of colour. Waggons from all parts—from every corner of the Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal, Cape Colony — bringing coal, wood, wool, firewood, poultry, grain, mealies, every kind of farm produce consumed by this big city. It is impossible to show the whole of this great scene in one photograph. The Market Square is a gigantic place divided into two halves by the market buildings, and yet, though it covers many acres, every inch of it is often so packed with waggons that you wonder how on earth all these oxen, that have got such a way of twisting about and tying themselves up in knots, will ever be sorted out and the waggons got away. From five in the morning they commence to arrive, and by seven the scene is at its height. By ten the Square is empty again, save for the appalling mess made by the oxen and the flying dust.

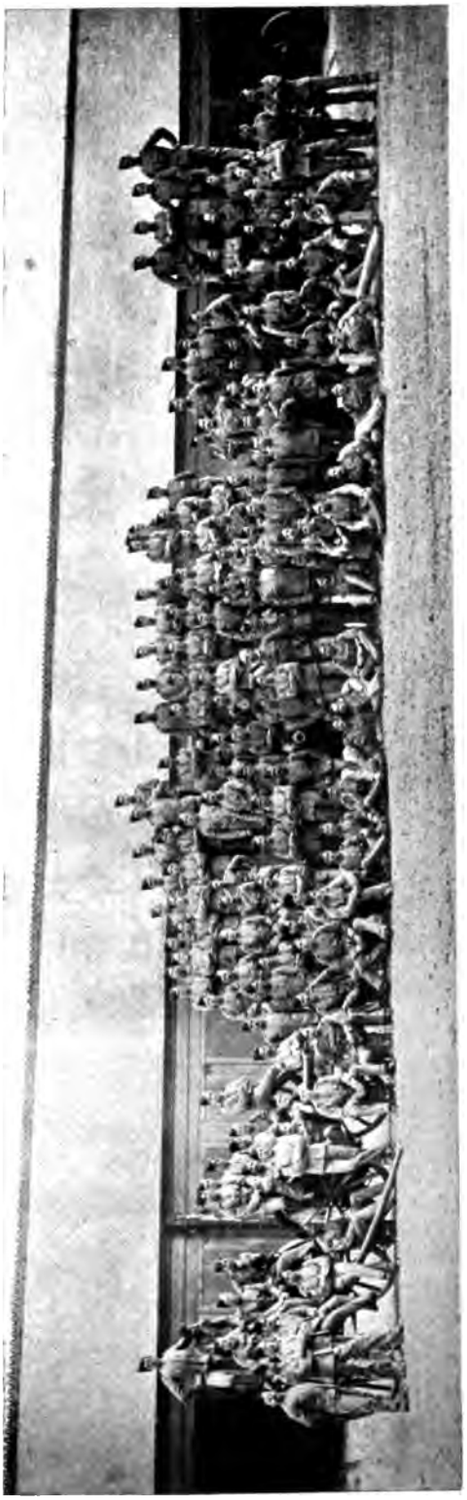
When it rains—and it *can* rain at Johannesburg—the sand and dust, instead of flying in your eyes, form mud under your feet, which covers your boots to the ankles. Nearly every man one meets is in top-boots extending to the knees, with lace fronts. And they are highly necessary, for it is not mud alone one has to contend with. You find the street down which you usually go to business, every here and there rendered impassable by a roaring torrent, which flows at such a pace that it often cuts the ground a foot deep; so, unless your top-boots are thoroughly waterproof, you must either give up the idea of going any further or expect to get your legs and feet very wet.

Johannesburg has two kinds of rain. There is this two-inches-an-hour streets-into-rivers variety, when if the wheels were taken off the tram cars, they could be used as Noah's Arks for taking you down town — perhaps followed three hours afterwards by a dust storm, and there is its high-grade warranted-to-last variety, which comes from the opposite side where rain should come from, and is as difficult to get rid of as President Kruger. A wetting rain, which doesn't

LAW COURTS, JOHANNESBURG.

18TH BATTERY, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY, COMMANDED BY MAJOR A. B. SCOTT.

This Battery has been distinguishing itself with Lord Methuen's forces, and has done signal service at the Modder River engagements and Belmont, and Lord Methuen stated in his despatches the greatest praise was due to the artillery in connection with his victory at Modder River. The Battery was also in the Magersfontein engagement, where they were exposed to an exceptionally heavy rifle fire for hours, and they did magnificent work swinging round their guns and shelling the enemy when the latter seemed inclined to make an advance on the British flank.



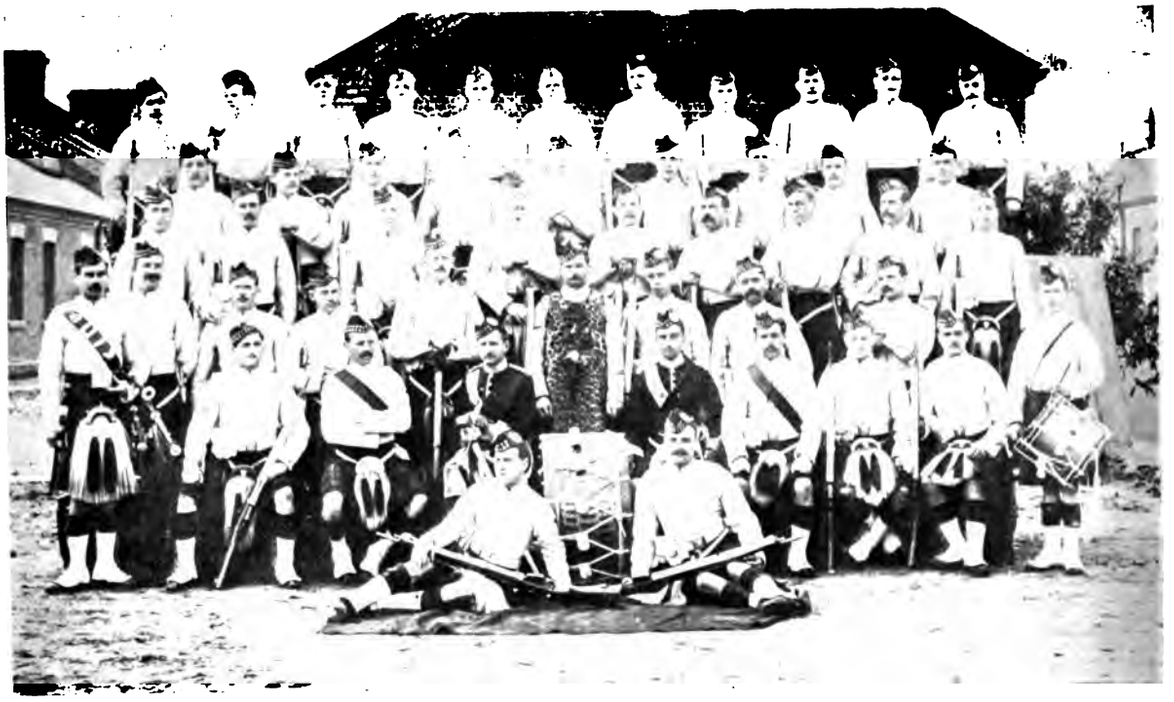
THE 75TH BATTERY, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY, COMMANDED BY MAJOR W. F. L. LINDSAY.

This Battery has also greatly distinguished itself with Lord Methuen's forces at Enslin and the Modder River engagements, where they razed to the ground a farm-house in which one of the enemy's guns was posted. They were also engaged at Magersfontein.

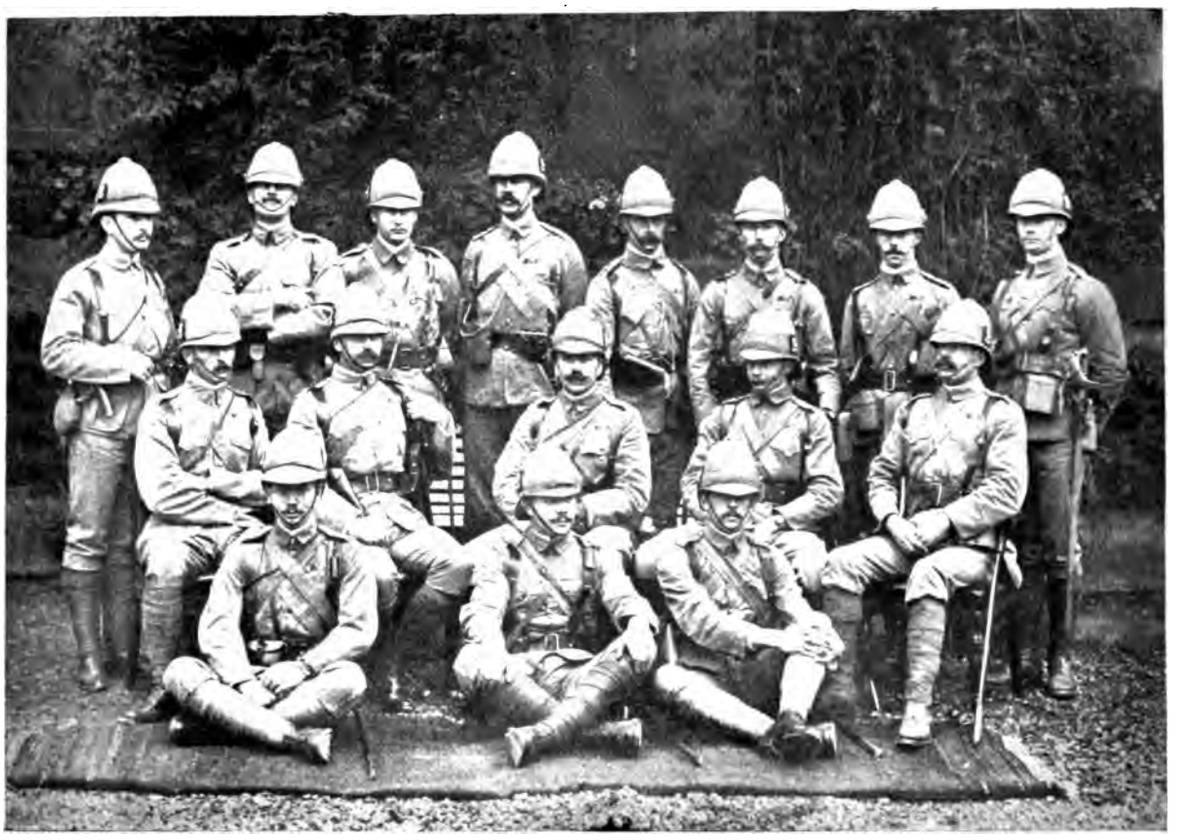
fall, but comes dead sideways, as if Jupiter Pluvius had taken to using a hose-pipe. Johannesburg has very fine bricks; at least, they look very fine, but at such a time as this they are worse than its inhabitants for the quantity of liquid they can imbibe. You find the papers peeling off the walls of your newly built house. Then you take a cab and tear down to your architect loaded to the muzzle with demands for explanations; but your fiery indignation glances from his armour-plated sides like water off a duck's back. He gives you to understand that it is just a little way the bricks have, and that you had better invest a £10 note, or so, in purchasing a sort of petrifying liquid, that puts on a glaze and renders them impervious to water, or otherwise you will have no peace.

Perhaps, on the way home your feelings change, and you find yourself thinking you have got off lightly, when on passing a house you see the wall suddenly fall out, and, behold! there is the Kaffir handing the potatoes to the family at dinner, just as if the curtain had been raised on the scene at a theatre. Macintoshes and top-boots are alike unavailing with such a rain as this. It has such a gentle, insinuating way of getting into the joints of your armour, that in despair, you take cabs every time you venture outside. And the Johannesburg cabby, if he is black, and a cross between a Malay fish-wife and a ship's steward, is just as smart at making cash while the rain pours, as his London brother. His cab, or Cape cart, as it is otherwise called—a two-horsed, two-wheeled vehicle, in which there is room for one passenger alongside the driver and two behind, all facing the horses—he takes care to get filled if he can, as his fare is a shilling for *each*, for each mile covered. There are no bye-laws against furious driving, so his anxiety is to be rid of you and get a fresh fare as quickly as possible. I have known newly-arrived ladies cling in terror to their husbands, under the belief that the horses must be running away. When Johannesburg was totally unpaved, the pace was more jolting than exhilarating. A friend of mine who took a cab home to lunch which had not got wings fixed to the sides of its canvas hood, found he was getting wet through the rain beating in, so asked the driver to hurry up. Perhaps such a request had never been made to the driver before, but as my friend put it: "He evidently meant to show what really could be done; the pace and the jolts were so fearful that we touched the ground just three times in half a mile."

HELIOGRAPH SIGNALLING.



CAPT. BUCHANAN'S COMPANY OF THE 2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS, NOW IN SOUTH AFRICA.



COLONEL BLOMFIELD AND OFFICERS OF THE 2ND LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

TOP ROW (standing).—Capt. Stewart; Capt. Elmslie; Lieut. Fraser (3rd L.F.); Capt. Wolley-Dod; Lieut. Wilson; Capt. Freek; Lieut. Mallock; Lieut. Roffey (3rd L.F.).

SECOND ROW.—Capt. J. N. Whyte; Capt. C Bunker; Lieut.-Col. C. J. Blomfeld; Capt. and Adjt. Blunt; Capt. Tidswell.

ON GROUND.—Lieut. Allardyce; and Lieut. Barrett; Lieut. Campbell.

People who hear so much about the droughts at Johannesburg, and the failure of its water supply, can hardly believe it when they are told that the rainfall there is at least half as much again as that of London. It is a rainfall, however, that does comparatively little good, owing to the water running off and not sinking into the asphalte-like surface of the ground, and the insufficiency of reservoirs to catch it. Consequently, after the usual steely blue-eyed winter, when not a drop of rain falls, if the spring rains defer their coming by a month or two, as they often do, carts may be seen going round with water for sale. What water you do get has a fine layer of chocolate mud at the bottom, and to take a bath is but a change of grime at the best.

HUSSAR SCOUTS DISCOVERING ENEMY.

Of course, you can wash in soda-water, at 1s. a bottle, but it wants a good many bottles to make a satisfactory tub; and people who have tried it, when the soda-water has got exhausted, say that lemonade is too sticky to be a really efficient substitute. Champagne at a sovereign a bottle has, on occasion, also been tried, but it is considered expensive.

At such times there seemed, in the old days, nowhere to go from the dust and discomfort. As, if you had a garden, the first notification you got of the drought was that you were forbidden to use any water for it, "on pain of having the supply cut off altogether." There was no park then. Now, one can get a grateful rest to the eye among the trees, water and flowers of Joubert's Park, of which a photograph is given on page 160. The way that trees have grown up in this park speaks volumes as to the capabilities of the Transvaal for tree growing. Only three or four years before this photograph was taken, the place where Joubert's Park now stands was bare, open veld, over which you walked at night in fear lest you should break your leg in the ant-bear holes. Now, here, as everywhere else in Johannesburg, the trees, especially the blue gums, are growing to an immense height—a tree six years old often attaining sixty feet. And yet, and yet, the Transvaal "high veld," save for the forests planted by the Uitlanders round the mines, is almost

THE COLOUR-SERGEANTS AND STAFF-SERGEANTS OF THE 2ND EAST SURREY.

All at the front except the Bandmaster, and have been engaged at Willow Grange in various skirmishes around Estcourt.

FIRST ROW.—Col.-Sgt. Holmes; Col.-Sgt. Dennis; Col.-Sgt. Tegg; Col.-Sgt. Tyler; Sgt.-Instr. Msky. Percy; Band-Sgt. Rake; Col.-Sgt. Clay; Col.-Sgt. Robinson; Col.-Sgt. Ladd.

SECOND ROW.—Drum-Sgt. Gallagher; Q.-M.-Sgt. Mackenzie; Sgt.-Major Huderton; Band-Master Chapman; Q.-M.-Sgt. Holt; Col.-Sgt. Briffett

This group, consisting of the wives and children of non-commissioned officers of the 2nd East Surrey Regiment, with Mrs. Harris, their Colonel's wife (next the board), was photographed and copies sent out to the respective husbands as a Christmas card.

NAVAL DETACHMENT PRACTISING GETTING FIELD GUN READY FOR ACTION.

a treeless land. What an object-lesson the Boer's country presents of the Boer's neglected opportunities!

Sunday in Johannesburg is the great day for picnics. The people of the Golden City are rather Continental in their ideas as to Sunday observance, and it is considered by many quite natural and proper to go for an expedition on the veld in the morning, and to church in the evening. Consequently, if you go to the English church to morning service, you will find it half empty, while in the evening it is generally crowded to its utmost limit. It is but a poor building, as will be noticed from the photograph on page 158, but it has a fine organ, and the musical parts of the services are splendidly rendered. When once peace has been restored, and the expected boom follows, the church will benefit from the rise in prices

BLUEJACKETS WITH FIELD GUN AND MAXIM READY FOR ACTION.

HOW THE BOERS FIGHT.

Our Hospital-waggons retreating towards Ladysmith under a heavy Boer fire. A few Lancers and Both Rifles are scattered about the plain.

SOUTH AFRICAN MUTUAL BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.

as much as anybody, and a fine edifice will take the place of the present wholly inadequate building. The cause of this is simply that it possesses some land on which the new church is to go, so the present site, which is splendidly situated for business purposes, can be sold for a large sum. It is curious, this dependence of the Church on the movements of the Stock Exchange. It was to have had a fine edifice years ago had the Market gone right, if the following story is to be believed. It is said that the Vicar went to an American who had made "a pile" over a hotel, and was then engaged in floating an enormous company. The Yank was as blasphemous as he was generous, and replied in the usual nasal tones and jerky sentences of his countrymen: "Look here, Parson—if—that theer—blank blank company—of mine—goes through—why —I guess—I'll build you—the—blank blank finest church—you—ever saw." Sad to say, the market turned down-hill, and the company never went "through." Indeed, things got so bad that the hotel had to be parted with, and in place of being filled with people anxious for the privilege of sleeping on or under its billiard tables, was forced to tout for custom. On next page is one of their advertisements, taken from *The Star* in 1890.

It is a fair specimen of the free-and-easy style of life at Johannesburg. The old-fashioned, deadly-respectable, horribly-sane announcements which most English advertisers use, find little favour here. Contrast with the hundred-ton-gun style of the property announcements in "The Times," the following peroration to an advertisement of a house on the Berea at Johannesburg:

ENGLISH CHURCH, JOHANNESBURG.

And please remember the situation, the pure water, the extensive ground, the lovely rural view, the pleasant surroundings, and above all, the freedom from dust, the full enjoyment of untainted breezes, conveying that much sought-for commodity—pure ozone to the human system.

In Recapitulation.

We are in possession of positive instructions to sell.

AND WE WILL SELL.

LADIES ALL!

Do you love flowers? Do you hate the club? Do you wish for a home that will keep your hubbys at home? If you do, remember the date below.

GENTLEMEN!

Be healthy. Be wealthy. Be wise. Have a Home with a Garden. For nothing keeps away the doleful dumps as much as a turn in the garden before the day's work.

GENTLEMEN! Be doubly wise. Attend the sale and buy.

The auctioneers evidently felt that the ladies could be touched in a soft place by allusions to the club, as it is referred to in many of their advertisements. The Rand Club, which is the principal one at Johannesburg, has an enormous membership, far larger than it has proper accommodation for, large though it is. Consequently, in order to keep within bounds the number of its members, it is kept nearly as exclusive to newcomers as some of the best clubs in Pall Mall, no less than one hundred guineas having to be paid before one has the right of passing through its swinging portals. It is the club to which nearly all the Reform leaders belonged, and as it has been one of the great centres of the Uitlander movement, it will not be very surprising if the Boers make their mark on it, whatever the results of the war.

They have already it seems, been enjoying themselves in looting the private houses, which the unfortunate owners have had to leave just as they stand. On page 150, there is a photograph of one of these fine houses. Many of them have been utterly rifled, and even the doors and windows carried away; pictures and fancy articles being simply destroyed by the Philistine Boer in his savage wantonness. As to what will happen to the shops when once that undisciplined horde is hurled back from the frontiers to Johannesburg, it is not

THE STAR, JOHANN

Miscellaneous.

EVERY

Modern Convenience.

ON arrival each guest will be asked how he likes the situation; if he says the Hotel ought to have been placed up on the knoll or further down, the location of the house will be immediately changed.

Baths, hot or cold water, laundry, telegraph, restaurant, fire alarm, bar-room, billiard table (in course of erection), daily papers, sewing machine, grand piano, clergymen, and all other modern conveniences in every room.

Meals every minute if desired. English, French, and German Dictionaries furnished every guest to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill affair afterwards at the office Waiters of any nationality and colour desired, every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole, bouquet, full dress suit, ball tablet, and his hair parted in the middle.

Every guest will have the best seat in the Dining-hall, and the best waiter in the house.

Terms, commencing from 11th August, 1890, to suit the present depression.

Board and accommodation per week, £3 15s. Special terms for residents or families.

Under the careful management of Messrs.

ROSENTHAL & RITSON,

Managers The Height Hotel Co., Ltd., Johannesburg.

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THE SCOTS GUARDS PASSING ARMS ON BOARD THE S.S. "NUBIA," AT SOUTHAMPTON.

hard to imagine. Places like the Arcade, where ordinarily all kinds of goods, in quite the Lowther, or Burlington Arcade style, are on sale behind the handsome plate-glass windows, will be fairly devastated.

It seems hard, for old Johannesburgers are proud of their city, and take an interest in every building in it, which is only explainable by the fact that they have seen them all grow up from the foundation-stones. And, certainly, they have a right to be proud of their buildings. Look at the South African Mutual Buildings, of which a photograph is given on page 158; the style and architecture are handsome, and would not be a disgrace to far larger towns at home, with all the resources of Europe at their doors.

IN JOUBERT'S PARK, JOHANNESBURG.

The photographs in this number are by James Ball, pages 129, 133; Chancellor & Son, page 136; Wm. Clark, page 144; Stephen Cribb, pages 139, 148; J. T. Cumming, pages 135, 146, 147, 152, 153; N. P. Edwards, photographs of views, etc.; Elliott & Fry, pages 131, 144, 151, 153; J. Fairweather, p. 144; J. Horsburgh, p. 141; Hughes & Mullins, page 137; Charles Knight, pages 137, 154; Lafayette, pages 137, 144; Miell & Ridley, pages 140, 142, 143, 160; Symonds & Co., page 156; Thiele & Co.; Wildman & Co., page 155.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS WAGGON TEAMS.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

VI.—JOHANNESBURG'S GOLD MINES.

TAKING HELMETS ON BOARD.

"Here's a cure for every evil men endure!
It is a substance which will give all things for which you strive and live.
To fools it gives intelligence, and to the guilty innocence;
Honour on rascals it bestows, and to old women brings young beaux;
In short, whatever you would gain, it will assist you to attain;
It is a perfect panacea.
I drew near
This wondrous something to behold, of which such miracles were told,
It was a little powdered Gold!"

— *Fables of Florian.*

THE Johannesburg gold mines are not places where all that one has to do is to simply walk in and pick up nuggets. No! Though Johannesburg is the principal gardening ground for the "root of all evil," the said root is far too firmly planted to be got out so easily. People who have never been there find it very hard to realise that the Johannesburg gold-miner is not the same kind of individual to which they are accustomed in stage scenes and Bret Harte's books. He is, unfortunately, not half so picturesque. Instead of wearing a red shirt, top-boots, and a belt bristling with revolvers and bowie knives, and working his own claim with his "pardner," he is

INSTRUCTING ROYAL MARINES IN USE OF MAXIM.

dressed pretty much like any other man, and in place of a claim of his own has to accept a salary from a big mining company. As to his revolver, if he does happen to have one, he never even thinks of keeping himself in practice by "drawing a bead" on anyone who refuses to drink with him. Alas! he has no chance of being picturesque. The picturesqueness would quickly melt when he was marched off in charge of a Transvaal Zarp (policeman), and the mining company to which he belonged gave him the "ancient order of the sack" for disturbance. No! the gold-digger has no openings at Johannesburg; there are no nuggets and no alluvial ground, yielding the heart-gladdening yellow dust. The gold is there, beyond all chance of disputation, but it is locked up in hard rock, and only in microscopical specks at that. Fancy what it means to blast out from the rock a ton of ore, and then, after crushing it, and putting it through several processes, get half-an-ounce of gold out of it! Yet, in Johannesburg, a mine which yields ten pennyweights to the ton is considered a good property. But how do the mines pay, then? It is just

BLUEJACKETS WITH 12-POUNDER FIELD GUNS IN ACTION.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR AND WATERFORD, V.C., P.C., K.P.
Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in South Africa.

Born in 1832; *he entered the Bengal artillery in* 1851, *served with distinction in the Indian Mutiny, gaining the V.C. in* 1858. *He took part in the Afghan War in* 1879, *during which he performed his wonderful and hurried march to Kandahar, and defeated the Pretender. In* 1881, *he was sent to South Africa to command the forces against the Boers, but was recalled owing to a treaty of peace having been made.*

the enormous number of these tons, and the colossal scale on which they are treated, that makes profit possible. So one only finds the enormous mining company, with its vast wealth, many hands, and combination of brains.

How enormous these companies require to be, may be gauged from the fact that it is now considered necessary to spend from £600,000 to £1,000,000 before a mine is in a position to commence crushing and paying dividends. But gold-mining, which in other countries has

LANCER SCOUT.

always been regarded as the most uncertain of all speculative undertakings, is at Johannesburg reduced down almost to the regular certainty of an ordinary commercial business. The company which decides to spend a sum like this knows beforehand almost to an ounce what quantity of gold there is in its mine, and what it will cost to get it out. For the astonishing part of the mines at Johannesburg is the marvellous regularity with which the gold is distributed through the ore. When they were first discovered, the mining experts

pooh-poohed them and said, one and all, "Oh, the Rand is just the deposits of a dried-up river bed, and as soon as about twenty feet are reached there will be an end of the gold." We were young in those days, and believed the mining expert. Johannesburg has learnt since, as the first article of its grammar, that there are three degrees of liar. First, there is the common or garden liar. Next there is the adjectival liar, and then there is the—mining expert. When twenty feet were reached, his dark prophecies were shifted on to come into operation at one hundred feet; but the reef has been tested with the diamond drill—which will take out a core of rock a mile below your feet as neatly as a cheesemonger will scoop out a sample of his finest Stilton—3,500 feet down, and it proved to be neither worse nor better than at the surface.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING.

Why there should be these reefs of gold at this one particular spot in this everlasting grass prairie is one of those mysteries not given to man to understand. No wonder that the secret thus hidden in Dame Nature's breast remained so long undiscovered. The whole country for hundreds of miles looks pretty much alike, and yet, just here, in a long, invisible line, running from east to west for nearly thirty miles, were these appetising sandwiches of gold ore, sloping down from the surface through the otherwise valueless rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees. By the simple process of sinking vertical shafts, so as to cut across this slant of the reef, the mine manager, on finding it to be just the same width and richness as at the surface, is able to measure up exactly the number of tons of ore which lie between the two points, and thus has an almost certain knowledge of the value of his property. It is, perhaps, this feature which so distinguishes the Johannesburg goldfields from

PIPERS OF THE BLACK WATCH IN KHARKI.
This Regiment suffered terrible losses at Magersfontein.

others, where the saying so truly applies, "The miner never knows what is beyond the length of his pick."

In a general way it is not very difficult to see over one of these mines. Of course, nearly all exhibit the usual "No admittance except on business," which is disregarded, as such notices always are. It does not matter here; it is not like the diamond mines at Kimberley, there is no chance of loose nuggets lying about, so there is no need to be so particular. The managers are nearly all courteous, and generally only too pleased to send some one to accompany a stranger over their properties.

BATTLE OF REITFONTEIN, OCTOBER 24.
Gloucesters advancing under very hot fire behind the Batteries.

To go down a mine, is a thrilling experience the first time you try it. The ground seems to be cut from under your feet as the skip suddenly sinks. It seems as if you had said "Good-bye, bright day," for ever, as you rush down, at the speed of an express train, into the darkness of the nether world. "It's all right, sir, step out just here," you hear someone say, as you suddenly stop in the darkness. You put a tentative foot outside, as if trying thin ice, under the firm impression that you will fall into some bottomless pit below. But a match is struck and candles are lighted, and you see that you are in a tunnel in the rocks, about five feet high One of the candles is shoved into your hand; there is no candlestick; you must carry it between your fingers in regulation miner fashion. Don't mind the grease forming

MAJOR S. HUMPHREY,
Of the Gloucesters, taken prisoner at Nicholson's Nek.

COL. THE HON. A. H. HENNIKER-MAJOR,
Now in command of the 2nd Coldstreams, in consequence of the death of Lieut.-Col. Stopford.

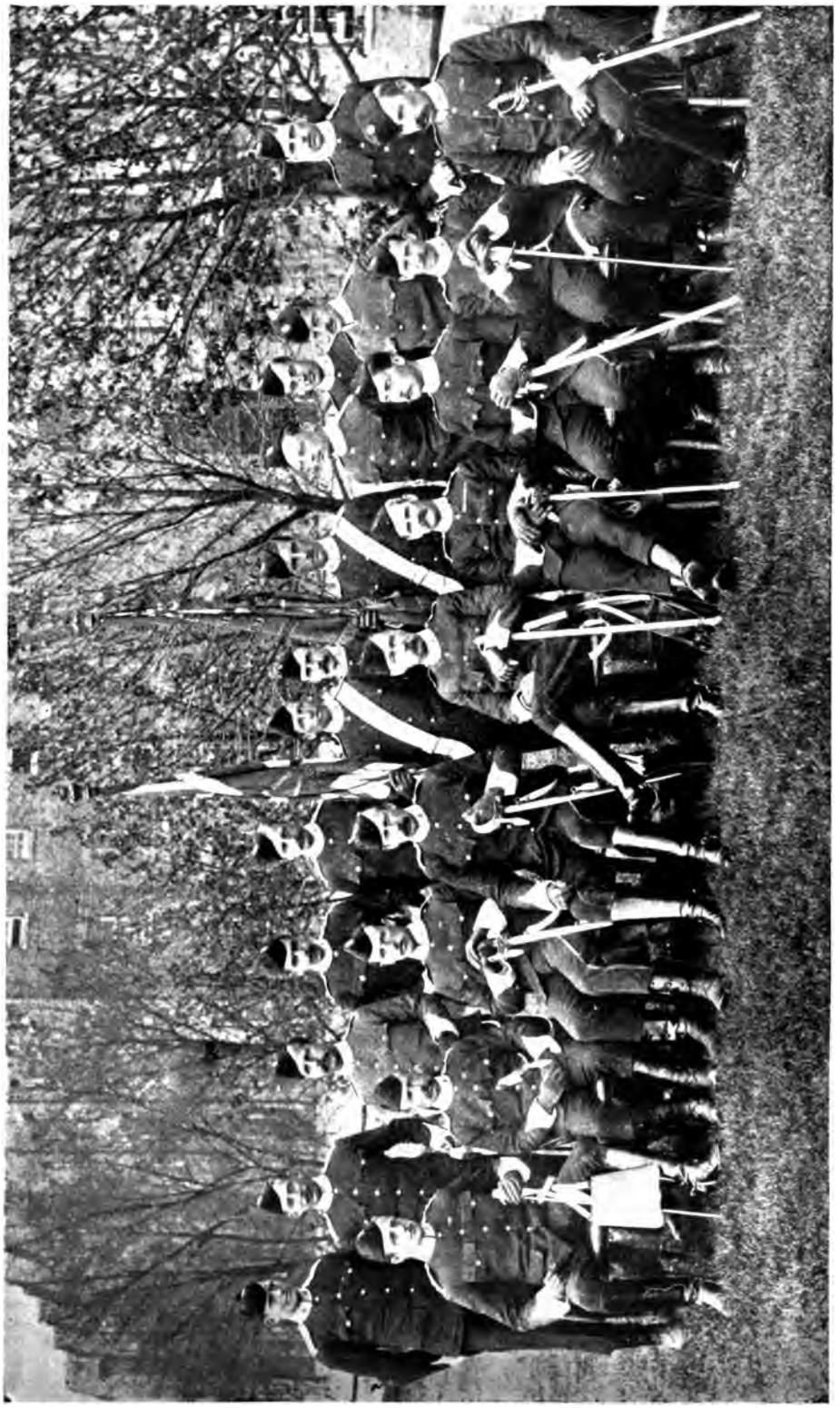
LT.-COL. H. C. PAGE HENDERSON,
6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons.

LIEUT. E. PATERSON,
6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons.

warm puddles over them, and don't mind stepping over your ankles in water every here and there. These are but trifles. Neither must you object if you rub the crown off your hat on the low roof of the tunnel above you. Are you not out sight-seeing? In fact, you must be very thankful when you visit a mine, if you can walk anywhere near an erect posture. I have been enticed by miners into properties where it got to be hands-and-knees work, and from that to the posture of the lowly lizard.

ARTILLERY HORSES WAITING UNDER FIRE AT REITFONTEIN.
Even the dumb creatures will do their duty for old England.

Well, and when you get to the end of the tunnel, what is there to see? Usually, a few pairs of Kaffirs under the charge of a white man, as rich in vocabulary as deficient in clothes. The Kaffirs are driving steel drills, like great yard-long nails, into the face of the reef. One man in each pair holds the drill, while the other smites it on the head with an enormous hammer, singing the while how it would be thus, and thus, and thus, that he would smash up his enemy in battle. Occasionally he misses his aim, and then he smashes instead the finger, thumb, or even whole hand of the unfortunate nigger holding the drill. But the Kaffir



OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT—NOW AT THE FRONT.

Top Row (standing).—Lieut. G. N. T. Smyth-Osbourne (prisoner); Lieut. N. Luxmoore; Major H. H. Beddingfeld; Lieut. E. J. F. Vaughan; Lieut. R. P. H. Monro; Lieut. S. Osborn; Lieut. J. D. Ingles; Lieut. C. A. Lafone; Lieut. A. J. E. Sunderland; Lieut. H. B. W. Gardiner (wounded); Lieut. M. H. Grant; ——

Second Row.—Capt. and Adjt. L. J. Bols; Capt. P. U. W. Vigors (wounded); Capt. N. R. Radcliffe; Major H. Batson; Col. G. M. Bullock (prisoner); Major T. A. H. Davies, D.S.O.; Capt. J. P. Law; Capt. J. F. Radcliffe (wounded); Capt. and Q.-M. C. Birch.

THE CAMP OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.

is a stoic, and, anyhow, does not feel pain as we do, so he probably (unless it is a very bad case) binds up the wound and resumes work. It is perfectly wonderful what a black will stand in the way of injury. A native was sent with a bucket to one of the mines, but, to the horror of his master, without looking where he was going, walked straight into an open unguarded shaft. The shaft was perfectly vertical, and sixty feet deep, so it was felt that the unfortunate man must be broken to pieces. In great distress, his master, terribly agitated at his awful end, had some winch tackle fitted, and was himself lowered down the shaft to bring up the remains of his unfortunate servant. He found a smashed-up bucket—but the corpse greeted him with, "Me couldn't help smash bucket, baas! Me ver' sorry, baas! Me ikorna mali (no money) pay for bucket, baas!"

When the holes are drilled in the rock, charges of dynamite are inserted in them, fuses are lighted, and all retire. An earthquaking explosion follows, but you have to wait about half an hour before you can return to the scene of operations, for the fumes of the dynamite are as deadly as its explosion. The detached rock is then loaded into trucks, which run on little tramways along the tunnels, till, on reaching the shaft, they are caught up in the skips and whirled to the surface. From the shaft-head, the stuff goes to the ore-sorting room, where it is cleansed by a hose, to show which is good ore and which is waste, the good being allowed to fall through

THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE PACKING UP FOR THE FRONT.

into the battery beneath, while the waste rock is thrown out. The proper ore is easily distinguished. It is unlike any other gold-bearing stuff in the world. Gold is usually found in veins of pure quartz, but here the precious metal lies in infinitesimal specks in a sort of sandstone matrix containing quartz pebbles. Go into a sweet shop and ask for a pennyworth of almond rock, and you get at once an exact idea of what the ore looks like, the almonds being, of course, the quartz pebbles. This resemblance is so marked that even the Boers at once gave it the name of "Banket," which is their word for almond rock.

ARRIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE AT THE STATION FOR ENTRAINING TO THE FRONT.

We are standing looking at the ore, however, on the top of an earthquake; for we have followed it up an inclined plane into a building, which trembles beneath our feet with the movements of machinery within. This is the battery-house, where the ore is crushed-up. If the noise outside was great, the roar which stuns your ears on entering is indescribable. The battery manager comes up and shakes hands. You shout "How do you do?" with a voice which has lost all sound whatsoever, as far as you are concerned. Practice, however, goes for a deal, so he is actually able to hear, but his reply falls on deaf, soundless ears when he addresses you. You can

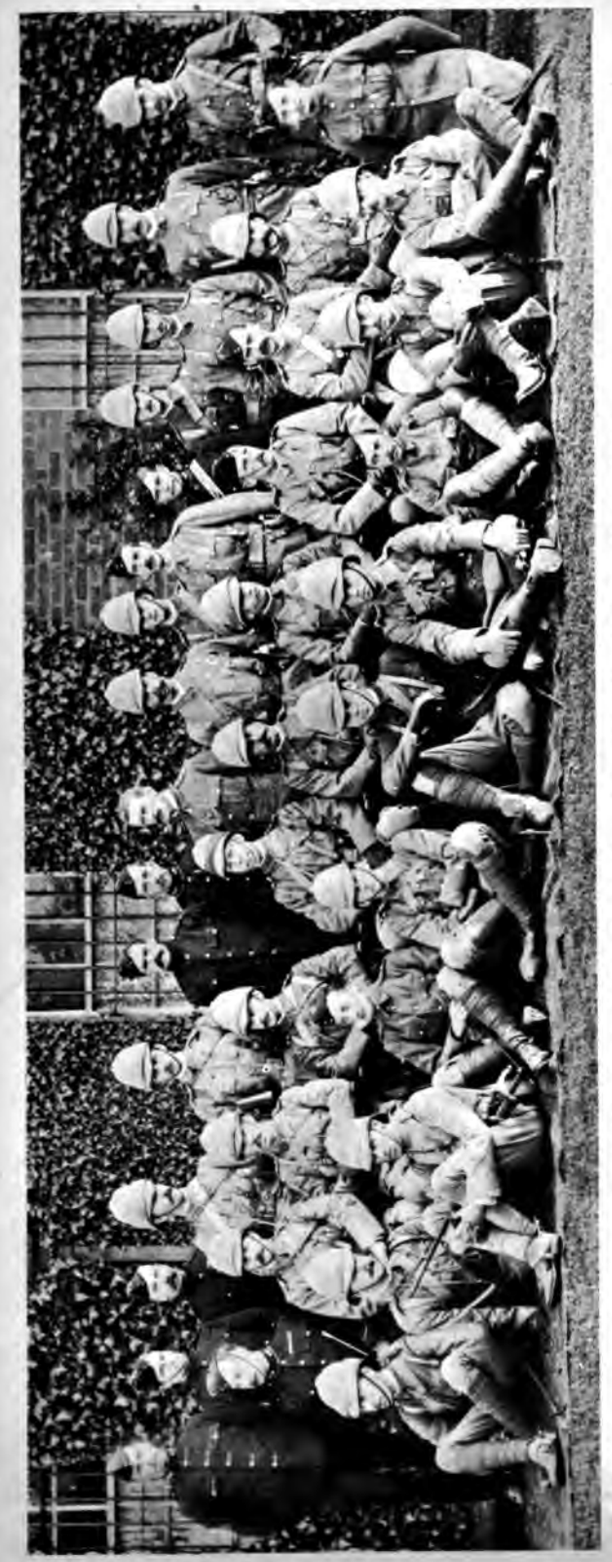
ARTILLERY IN ACTION, ELAND'S LAAGTE.
Training the gun and sighting. In this work our gunners show their superiority over the Boers, and prove themselves by far the better marksmen.

1ST BATTALION DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY (68TH REGIMENT).

FIRST ROW (at back).—Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. J. H. Liebrecht; Lieut. L. C. Soltau Symons; Lieut. E. B. Thresher; Lieut. J. S. Unthank.
SECOND ROW (standing).—Lieut. C. D. Shafto; Capt. Satrisiddi (Siamese Army, A.D.C. to H.R.H. Crown Prince of Siam); Lieut. G. L. Cochrane; Lieut. A. W. B. Wallace; Capt. O. B. Harter; Lieut. W. Northey; Lieut. R. Tyndall; Capt. W. Lascelles; Capt. H. R. Cumming.
THIRD ROW.—Maj. T. R. Johnson Smyth; Capt. and Adj. B. W. L. McMahon; H.R.H. The Crown Prince of Siam; Lieut.-Col. A. L. Woodland; Gen. Sir Reginald Gipps, Col. of Durham Light Infantry; Maj. H. S. Fitzgerald; Maj. Hon. W. L. Vane; Capt. G. C. Mansel; Capt. R. F. Bell.

only use your eyes when you are in that building, for speech is out of the question. You see the great stamps rising and falling like giant pestles in a Titanic mortar-box, and the crushed-up ore and water flowing out of the sieving in front of the mortar boxes in a long stream, like gruel, over broad, sloping plates which look as if plated with tin.

"Yes, but where was the gold?" you say to the battery manager on going outside, speech being once more able to assert itself after the awful din from which you have emerged. "The gold?" he answers; "why, didn't you see it on those plates in front of the mortar-boxes?" "Gold? No," you reply, "the plates looked more like silver plates than gold ones." "Well, that's the gold all the same—gold coated with mercury," he goes on to explain. "Those plates are of copper, sprinkled with mercury, and what happens is this: when the ore comes flowing over them, the gold particles, being heavier, settle down on the mercury, with which they are at once amalgamated. You know when you go to a dentist to have a tooth stopped, after he has bored a hole in you which feels big enough for a mine shaft,



COLONEL ROCHFORT-BOYD AND OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

TOP ROW (standing)—Lieut. Skipwith; Lieut. Bannerman; Major Kenny; Lieut. Moir; Capt. Godfrey Faussett; Capt. Von Hiegel; Lieut. Barrow; Capt. Williams; Lieut. Craven; Lieut. J. R. White; Capt. Shreiber; 2nd Lieut. Evans; Lieut. MacDonald; Capt. Harrison Topham; Lieut. Charles; Lieut. Grubb.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Major Irvine; Lieut.-Col. Wrottlesley; Capt. Bowen; Capt. Harvey; Lieut.-Col. C. Rochfort-Boyd (commanding); Major Levesson; Major Graham Thompson; Capt. Hedley; Major Stafford; Capt. Jones; Lieut. Mozley.
THIRD ROW (on ground).—Lieut. Ommaney; Lieut. Hearnce; Lieut. Jelf; Lieut. Brown; 2nd Lieut. Mackworth; 2nd Lieut. Hobbs; 2nd Lieut. Nation; 2nd Lieut. Moore; 2nd Lieut. Hoysted; 2nd Lieut. Earle.

he proceeds to produce a few grains of gold out of one bottle, and a drop of quicksilver out of another, and then kneads these up into what he calls an amalgam stopping. Well, we make enough amalgam here to fill the aching voids of the whole earth." "Yes, but how do you get the gold out of the amalgam again?" you inquire. This, you learn, is an exceedingly simple matter. It merely means roasting the ore in a retort, when the mercury is vaporised and recondensed for future use, while the gold is left behind.

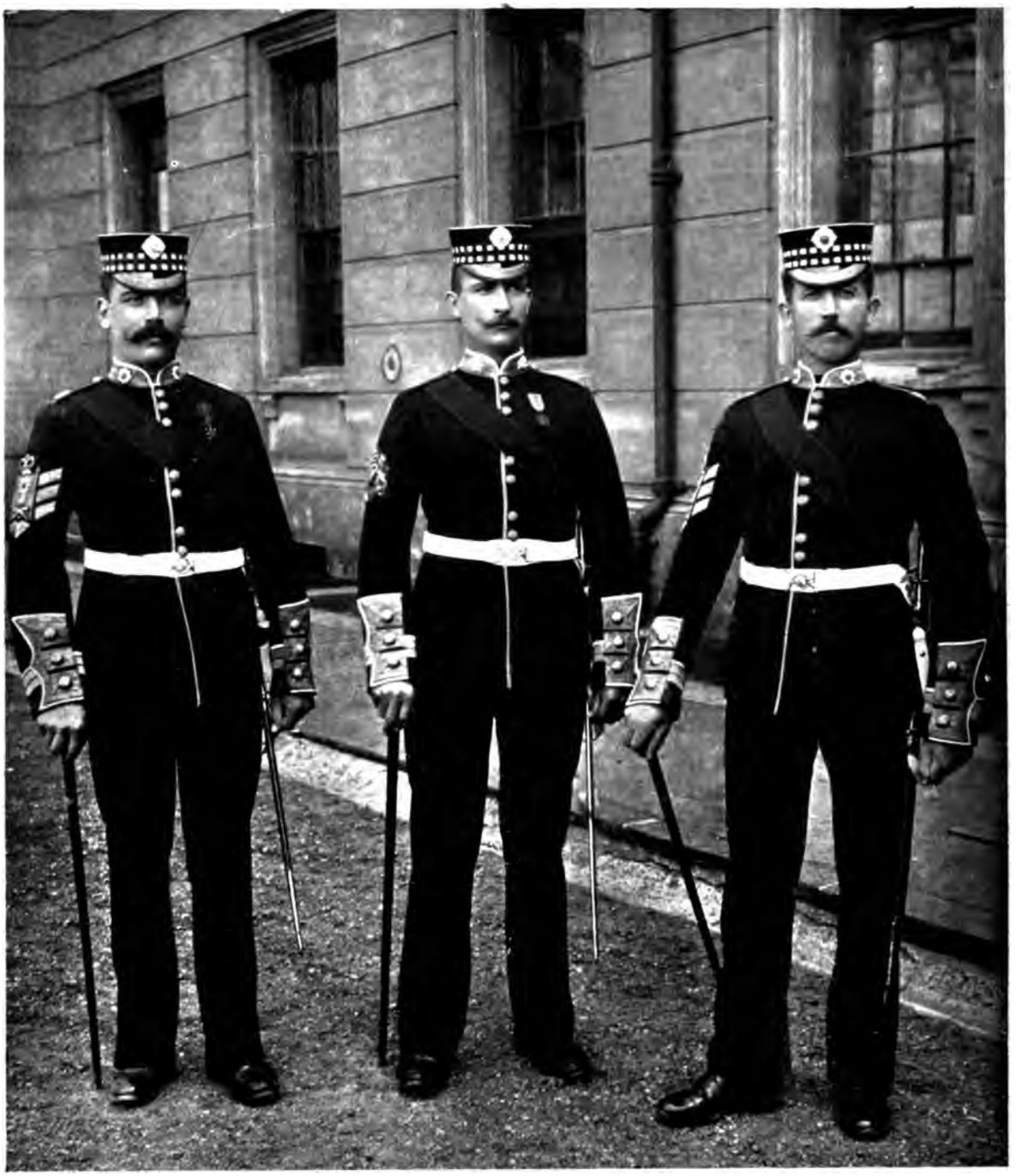
The first time I went to a battery with a camera, as the battery manager seemed so obliging with his information, I modestly ventured to suggest that he should stop the engines while I took a photograph. For in that appalling, earth-shaking roar, with the camera in a state of continual vibration, it was obvious nothing could be done. But the battery manager was as blunt as he was genial. "Stop my battery! Not much, I'll watch it!" he replied, in true colonial slang. "If you like to go up to the office, and offer to pay about £2 for every minute we are not working, perhaps they might do it, for that is what the loss would mean to the Company. No, we never stop, day or night; week-days and Sundays

ARMY CARPENTERS AND WHEELWRIGHTS GETTING WAGGONS READY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

are all alike to us, we must take duty turn and turn about. Your only chance is to come at the end of the month, when we pull up to scrape the amalgam off the plates; or else if we happen to have an accident." Providence, however, occasionally watches over the needs of amateur photographers, and before a week had passed that battery did happen to have an accident, when I gleefully availed myself of the chance offered. The piston-shaft of the great engine had broken, and so an opportunity was presented of photographing the engine-room as well. Some of these mines have truly magnificent machinery, the cost of which often runs into five and six figures. Everything is of the latest and best. At one property electricity does everything; it hauls the ore out of the bowels of the earth; it runs it in trucks from the shaft-head to the battery-house; it drives the stamps in the battery; it conveys the tailings into the cyanide works, and besides gives light over the whole property.

The picture of the New Primrose Gold Mine (p. 178), taken from its shaft-head, gives a good idea of the various surface works on one of these great mines. The big building in the centre, with the rails running into it, is the battery house; the huge wheel on its right, in revolving, lifts the tailings as they come out of the battery, so that they run from the top of the wheel into the huge vats where the cyanide process is carried on. The cyanide treatment, it should be explained, is necessary, because the mill fails to extract all the gold from the ore. Mercury will only take to itself gold which is quite free from association with other metals and chemicals. Unfortunately, however, very little of the gold at Johannesburg is "free" in this way. As the mines got deeper, it was found that 50 per cent. of the gold was associated with iron pyrites, and the mines were thus confronted with a loss of half their

ARMY SERVICE CORPS SENDING OFF SADDLES AND HARNESS.



Drill Sergeant Burt. Sergeant-Major Adderley. Drill Sergeant Buckthought.

"SOLDIERS THREE"—1ST SCOTS GUARDS.

income, as well as the extra expense attendant on getting the ore from the increased depth. It was really this more than anything else which caused the terrible depression through which we passed in 1890. Until the problem could be solved, how to get the other half of

PIPE-MAJOR HARRY FRASER, 2ND BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS.

Formerly Piper to Lord Lovat; for ten years Pipe-Major 1st Scots Guards, now of the 2nd battalion; has taught Miss Elspeth Campbell, daughter of Lord Archibald Campbell and grand-daughter of the Duke of Argyle.

Piper Stewart. Pipe-Major Dunbar. Piper McLeod.

PIPERS OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

GENERAL VIEW OF GOLD MINES, JOHANNESBURG, TAKEN FROM THE GELDENHUIS CO. SHAFT-HEAD.
The Railway to Johannesburg is on the left. The huge "tailings" heaps will be used for defence as in the case of Kimberley.

the gold out of the ore, it was felt that the fields were a failure. Of course, the "mining expert" came to the rescue with fearful and wonderful machines of all kinds for treating the ore. Some to charm it out by electricity, others to drive it out with powerful chemicals; but they were all alike in this one respect, that they involved the expenditure of a £5 note to get out a sovereign. Then it was that Mr. MacArthur, a young Glasgow chemist, came on the scene, and adopted the simple expedient of using cyanide of potassium to dissolve the gold. This chemical had always been known as a solvent of gold, but the curious thing in MacArthur's discovery was, that the more it was diluted with water the more powerful effect it had in accomplishing the object in view.

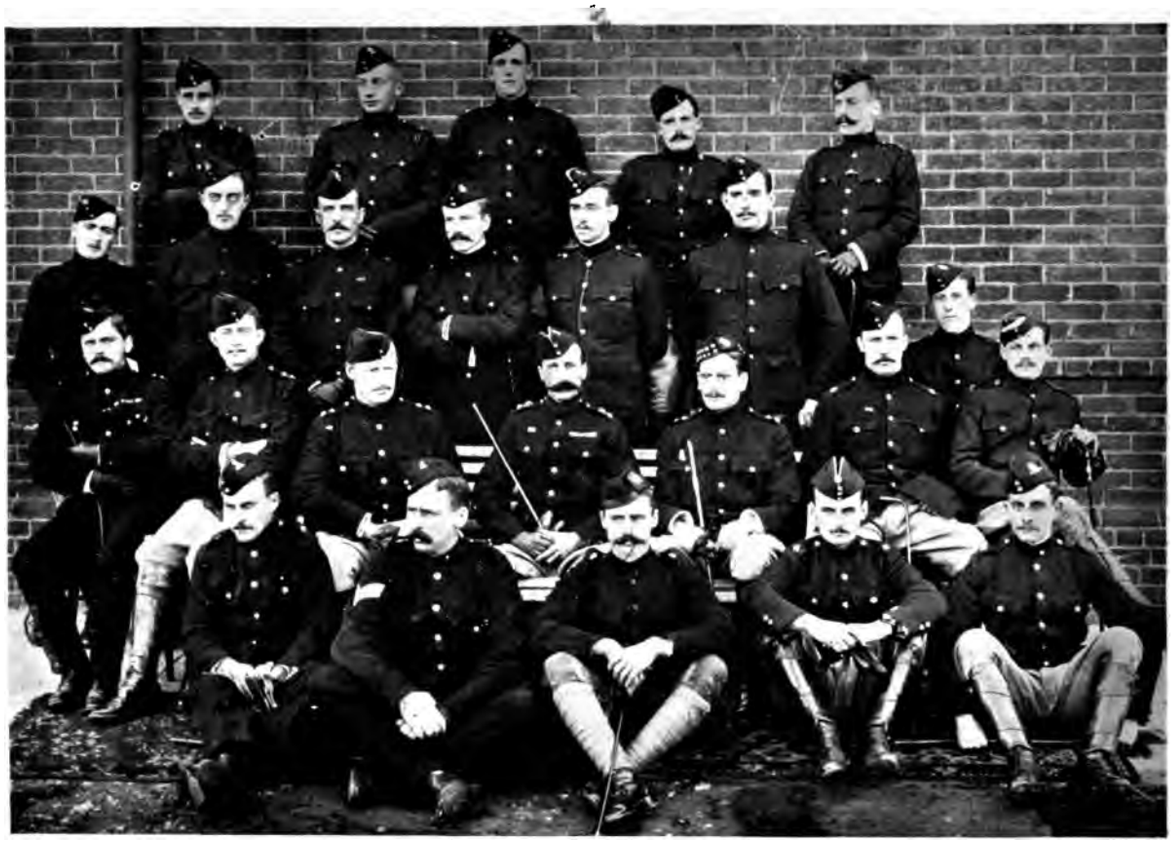
It was a simple remedy, but the salvation of the fields, for now, while the gold from the mill pays the working expenses, it is what comes out of the tailings which pays the profits. So the mines have got to look almost like breweries with their immense vats. These vats

hold the tailings while soaking in solutions of cyanide. When the cyanide has dissolved the gold, it is passed over zinc shavings, when the gold is precipitated in the form of a black powder that melts into bars of fair quality.

Some of these mines produce as much as 20,000 ounces of gold a month, and previous to the present war, no less than 450,000 ounces was the average monthly output of all the mines together, which, with gold at £4 the ounce, represents over a million and a-half in pounds sterling. It might be thought that, at this rate of extraction, the gold would soon be exhausted, but Mr. Hamilton Smith, the great mining engineer to Messrs. Rothschild, has given it as his opinion that at least £500,000,000 can be reasonably expected to be mined at a profit from this one district. And events have since proved that even this estimate is considerably under the mark.

NEW PRIMROSE GOLD MINE, JOHANNESBURG.

The village of Germiston lies beyond battery house. The battery house is the large building in the centre. The huge wheel raises the ore tailings from the battery, and delivers them in the vats on the right, for further treatment by the cyanide process.



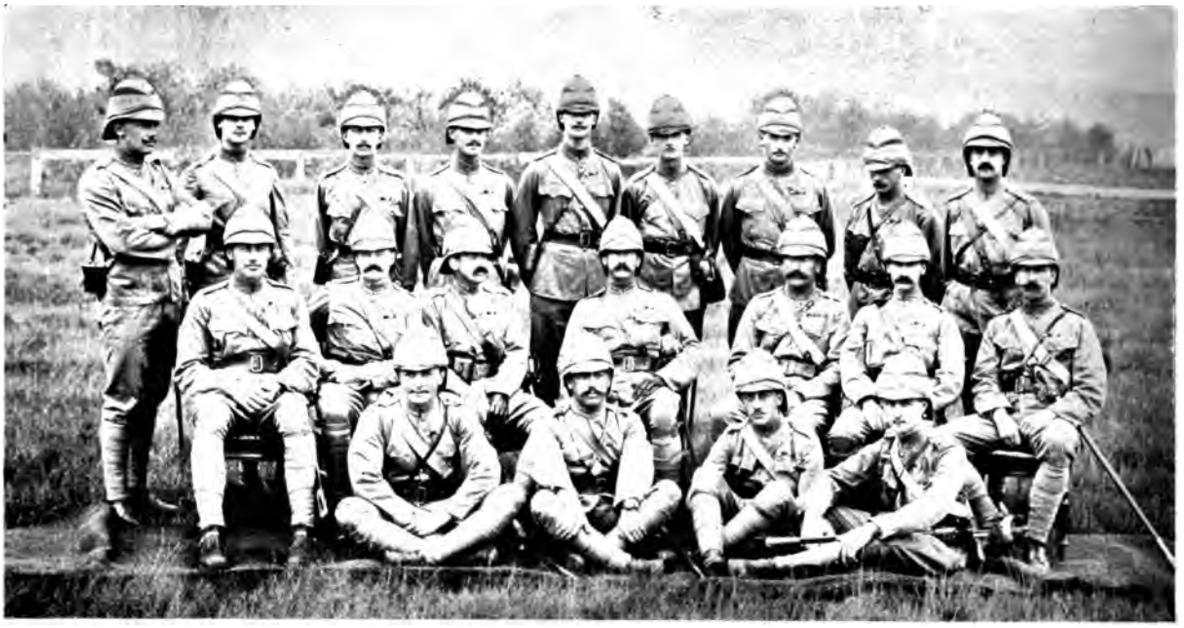
COL. ALDERSON AND OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION MOUNTED INFANTRY.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Lieut. Godbold, Manchester Regt.; Lieut. Stewart, Welsh Regt.; Lieut. Annesley, Berks Regt.; Lieut. P. M. Vigors, Royal Irish Regt.; Lieut. Lewin, 2nd Liverpools.

SECOND ROW (standing).—Lieut. Percival, 4th King's Royal Rifles; Lieut. Paine, 3rd King's Royal Rifles; Lieut. Ratcliffe, Devon Regt.; Lieut. Battye, Shropshire Regt.; Lieut. Hill; Lieut. Braithwaite, Northumberland Fusiliers.

THIRD ROW (sitting).—Capt. Bradshaw, York and Lancaster Regt.; Capt. St. Leger; Capt. Amphlett; Colonel Alderson, commanding; Capt. H. McMicking, Royal Scots; Lieut. Orr, Norfolk Regt.; Lieut. Stapylton, Cheshire Regt.; Lieut. Smith, Suffolk Regt.

ON GROUND.—Lieut. Harland; a Sergt. and a Sergt.-Major; Lieut. Gregson, East Kent Regt.; Lieut. Bainbridge, West Riding Regt.



COL. MONEY AND OFFICERS, 1ST NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Lieut. Percival; Lieut. Montague; Lieut. Hall; Lieut. Wreford Brown; Lieut. Festing; Lieut. Bevan; Lieut. Lynch Staunton; Capt. Ferguson; Lieut. Armstrong.

SECOND ROW (sitting).—Major Ray; Capt. Eagar; Major Lambton; Colonel Money, commanding; Major Dashwood; Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. Bett; Lieut. Crispin.

ON GROUND.—Lieut. Coates; Capt. Isacke; Lieut. Brine; Lieut. Lethebridge.

THE 2ND NORTHAMPTON EMBARKING ON THE SS. "NUBIA," AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Indeed, it is only a question of how deep it will pay to work the mines. Fortunately, as already mentioned, the reef does not go down in a perpendicular line into the ground, but slopes at a considerable angle to the south. So that, providing the heat of the earth's interior does not prove too great, it should be possible to work at over a mile in depth.

The first people who pegged out mines at Johannesburg, so long as they got the reef at the surface, did not trouble about the slope, and the consequent fact that, at a certain point, the reef passed out of their ground. It never seemed to strike them that it was worth while to make sure of the ground to the south of their properties, into which, though at a much deeper level, the reef would run. The thing was so obvious, and yet neither they, nor anyone else in Johannesburg, gave it a thought. There we were, with the golden ball literally lying at our feet, and could not see the wealth, beyond the dreams of Avarice, over which we walked whenever we went the other side of the mines. I suppose it is some consolation to feel that I was one of fifty thousand other fools, for that was our population at the time. When at last it dawned on someone in Johannesburg that the deep level ground was of value, it seemed to hit everybody at the same time. Men used to get up in the middle of the night and sally forth armed with pegs, which they knocked into the ground as the first rays of the sun appeared above the horizon, so as to be the first to comply with the law which enforced that pegging-out must be done between sunrise and sunset. It was a wild scramble. One man, in

THE 21ST LANCERS IN THE SHEDS WAITING TO ENTRAIN FROM CURRAGH.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. FITZROY HART, C.B.

Commanding the fifth Brigade of the 3rd (Gatacre's) Division. His brigade attacked the left drift in the attempt to force the passage of the Tugela.

COLONEL CREAGH,
Assis.-Adjt.-Genl., Director of Mobilization.
It is due to his untiring energy and thoughtfulness that the mobilization of our troops has been effected without a hitch.

his haste to be rich, actually entered Booysens Church and placed a peg under the altar, as it formed the corner boundary to his claim.

One of the most extraordinary incidents which occurred at this time (1892) was the way a young fellow in Johannesburg made a fortune. He was at a party at which there was a clerk from one of the mines. This clerk took a little more whisky that night than he intended, and confided the astonishing fact to the company that the mine to which he belonged had several claims which he had discovered had been overlooked in the Government survey, and were really no man's property, though they were right in the middle of the mine. He boasted that he meant to go and peg them out for himself, and register his claim to them first thing next day. The young fellow pricked up his ears on hearing this story, straightway left the clerk to go on babbling what he was going to do in the morning, and took a cab out to the mine. At the first peep of the sun he pegged-out the ground in his own name. Next he returned to town, registered his claims at the Mining Commissioners' Office, and then called on the directors of the mine. Naturally they were almost knocked silly with the paralyzing intelligence, backed by proof that he had pegged-out, and had a right to, a lot of ground in the very centre of their property. It was rough on the other blackguard who meant to have done it. He felt that his confidences had been taken a cruel advantage of when he learned that the young fellow who had pegged the ground received a sum of £10,000 to hand it back.

It is these deep-level mines which we, in our blindness, never thought of pegging-out, that will be the gold-producers when all the outcrop mines, such as the New Primrose, are exhausted.

NAVAL TRANSPORT OFFICERS.
Lieut. McDonald. - Capt. White, Director of Naval Transport. Commander Paris.

The shaft-heads of some of the deep-level properties are to be seen in the distance in the photograph, which shows in its foreground the quarters where the native miners are housed. The accommodation necessary for all the employees can be realised by a glance at the enormous group photograph of the white and black employees at the New Primrose Mine. It must be almost a record in the way of big groups, for there are over two thousand

MINERS' QUARTERS AT NEW PRIMROSE MINE, JOHANNESBURG.
Deep-Level Mines beyond.

in it, and yet even that number did not represent all those employed on the mine at the time when the photograph was taken.

There is nothing the native so dearly likes as being photographed. He has a most tremendous instinct for posing, and his usual desire is, if possible, to be taken in a fighting attitude. Generally, he gets so tremendously excited that it is difficult to calm down his superabundant fervour sufficiently long to make an exposure. He wants to execute a war-

SERGT. RUSSELL, 1ST SCOTS GUARDS,

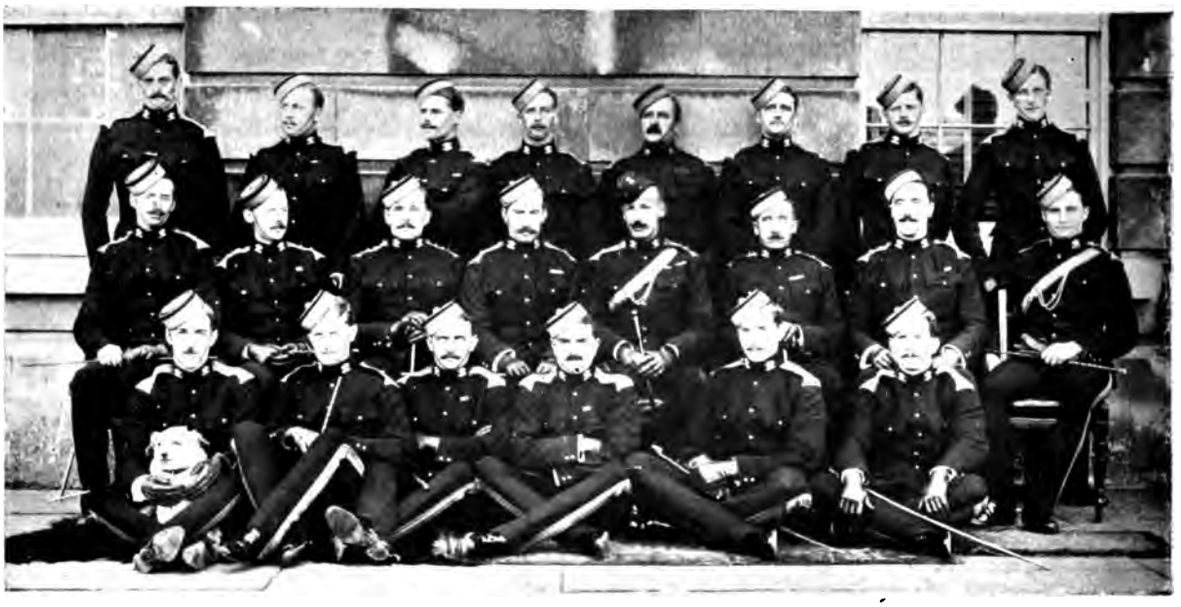
Served with Macdonald's brigade in the Dongola expedition 1896, and with Maxwell's brigade at Khartoum in 1898; three times mentioned in despatches for gallant conduct, and promoted for distinguished conduct at Atbara. Resigned his appointment as instructor to the 13th Soudanese, in order to rejoin his old regiment, and go with them to the Cape.

dance and accompany it by chanting the deeds of his ancestors, under the full persuasion that the camera can hand down to posterity, not only the lineaments of his beautiful countenance, but also the history of the fights he is reciting. His excitement is sometimes so intense that there is a risk that in his war-dance he may smash your camera to smithereens, under the impression that it is "tagatit" (bewitched), or to illustrate to his enthusiastic admirers how he could smash an enemy's head.

The fearful and wonderful variations in their clothing are aptly illustrated in the photograph of natives at the mines. In winter, it is pitiful to see the poor, shivering fellows huddling blankets round them as they walk with bare feet over the frozen ground in the early morning. Of course, a Kaffir is not so tender about his feet as we are. You will see a native working all day with his bare feet on broken quartz, sharp as bottle glass, without the slightest inconvenience to himself. In fact, he probably never feels any trouble with his feet until such time as the wily, flattering Indian trader persuades him to buy a pair of boots, so as to be quite like the "Umlungu" (white man). Accordingly, every native buys a pair of boots before he leaves Johannesburg on his long tramp home to his kraal, hundreds of miles away. He soon, however, carries them on his back and not on his feet, for of course he cannot use them. He leaves the gold mines with all sorts of rubbish of this nature, made up in long mummy-shaped packages, and how on earth he ever staggers to his journey's end with them is a mystery. No matter how much money he has, he will seldom waste it on a train fare, but prefers to walk the distance in the usual single-file fashion over the veld.

It is really extraordinary that the native ever reaches the end of some of these journeys alive, especially when going to Johannesburg for work. He

HORSES OF THE SCOTS GUARDS IN THEIR QUARTERS ON THE SS. "NUBIA," AT SOUTHAMPTON.



COL. FISHER AND OFFICERS OF THE 10TH HUSSARS (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN).

TOP ROW (standing).—Lieut. Hon. G. B. Portman; Capt. Hon. J. Dawnay (Adjt.); Lieut. Chaplin; Lieut. A. L. Cave; Capt. A. E. Poole; Lieut. Salkeld; Lieut. Hon. F. W. Stanley; Lieut. Hon. T. Lister.
SECOND ROW.—Lieut. Scott; Capt. Meeking; Capt. Lord W. A. Cavendish-Bentinck; Major C. B. Harvey; Col. Fisher; Major A. Hughes-Onslow; Capt. C. Barclay; Lieut. Shearman.
ON GROUND.—Lieut. Hon. T. E. Ellis and mess-dog "Chips"; Lieut. Crichton; Lieut. Hon. Anderson-Pelham; Lieut. Barry; Lieut. Hon. Maxwell; Lieut. Hon. Cadogan.

will set out for a tramp of three hundred miles, utterly unmindful of the fact that he has only got with him provisions for two or three days at most. The privations that he goes through in consequence, are amply evidenced when he arrives at Johannesburg. Often a gang will reach a mine so weak and worn-out as to be absolutely good for nothing until they have been rested and fed for a fortnight. Then, after that, if it is his first experience, the native has got to learn his work, a process which involves such an expenditure of strong language on the part of the white miner in whose charge he is placed, that he sometimes almost wishes he were back at home, where he had to do the work himself, instead of having to knock sense into the fool of a

INTERIOR OF BATTERY AT MAY CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINE, NEAR JOHANNESBURG.

Kaffir. Still, though the white man grumbles, he generally has the sense to realise that he is a great deal better off than his *confrère* at home. There are very few white men employed on a Johannesburg mine who get much less than £4 a week, while the amalgamators cyanide men, assayers, &c., get from £15 to £30 a month and upwards.

On the best mines, the amalgamators and cyanide men get a shift of only eight hours work, either night or day, as the case may be, in the twenty-four hours. But at the smaller properties they have to do a twelve hours' shift, the same as the miners. Life on these smaller properties is, in many cases, exceedingly rough. It seems as if when once the galvanised roofs

GROUP OF 2000 WHITE AND BLACK MINERS AT NEW PRIMROSE MINE.
This is probably the largest "group" ever taken.

of the city of Johannesburg were out of sight, you have also said farewell to civilisation, and entered a state of semi-barbarism.

I remember once going to visit a friend of mine, recently out from England, who had taken a billet at a mine about nine miles out from Johannesburg. We sat down to dinner with a lot of raw miners, reeking with their daily toil, just as they had come from the mine. The coolie cook brought in a greasy-looking steak; and placed on the greasy clothless table a saucepan of potatoes, into which we made periodical digs with our forks as we wanted them. My friend, coming from the Midlands, though he had been living with them for a month or so, was still totally unable to understand the broad dialect of these miners. As they came from

a part of England that I knew well, I carried on a conversation with them in their own tongue, to my friend's great amusement. Dinner over, as he had to go on night shift at his battery, I was left with the miners. They apologised for there being no pub nearer than half-a-mile, but said, "If yer wouldn't moind, would yer loike a game o' draughts?" I rather fancied myself as a draught player, but had the conceit effectually taken out of me that night. At the end of two hours I do not think I had won a single game.

ROBINSON BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.
This is one of the buildings which the Boers say they will destroy whether they win or lose.

My friend's bed and bedroom were luxurious beyond the dreams of delight. The mud-floored room was furnished with nothing at all except the bedstead, which was a wooden stretcher with a sack for a sheet; but, in Africa, you learn to regard Keating's powder as the only absolute necessary of life; everything else to be appreciated, if available, and if not to be dispensed with, with the best face you can muster.

When I awoke the next morning, I made the discovery that the only provision for washing was a bucket of water outside the door, which looked as if it had served to wash half-a-dozen miners; so, though I felt that I had played the game fairly well so far, as this was a little beyond my education, I preferred to go dirty. Most of the men kept horses, old screws which they bought for a fiver or so out of their wages, and kept loose on the veld, until such time as they happened to die from horse-sickness. They found me a mount, and we went for a ride to a place called Elsburg, a village a few miles off, where we off-saddled.

One meets some curious characters in these out-of-the-way places. On this occasion there was a man at the hotel who started giving us the history of how he went to England. He had left his home when a little more than a boy, and after nearly twenty years' work at Kimberley, a great yearning seized him to see "the dear homeland." He wanted to see

Captain Stewart. Colonel Coode, Killed at Magersfontein. Major Cuthbertson, Wounded. Lieut. Grant.

COL. COODE AND OFFICERS OF THE BLACK WATCH.
Who so gallantly upheld the traditions of their regiment for bravery at Magersfontein.

the old folks at home, and walk down the streets of his native village. He wanted to hear the lambs bleat in the spring-time, and perhaps taste the joy of them when accompanied with mint sauce. So he took a first-class return ticket, and went by the next steamer. "When I got to Plymouth," he said, "on the Wednesday, it was a nasty, dull, wet day, so I said, 'Oh dear, this is not what I came to see, I may as well wait till to-morrow.' But when the morrow came, it was an even worse day, so I said 'Oh, hang it all, I must see the old folks, and the old street on a nice bright day, as I have always pictured it. I'll put it off till to-morrow,' but, would you believe me, when Friday came it was still raining. 'Never mind,' I said, 'it simply must be all right by to-morrow.' It wasn't though; Saturday morning was the worst of the lot; so as there was a steamer starting for Africa, I just walked on board and went back." So he never saw the old folks at home, or the little village street; he never heard the lambs bleat, or saw the dear homeland clothing itself in all the glory of spring. "It seemed very pathetic," as I remarked to my companion when riding home. "Yes, it sounded so," he said, "I'll tell you the truth about it. The real fact of the matter was, he gambled away every cent he had on the homeward voyage. Consequently, the only thing he could do was to use his return ticket, and take the first ship back to Africa."

CORDITE FOR THE BOERS.

Gambling, of course, is almost an

THE PIPERS OF THE BLACK WATCH.

This regiment suffered terrible losses at the Battle of Magersfontein, and the greater number were killed or wounded. The stirring strains of the pipes were continually heard, and encouraged our soldiers in their attack.

instinct with people who have lived for many years in South Africa, as it is in most other gold-mining countries where the element of chance seems to rule men's lives more than hard work. From gambling in claims and shares to horse-racing is, therefore, a natural step, and, consequently, the amount of attention and money which Johannesburg bestows on racing is enormous. There can be no doubt which sport holds the first place in the affections of people in South Africa, especially the men employed along the mines. It is a case of the turf first, and the rest nowhere. People think there is a good deal of enthusiasm over racing in England, but how many are there in this country, in their most perfervid moments of enthusiasm, who would journey from London to, say, Constantinople, or Rome, to see a race? And yet enormous numbers think nothing of coming from Cape Town, over a thousand miles, to see the races at Johannesburg. There is very good accommodation provided by the Turf Club. There is a members' stand, and a grand stand occupied by the betting institution, known as the "Totalisator," an arrangement which is not allowed on

MAJOR-GENERAL HILDYARD,
At Woking Barracks to inspect the 2nd East Surrey Regiment, leaving for the Front.

the English turf. Why, I cannot say, as it seems to work out quite as fairly, and with as little chance of fraud to the general public, as the ordinary method of laying odds with bookies. Briefly, the system on which it works is as follows: Everyone pays in his sovereign to back his respective fancy. The money is pooled, and excepting ten per cent. kept for commission, is divided among the backers of the winners. Of course, if you were the only one who had backed an outsider, and it won, you would get the lot; while, if a favourite won, on which nearly everyone had placed his money, as there would be so many to divide amongst, you would get but little. Everything is done at these races in first-class style; the horses are thoroughbreds specially imported, or bred from pedigree colonial stock. These latter are much better for flat-racing than steeple-chasing, as very few of the African horses seem to have any jumping instinct in them.

This is also an occasional cause of accidents. You are riding at full gallop, and suddenly encounter a stream of water, caused by recent rains, running right across the road. Your horse has not time to refuse, he does not know how to take the jump, so very possibly

THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.

comes down in the middle of the stream while you fly on overhead. The horses that the Boers ride are little, if any, larger than ponies. The best of them come from Basutoland, and are noted for their wiry character. The Boer, on his old screw of a nag, will think nothing of covering fifty or sixty miles a day for a week at a time. He does not trot, neither does he gallop or canter. It is an action of his own that he has taught the pony, called trippling, which is about as ugly to look at as it is comfortable to employ. In the trippling action the pony looks as if it had forgotten how to use its legs properly, and got them mixed up, but to the rider it is a grandfather's rocking chair sort of movement, which leaves him as fresh at the end of the day, as when he started. The Boer's nag generally looks as if it had had a

COLONEL COODE AND OFFICERS OF THE BLACK WATCH (THE 42ND),
Recently engaged at the Battle of Colenso (Tugela River).

FIRST ROW (standing at back).—Lieut. Hamilton; Lieut. Harvey (wounded); Lieut. Berthon (wounded); Lieut. Edmonds (killed); Lieut Nunneley.
SECOND ROW (standing).—Capt. McFarlan (killed); Capt. Stewart; Capt. Deane; Capt. Elton; Capt. and Qr.-Mr. Webb; Capt. Eykyn.
THIRD ROW (sitting).—Major the Hon. H. Maxwell (wounded); Col. Coode (killed); Major Duff (wounded).

sort of horse small-pox, being pitted over with marks. Generally, this is a sign that the animal is salted—that is, has had the horse sickness and recovered from it. As salted horses are considered almost immune from future attacks, heavy prices are paid for them. Thus, in places like Barberton, where the disease is rife, an animal which looks a regular old screw will often change hands for as much as £60, if only it is salted.

This term salted has on more than one occasion given rise to various muddles on the part of European writers and journalists, who in leading articles have gravely wondered why expeditions should have taken with them salted horses instead of beef and mutton.

MARINE ARTILLERY TAKING THEIR NEW GUN TO SHIP OFF TO THE CAPE.

But if the journalist makes mistakes about Africa (and he will write "veld" as "veldt"—which is wrong, his errors are as nothing when contrasted with those of the man in the street in England. Since the present war I have scarcely heard one person give Mafeking its correct pronunciation. One is asked, "Should it be called Mafĕking or Măfeking?" and people hardly believe you when you say neither is correct, but that "Maf" should be pronounced with the "a" as in baffle, and the "e" as a separate syllable not accentuated. As to the word "veld," few outside of those who have been to Africa seem to realise that the word should be pronounced "felt."

Slight intimacy with a country often leads to curious results. There is that Dutch word "voetzak," a term of opprobrium hitherto only applied to dogs, and "Rooineks," meaning "be off with you." It is the handiest word in the world for a dog is "voetzak," and almost the first Dutch word one learns in Africa; but an authoress who visited Cape Town failed to grasp its meaning, and her next book came out with the astounding and curious discovery that "In South Africa all the dogs are called 'Voetzak,' and when you call them they run away"!

The horse sickness I have mentioned as being such a scourge in South Africa, probably accounts for the fact that when the country was first settled no horses were found there at all. It actually only made its appearance fifty years after their introduction by the Dutch East India Company. To give an idea of the awful destructiveness of this plague—for one can call it nothing better—in 1854-55 no less than 70,000 horses and mules died from it in the Cape Colony alone.

South African horses have a wonderful reputation for strength and endurance; but are often so ugly and small as to be condemned. On account, however, of their wonderful powers of endurance, a good many are now used for British military purposes, and are even bought for shipment to distant places like India.

The photographs in this number are by James Ball, pages 175, 176, 184; Stephen Cribb, pages 161, 162, 165, 174, 180, 182, 184, 188, 192; J. T. Cumming, pages 169, 172, 176, 190; N. P. Edwards, photographs of views, &c.; J. Fairweather, page 167; Charles Knight, pages 164, 165, 173, 179, 181, 185, 188, 189, 191; Lafayette, pages 163, 167; Miell & Ridley, page 180; Symonds & Co., pages 162, 167; Thiele & Co.; Wildman & Co., page 190.

COLOUR-SERGEANT TEGG, 2ND EAST SURREY REGIMENT, NOW AT THE FRONT.
"And it's more than rather likely there's a kid."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

VII.

EUPHORBIA CANDELABRA.—WILD DATE PALM.
The Euphorbia is found in most of the sheltered kloofs (glens) in the Transvaal.

THE question is often asked, "What difference would it really make to the mines if they were under British instead of Boer rule?" I do not think that even those writers who have endeavoured to answer this question have fully realised all the advantages that would eventually accrue from the change. Everyone is pretty well conversant with the fact of the cruel toll levied on the industry by the dynamite monopoly, which extracts 85s. a case for what could be imported into the country, were the present restrictions removed, at, at most, 40s. This dynamite monopoly is a fair sample of Mr. Kruger's sincerity, when he proclaims to the world that burghers and uitlanders are taxed equally. It is not necessary to point out that the burgher has no use for dynamite, and this tax of 85s. a case falls on the uitlander exclusively. It is as if we levied a tax on skirts and cried out that both sexes received equal treatment.

But it is not the dynamite question that is the mines' only grievance, though on some

properties the saving under this head alone would run into six figures. In the long run, an even greater saving would be effected in the cost of native labour. For years it has been almost impossible to get enough natives to work the different mines, though the Transvaal alone contains no less than 750,000, and Natal over 500,000, to say nothing of all the other countries round with their teeming black populations. Is it to be wondered at, when one considers how the Boer treats the native? He must have a pass directly he arrives in the country, which, of course, he has to pay for. If he is found without one, then woe betide him; he must either square the venial Boer Zarp with a good round sum, or expect to be put

A SWAZILAND PROSPECTING PARTY.

in handcuffs, driven like a dog before the Zarp's horse to the nearest lock-up, and fined for not possessing a thing which is simply a dodge for getting money. He is all the while treated as if he was under martial law, for at night, in all Dutch towns, a curfew rings at nine o'clock, when every native, unless carrying a special pass, must rush to shelter like a frightened rabbit, to avoid being arrested. Even in places like Johannesburg, where it would have been thought that in the presence of an enlightened European population he would be sure to receive fair treatment, if he dares to walk on the pavements he is flung off like a dog into the road—if he is not arrested and fined, or even flogged, for the offence of touching the hem of his white brother's garment.

The native has feelings, even if he is black, and, consequently, avoids the country. So the

MAJOR-GENERAL BARTON, C.B.

Commanding the sixth Brigade of the 3rd (Gatacre's) division, served in the Ashanti and Zulu wars, and was present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. He was in charge of the right wing with the 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers, 2nd Batt. Royal Scots Fusiliers, 2nd batt. Royal Irish Fusiliers, and 1st Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers at the Battle of Colenso (Tugela River).

COLONEL BROOKE AND OFFICERS OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

At the action with General Buller's troops on the Tugela River, this regiment, which was General Hart's leading battalion, endeavoured to force a passage and nearly succeeded, but then had to withdraw, after attacking with great gallantry and suffering heavy losses. Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke wounded.

FIRST ROW.—Major N. A. D. Barton; Lieut. F. S. Kent, 2nd East Yorks; Lieut. G. T. FitzGerald, 2nd Bedfordshire; Lieut. Albise, 2nd Connaught Rangers; Lieut. W. W. Molony.
SECOND ROW.—Capt. J. F. Robertson; Lieut. G. F. Brooke (wounded); Lieut. A. S. Hog; Capt. W. S. Sarsfield; 2nd Lieut. F. K. Pomeroy.
THIRD ROW.—2nd Lieut. A. F. Lambert; Capt. G. H. Ford-Hutchinson, D.S.O. (missing); Lieut. J. L. J. Conry; Major M. G. Moore; Capt. C. H. D. Cass; Lieut. H. F. N. Jourdain; 2nd Lieut. C. E. Hark; Lieut. W. A. White; Lieut. R. W. Harling.
FOURTH ROW (standing on left).—Lieut. and Adjt. P. T. Horton; (sitting) Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. M. J. Kenny; Capt. A. W. H. Bell; Major J. L. C. Acton; Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke (wounded); Capt. J. S. M. Lenox-Conyingham; Major J. de C. O'Grady; Capt. W. E. J. Grylls: (standing on right) Capt. J. C. Raven.

mining companies have to offer him tremendous inducements in the way of pay. In many cases he gets as much as £4 a month, as well as his "skoff," the mealie meal porridge which is his principal food. When it is considered for a moment that there are thousands of white agricultural labourers in England whose wages are little more than 10s. a week, out of which they have to keep a wife and family, the greatness of the native's pay will be more fully appreciated. It is not to be wondered at that such figures have to be paid him to induce him to come such a long distance. In Natal, where, under British rule, he has settled in amazing numbers, he is content to get £1 a month for his services, because his home is at hand. Under the fair government to all men, white or black, which is symbolised by the Union Jack, he could be induced to bring up his wives and make kraals in the neighbourhood of the mines, where he would increase in numbers at the marvellous rate at which the native is capable. So, by the competition of his fellows, wages would gradually come down to about the same level as they are in Natal.

Another incubus which is sucking the blood of the mining industry is the Netherlands

THE HON. MRS. GOLDMANN,

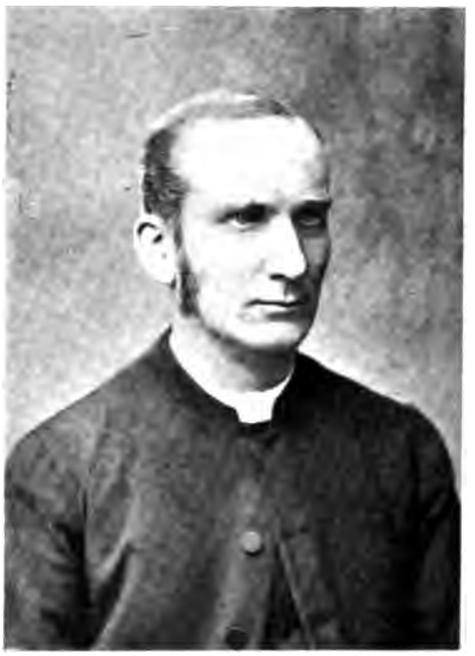
As a Red Cross nurse is nursing the sick and wounded at Pietermaritzburg. Viscount Peel's second daughter.

LADY SARAH WILSON.

Sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and Aunt of Mr. Winston Churchill. Was taken prisoner on her return to Mafeking, after a daring journey of some 200 miles across the veld to Kuruman, but was afterwards exchanged. She is one of the "Daily Mail's" special correspondents.

THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

Born 1858. Succeeded Col. Stopford in the command of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, and after a few days, was killed at Magersfontein, the Coldstreams losing their two commanders in successive engagements. The Marquis was the Premier Marquis of England.



REV. E. H. GOODWIN.

Principal Chaplain to forces in South Africa; a reliable and experienced military priest, his kindly face and thoughtful help has cheered many a man among whom he works.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING FROM LIVERPOOL.

Railway. Coal, which is carried at a halfpenny a ton per mile on the Cape railways, costs threepence on the Netherlands line—or six times as much. So it is not difficult to see what a frightful tax is thus levied, especially when the quantity used for driving all the engines on a great mine is considered. In the same way, everything else that comes into the country is subject to the extortionate charges of this vampire directly it crosses the Transvaal borders; and when to these have to be added the duties levied by the Transvaal—nothing less than nine per cent., and in many instances a special further tax, it will be readily understood how the cost of living is enhanced. This, the mines have, of course, to make good by increased salaries. It is not that there is any need for the dividends of the rich mines to be enhanced—there is not—indeed, it would be better that the incidence of taxation should, if possible, fall on them more heavily. What is wanted is that the poorer mines, which never can pay under the existing *régime*, should be allowed a chance. There are hundreds of properties, containing enormous bodies of ore, which, if working expenses were only cut down to a proper limit, could be made to pay, and thus give employment to thousands of people.

But the Boer has no notion of small profits and big turnover. He cannot see that the nimble ninepence is better than the slow shilling, so prefers to

COL. FISHER AND CHARGER, 10TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN) HUSSARS.
The Colonel has taken out his favourite charger, "Slane," with him to the Cape.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY E. COLVILLE, K.C.M.G., C.B., GRENADIER GUARDS.

Born 1852. *In Command of the Guards Brigade with Lord Methuen's forces; has seen service in Africa and the Soudan, and has done good work in India and Burmah; he acted as Commanaing Officer during the convalescence of Lord Methuen after his injury at Modder River.*

CAMP OF THE 1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS AT HOUNSLOW, JUST BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE FRONT
The German Emperor is Colonel-in-Chief of this Regiment, and sent it a parting message.

try for big profits on a small turnover. He is one of those men who will never see a thing until it is knocked into him. He has been so pampered and spoiled, not only by our action in giving back the country in 1881, but on several previous occasions, that he has got to regard himself as invincible. But nearly all old South Africans who know the Boer, unite in thinking that let him receive one really decisive defeat, his valour will vanish as quickly as his person; and each will be trying to make out "You know I have always been favourably inclined to

REMOVING THE WOUNDED FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF REITFONTEIN.

ROYAL EAST KENT YEOMANRY ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE TRANSVAAL.
These have been at the front for some weeks, and have already seen fighting. They were the first Yeomanry to be in action.
FIRST ROW (at back).—Trooper Deverson; Trooper Palmer; Sergt.-Major Carlisle; Trooper Tice; Trooper Robinson.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Trooper Foster; Trooper Clarke; Sergt. Mudford; Sergt. Monckton.
ON GROUND.—Trooper Sole; Trooper Butcher.

British rule, it was So-and-so who forced me into it." And the climb down will be as complete as the following typical example of a Dutch apology I have cut out from one of my old Transvaal papers. Some of these Boer apologies are even more grovelling than this one; a very common expression in them being "I strike my hand on my mouth and say 'Mouth, you're a liar.'"

APOLOGY.

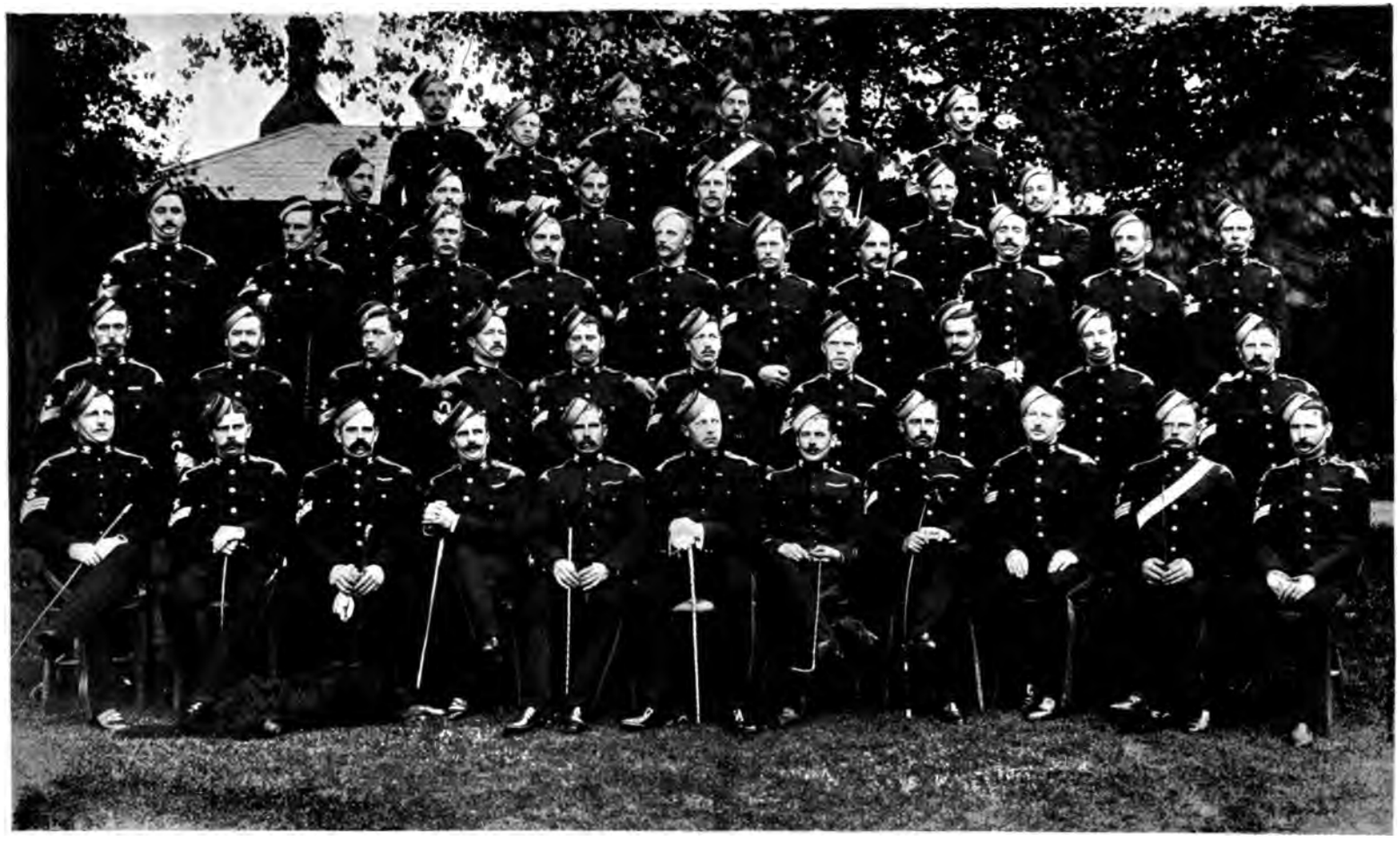
I, THE undersigned, do hereby declare that I am a liar, that I have spoken bad and injurious about the character of Mr. W. H. MARX, of Fordsburg, therefore I revoke all my words I have said about Mr. W. H. MARX, and pray that he will forgive me. Further must I confess that I have always found Mr. W. H. MARX a gentleman, and can say nothing of his character.

P. VENTER.

Fordsburg, 13th November, 1891.

APOLOGIJ.

IK, den ondergeteekende, verklaar bij deze dat ik een leugenaar ben, dat ik slegte dingen en tot nadeel van den Heer W. H. MARX zijn karakter gesproken heeft. Zoo vraag ik aan den Heer W. H. MARX vergevenes voor al mijn leugentaalen, en beloof om nooit weer iets onwaar te zeggen van den Heer W. H. MARX, want



SERGEANT-MAJORS AND SERGEANTS OF THE 10TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS.

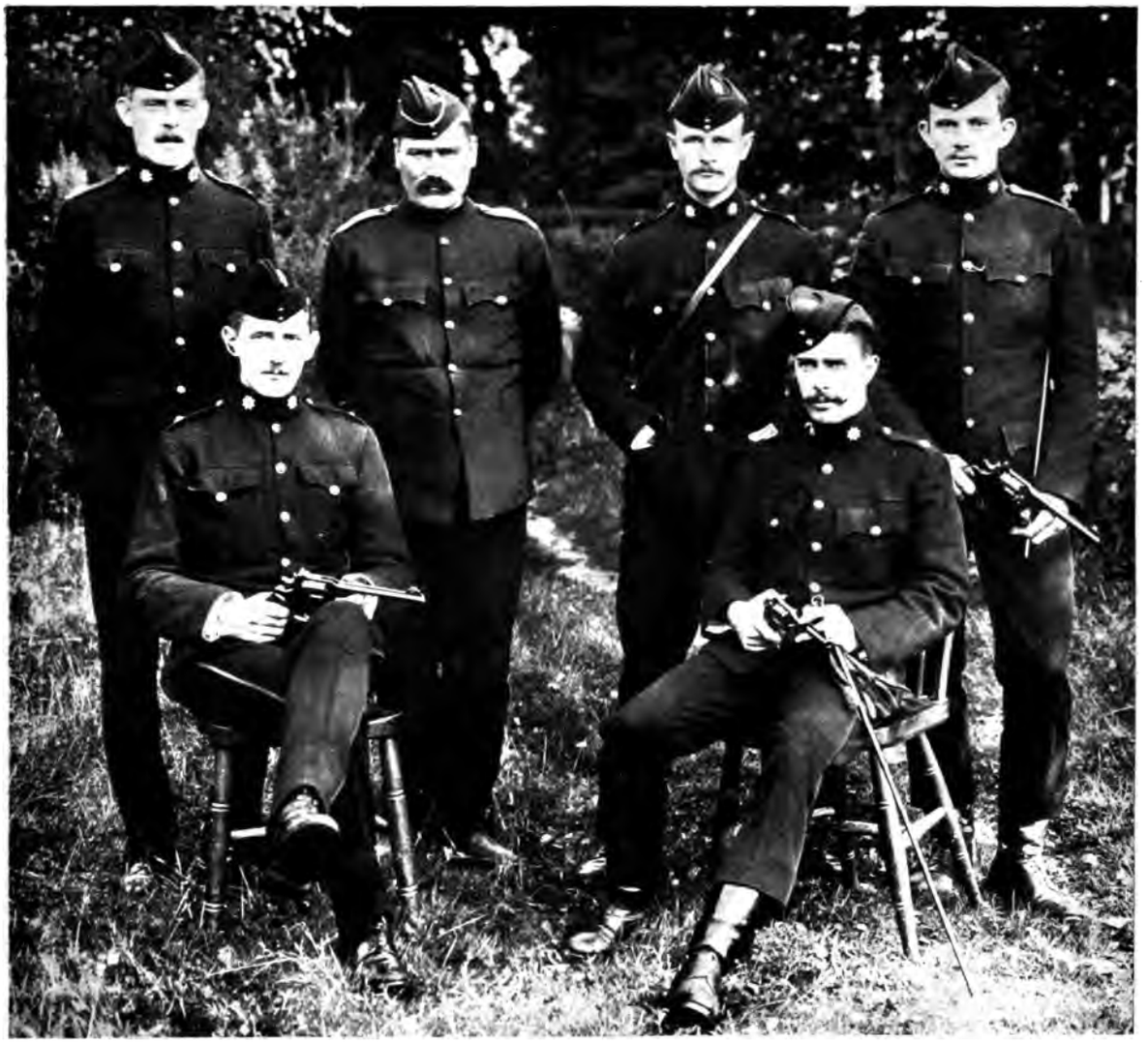
FIRST ROW (at back).—Sgt. Jones; Trumpet-Maj. Burfett; Sgt. Goode; Sgt. Munson; Sgt. Hanning; ——
SECOND ROW.—Sgt. Palmer; R.R.-Sgt. Cox; Sgt. Harbird; Sgt. Bennet; Sgt. Cooper; Sgt. Hitchins; Sgt. Fownes.
THIRD ROW.—Sgt.-Maj. Baston; Sgt. Lyons; Sgt. Elman; Sgt. Ward; Sgt. Goldstone; Sgt. Clark; Sgt. Hopkins; R.R.-Sgt. Malins; Sgt. Barnet; Sgt. Heppee.
FOURTH ROW.—Sgt. Brown; Trumpet-Maj. Crawford; Sgt.-Maj. Wood; Fr.-Sgt. Bunce; S.-Sgt. Ratcliffe; Sgt.-Maj. Frost; Sr.-Sgt. Nicolls; Sgt. Price; Sgt. Hoydd; Sgt.-Maj. Green.
FIFTH ROW.—Sgt.-Maj. Hall; Band Sgt. Hayter; S.-Sgt. Barton; P.-Sgt. Gerrard; Regt.-Sgt.-Maj. Honess; Capt. and Adjt. Hon. J. Daunay; Sgt.-Maj. Pillinger; Sgt.-Maj. Gerring; Sgt.-Maj. Dalston; Sgt. Pittaway; Sgt.-Maj. Brownlow.

BREVET-MAJOR HENRY SCOTT TURNER,
Of the Black Watch. Was one of the chief officers under Colonel Kekewich, at Kimberley. After being brilliantly conspicuous in various sorties round the town, having his horse shot under him, and being wounded, he was killed in the capture of the Boer langer. He served in Matabeleland in 1893-94, and in Mashonaland, and was mentioned in the despatches of that campaign and received his brevet-majority for his services.

LIEUT. THE HON. FREDK. SHERSTON ROBERTS,
King's Royal Rifles. Died of wounds received at the Tugela River, whilst trying to rescue the guns under a severe fire; had he lived, no doubt he would have received the V.C. He was the only surviving son of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and was born in 1872. He took part in the Toazai Expedition of 1892, in the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-95; he was with the Relief Force in Chitral in 1895, and in the Nile Expedition of 1898, where he was again mentioned in dispatches.

MAJOR THE HON. NORTH DALRYMPLE HAMILTON.
1st Scots Guards; severely wounded at Belmont. He served in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882 in the action of Mahuta and at Tel-el-Kebir, and received a medal with clasp, bronze star, 5th class medjidie. He also served in the Soudan Expedition in 1885. He is the second son of the Earl of Stair.

CAPT. SCOTT,
1st Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders; wounded at Magersfontein.



THE REVOLVER SIX OF THE 2ND EAST SURREY REGIMENT.

These practised shots will by this time have had a good opportunity of testing their capabilities against the Boers, and rendering a good account of themselves.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Lieut. Hinton; Sergt.-Major Anderton; Lieut. Barchard; Lieut. Benson.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Lieut. May; Lieut. Anson.

den Heer W. H. MARX heeft ik altijd gevonden een vatzoenlijk man, en kan hoegenaam niets slechts van zijn karakter zeggen, zoo trek ik al mijn leugenachtige woorden hiermede terug.

P. VENTER.

Fordsburg, 13th Nov., 1891.

Another enormous advantage which would accrue to the mines from British rule would arise from the enforcement of proper sanitary arrangements, and regulations such as we have at home for the safeguarding against accidents. All these things will do an incalculable amount to make life more pleasant at the mines, which, as I have already shown, has been hitherto far worse than what it needed to be.

If the mine official wants to rest his eyes from the eternal monotony of kharki veld, there are few places at present to which he can go to get away from the all-pervading ugliness of his surroundings. If he is in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg, he can drive to Auckland Park, where he may spend the day under the grateful green of glorious willows, and almost imagine himself back in leafy England at springtime.

By going outside Johannesburg, however, even in the worst times of drought, one can find sheltered spots away from the dust, where the water sings to you all day, as it dances down fairy glens among high hills. One of the most beautiful places of this kind is the Witpoortje Kloof, to which people from the mines often go. It is near the fatal field of Doornkop, where Jameson's folly came to its untimely end. Had he been led into such a defile as this kloof scarcely a man would have escaped with his life. It is an ideal Boer

THE RIFLE EIGHT OF THE 2ND EAST SURREY REGIMENT.
(WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S CUP.)

These well-known marksmen have now had the opportunity of firing at the enemy in battle, and achieving fresh laurels for themselves.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Sergt. Godding; Colour-Sergt. Holmes; Sergt. Thompson; Sergt. Dick; ——
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Sergt.-Major Anderton; Lieut. A. C. S. Barchard; Sergt. Instructor of Musketry Percy, Winner of the Silver Jewel, Bisley, 1899.

fighting place, such as he loves to lure his enemy into, as he entrapped poor Gatacre's men at Stormberg.

For a picnic, such places as this kloof are quite idyllic. The grass grows in loving luxuriance round the green trees that stretch their branches over the dark, deep pools of water, which the stream every here and there forms, and the whole is framed in by the red rocks in an enchanting fashion. In the summer climate of these sheltered vales, trees, such as tree-ferns, euphorbia candelabras, and wild date palms flourish to perfection. On page 193 a photograph is given of the two latter trees. The Euphorbia is certainly a

ON THE HIGH VELD, NEAR KRUGERSDORP.

most singular-looking tree, and matches well with the weirdness and hardness of so much of Africa's scenery. It always seems to me as if it had come out without its foliage, or as if it had found the weather so intensely hot that it had taken off its skin and was sitting in its bones. The name candelabra is singularly appropriate; for if you saw it with a candle stuck at the end of everyone of its branches, it would only seem as if it were fulfilling its proper place in life.

Being well-watered, and much warmer than the bleak high veld, the vegetation in these kloofs is almost tropical in its luxuriance. Indeed, in the warmer districts many are quite impassable jungles. Maidenhair ferns and tomatoes grow wild, and huge tree-ferns,

OFFICERS OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Staff Officer; Lieut. R. C. Coldwell; Lieut. C. R. J. Mowatt; Lieut. H. Shipley.
SECOND ROW (standing).—Lieut. E. Knatchbull-Hugessen; Lieut. C. W. Barton (wounded); Lieut. W. T. Wyndowe; Lieut. M. O. N. Rees-Webbe; Lieut. G. A. Royston-Pigott; Lieut. W. M. Parker; Lieut. C. D. Disney-Roebuck; Capt. L. G. Freeland (wounded).
THIRD ROW (sitting).—Capt. G. E. Ripley; Capt. C. S. Copland; Capt. C. E. Higginbottom; Major W. F. Fawcett; Capt. J. Little; Capt. C. S. Pritchard; Capt. H. C. Godley.

THE 1ST BATT. GORDON HIGHLANDERS (RESERVISTS) LEAVING LIVERPOOL FOR THE CAPE, ON THE SS. "CHESHIRE."

ten feet high, wave their feathery fronds in the breeze. One of the most common trees is the mimosa thorn-bush, which grows in many of the more sheltered parts of the high veld. It has the most murderous-looking thorns it is possible to imagine, many being longer than one's fingers, and inflicting a wound of a poisonous nature. The Boers call them "wacht een beetje" (wait-a-bit) bushes, and, judging by the way they catch in your clothes and detain you, the name is most admirably chosen.

To ride amongst these wacht een beetje bushes in chase of a wounded buck, with the risk of leaving one of your eyes impaled on these terrible thorns, is about as nasty a job as anyone could wish to tackle. It is often done though, men, when buck-hunting, going over and through everything, with the result that they often get bad spills from the holes made by the ant-bears, which constitute another of the dangers of the African veld.

Though, of course, the open country could never be made as fertile as these kloofs, much might be done in the way of tree-planting by taking a little trouble. If you stand on a hill in the Transvaal and gaze round, the only trees you will see in the wide expanse are the tiny clumps of blue gums at long distances apart, that mark the position of Boers' farms. In the picture of scenery on the high veld near Krugersdorp, on page 206, one of these distant clumps surrounding a farm may be perceived. On approaching one of these farms—even prior to the war—one always felt somewhat uneasy as to the reception that would be afforded. Possibly you are received with a smile, and possibly with a gun. If the Boer says he won't have any "verdomde Engelschman," he will

MORE GORDON HIGHLANDERS (RESERVISTS) OFF TO THE CAPE FROM LIVERPOOL, ON THE SS. "CHESHIRE."

MAJOR H. F. C. F. S. GREVILLE, 18TH HUSSARS,

Was taken prisoner after the battle of Talana Hill, but not until he had had his horse shot under him and had himself been wounded.

SENIOR MIDSHIPMAN CYMBELINE A. E. HUDDART,

Of H.M.S. Doris. Killed at Graspan. Mr. Huddart entered the "Britannia" four years ago and was one of the two Chief Captains of cadets. He passed out with such seniority that he joined the "St. George" on the Cape Station as midshipman, was transferred to the "Doris" and was acting as A.D.C. to Captain Prothero at the front when he was killed, though still in his teens, aged 18 years 10 months.

LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE THOMAS FREDERICK DOWNMAN.

Was dangerously wounded, and has since died, at Magersfontein whilst leading his men (the 1st Gordon Highlanders) in a series of magnificent rushes to within 200 yards of the Boer trenches. He served in Egypt during '84, in the Soudan, and was at the battles of Teb and Tamai. He saw service in Chitral in '95 and was at the storming of the Malakand Pass. He was in India '97-8, and at the storming of the Dargai Heights.

COLONEL, THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

Has been told off to take command of the Cavalry under Lord Methuen. He was formerly attached to the 2nd Life Guards, fought with great distinction in the Soudan Expedition of '84-5, gaining a medal with clasp and star and a mention in despatches. He is a member of the Royal Victorian Order, and a dashing cavalry leader whose men would follow him anywhere, but best known to the public as the inventor of the most mobile field artillery carriage in the world.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PERROTT AND ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY OFFICERS,
Who have just arrived at the Cape, in Charge of the Siege Train.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Capt. H. B. Strange; Lieut. G. H. H. Dobbyn; Lieut. C. D. Crozier; Lieut. Hanna; Sergt.-Major Robertson; Lieut. C. Howard Vyse; Lieut. R. L. Barton.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—and Lieut. J. A. C. Forseyth; Lieut. A. H. Webb; Capt. A. Currie (Adjt.); Col. T. Perrott (commanding); Major J. R. H. Allen; Capt. H. S. De Brett, D.S.O.; Lieut. H. M. Ballingall.

very probably, in blissful ignorance, receive you if you answer in an injured tone: "Englishman, indeed! why I come from Middlesex!" Provided you can only speak the language, he will be unbounded in his proffers of hospitality. This occasionally takes a somewhat embarrassing form, as the following story of Bishop Merriman, which is said to be perfectly true, bears witness: He was overtaken by night on the veld, and went to a Boer farm for shelter. It was a primitive place of only two rooms, and the Bishop gladly availed himself of the offered bed, where his tired frame was soon stretched in blissful slumber. In the middle of the night, however, he woke to a feeling of oppression and intense heat, and found the old Boer and his vrouw sleeping one on each side of him. The episcopal sense of delicacy was dulled by the fatigue of the episcopal body, so the Bishop turned over and fell asleep again. When he next woke it was daylight, and to his horror he found the

Boer had gone off to his cattle, but his wife was still snoring at his side. The Bishop tore out of bed and dressed in record haste, and was ever after somewhat chary of Boer hospitality.

LIEUTS. BARTON AND DOBBYN,
Of the Siege Train Company, inspecting putties to see they do not come up above the knees, so as to be able to bend them.

In many of the country districts in South Africa there is a wonderful amount of trustful simplicity, which astonishes people who have spent their lives in large European cities. I once had a peculiar example of this. I was travelling by rail to Johannesburg with an English colonial man, with whom I got into conversation. He told me that he was coming up to see about selling some farms which belonged to him in the north of the Transvaal. He had six of them, averaging about 4,000 acres apiece, and these farms, curiously enough, he had never seen. As I suppose he came to the conclusion that I knew my way about, and looked passably honest, he, to my astonishment, though he did not even know my name, asked me if I would undertake the selling of them, and offered me a commission of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the amount I obtained; to which I agreed. To see that the farms really existed, and titles in proper order, I took him up to Pretoria, and called with him at the Surveyor-General's office in the Raadzaal. A thing which tickled me immensely was his suggestion to the Surveyor-General to come out and have a drink, which was promptly accepted. Fancy such a request being made to one of the heads of our War Office, say, or any other of the stiff and starched autocrats who reign in our Government departments in Whitehall! On our return with him to the office, every courtesy and consideration was shown to us. Maps and plans were unrolled, and there, to our astonishment, were separate plans for

A HOWITZER CREW.
There are nine men to load and fire each gun, and the limber carries a large assortment of tools, a lifting jack, axes, buckets, handspikes, ropes, box of Russian tallow, &c.

SHIPPING LYDDITE SHELLS FOR THE HOWITZER.

each of the six farms, showing every kopje and every water-course. I got the Surveyor-General to give us his estimate of their values, and after a little trouble I succeeded in finding a purchaser at a price which my principal regarded as satisfactory. If I remember right, it only worked out at about eighteenpence an acre. It was, however, about the current price ruling; but the most extraordinary feature of the transaction was this, that not only had the seller never seen them, but the buyer also took them as an absolute pig in a poke.

The title deeds of these farms were just as curious as the rest of the affair. They were of course in Dutch, of more than questionable grammar, but defined the boundaries of the farms according to the extraordinarily primitive method formerly adopted by the Boers. Namely, a Boer would sell you a farm to be measured and marked off by the distance you could walk your horse for say twenty minutes, on all four sides of a square, and give you a title deed to that effect. It can be imagined it paid then to have a fast walking horse for such occasions.

I should have mentioned that the little stream in the picture of scenery in the high veld, near Krugersdorp, is none other than the source of the mighty Limpopo, which separates Rhodesia from the Transvaal. To get out by rail to the delightful picnicking grounds in this neighbourhood costs no less than 9s. for a return ticket, though the distance is only about thirteen miles. This affords a vivid illustration of how Johannesburg is handicapped by the Netherlands Railway Company. I should mention that this 9s. is the first-class fare, but the carriages are certainly not equal to the "thirds" on the Midland Railway in England. The seconds contain only bare, uncushioned forms, while there is no third-

A 6-INCH HOWITZER AT AN ANGLE OF 35 DEGREES READY TO FIRE

class at all, unless one reckons the compartments labelled "kleurlingen —coloured people—for whom, however, I do not think much, if any, reduction is made.

Possibly, however, the speed is charged for, as the company breaks all records, even the London, Chatham and Dover being fliers in comparison. Boksburg is only thirteen miles from Johannesburg, and yet the fastest train, even according to scheduled time, used to take an hour and twenty minutes to do the journey. This, however, quite satisfies the Boer, who cannot understand people wanting to go much faster than his ox-waggon. A Boer one night outspanned his waggon right across the rails, and felt aggrieved when the inevitable smash followed. When people have been accustomed to ox-waggons all their lives, they are apt to think in ox-waggons as well as drive them. It is said that when Oom Paul went on a liner to visit England for the first time he was sadly troubled in his mind. And the cause of his troublement was this: It was getting dark, the lights of Cape Town had died out. Table Mountain, and the land he loved so well, were but a vanishing cloud on the face of the waters, and the ship went on. It got darker, and there was nothing left but the great and wide sea. And still the ship went on. Paul's face, which had been gradually wearing a more and more puzzled expression, got distorted with wonder. He scratched

LT.-COLONEL T. PERROTT (ON THE RIGHT) AND HIS ADJUTANT, CAPTAIN A. C. CURRIE, R.A.
Commanding the Siege Train. Captain Currie is the expert in Siege Construction.

BATTERY OF 6-INCH HOWITZERS READY TO FIRE.
Note the commanding officer with note-book instructing the gunners where to place the next shell.

THE 6-INCH HOWITZERS OF THE SIEGE TRAIN.

A 6-inch howitzer, which has a range of 10,000 yards (about 6 miles), uses smokeless powder; with its terribly destructive 118 lb. Lyddite shell it can, owing to the high elevation at which it is fired, be laid under cover of the ground or of the parapet of the battery in which it is placed. Moreover, the steep angle of descent of the projectile enables men or material to be shelled effectively by it, although they are protected by breastworks which none but the heaviest guns known would pierce. Primarily, the howitzers are intended for reducing places which, like Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and Potchefstroom, are fortified and armed with heavy guns, but it is believed that they may be extremely useful against the hastily fortified and entrenched positions which the Boers have shown such skill hitherto in occupying, and that where shrapnel has failed to dislodge, and hardly has succeeded in demoralising the stubborn Boer riflemen, the Lyddite shell may make their entrenchments too hot to hold them.

his thinker, and it could not afford him the explanation he sought. It had been long manifest that something was troubling him, and at length, as the ship kept steadily on, ploughing her way to the north, his over-burdened brain, accustomed to the ways of ox-waggon travel, burst out, "Maar, waar uitspan gij?" (But, where do you outspan?).

Those of us who have not been brought up to think in ox-waggons were glad even to have the Netherlands Railway rather than none at all. It used to seem as if the railway never would be allowed to come to Johannesburg. It had been promised so often, but every time negatived by the Volksraad, that we could hardly believe our good fortune when, on the 30th of May, 1890, they passed a resolution in its favour by thirty-three votes to three. The town went mad with excitement. *The Star* that night came out in enormous headlines.

GLORIOUS NEWS!!
THE RAILWAY IS COMING!
From Bloemfontein! From Delagoa Bay! From Pretoria!

But it was not, however, until the 15th of September, 1892, that, like a memory of other days come back into waking life, a real train and a real engine steamed into Johannesburg. The whole town turned out to welcome this connecting link with the outside world—that world which had always hitherto seemed as if it were another planet to ours—and the coaches which had been formerly piled up all over with the bags containing the weekly mail for

England, knew them no more. The companion picture to the first train (on page 132) shows the last coach with the mail bags loaded up, ready to start from the old post office with several of the officials standing at the doors. They were an amusing crowd, the staff at the Post Kantoor, as it was called, and not afflicted with modesty. They believed in the institution of Christmas boxes, and were not above sending out printed circulars to get them. The following is one of their appeals, touching on the topics of the day, and with reference to their own desires in particular.

"Post Kantoor, Johannesburg. Christmas, 1890.

"De Staf van het Post Kantoor--in extremely modest rhyme—
Present their very kind regards to those, at Christmas time,
Who ne'er forget to feel for clerks; who, with level best endeavours,
Oft fail to please the public—for the best of us make errors.
However, we're departing from the theme to us most dear,
That is in wishing Box-holders, 'A Prosperous New Year.'
The general public too, we thank, for their kind gifts last year,
Tho', being in a liquid form, the end thereof was queer.
Now, with locked-up Overdrafts and the collapse of Shares,
With Banks that break and Time Bargains have left on us some cares.

PIPERS OF THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS,
Who distinguished themselves at the battle of Kaffir's Kop; to the stirring notes of the pipes, the Grenadiers and Northumberland Fusiliers dashed forward amid a perfect hail of bullets.

OBSERVERS OF THE SIEGE TRAIN.
These play an important part in Siege work, as they report to the Commanding Officer where the gunners' last shell fell.

Therefore, we trust, the *Standard's*
hint will not have been in vain,
And through their very timely words
have spared to us much pain
By suggesting rather mildly, a
Cheque, or small Bank Note,
For on such liquid documents all
Post Officials dote.
Of course, we're not objecting to a
very mild cigar,
The brand is immaterial, though prefer the 'Flor Cuba.'
So to recruit our weary hearts, the
friendly hints we're giving
Will help to cheer us in our work, and
make life worth the living.
Now, to our friends, the Box-holders,
and general public, here
We wish 'A Merry Christmas,' and
'A Prosperous New Year.'
Yours faithfully, DE STAF."

The quantity of drink and cases of cigars that are sent in to the post office and the staffs of the various banks, at Christmas time, in good times, is almost beyond belief. It is a terrible mistake, and only leads to the most frightful orgies. I knew of a case where forty men in two hours got through a hundred and twenty bottles of champagne, besides unconsidered trifles in the way of cases of bottled Bass and sundry bottles of whisky.

The Box-holders referred to in the post-office circular, are the owners of the boxes to which nearly everyone in Johannesburg has his letters addressed. For it is only quite recently that any attempt has been made to deliver letters by postmen in the ordinary way. Even now, most people prefer to keep to the old box system, rather than have their letters entrusted to a Boer postman of doubtful honesty. So, the whole of one side of the post-office is divided up into numbered pigeon-holes, into which the letters are sorted as they come out of the mail bags. Then, when you want your correspondence you go to the other side of the wooden wall and unlock your own particular pigeon-hole, or letter-box. The most curious system of all is the method of treating unclaimed letters at the Poste Restante. Once every three months the Government advertise a

THE RICKSHA, IN DURBAN.
Threepenny hansom. It has driven cabs off the streets.

complete list of them in the newspapers, and it is only then, if they are unclaimed, that they are returned to the senders.

The "box system" has its advantages and disadvantages. It is certainly, at times, a very great nuisance to have to fetch one's own letters; but when you are in a hurry to get one arriving by a certain post, such as the English mail, it enables you to receive it the very moment it is sorted out of the bag. In the very earliest days it was quite a sight to see the crowd waiting for the English mail, men giving up whole afternoons of valuable time in order to get the news of their loved ones at home at the earliest possible moment. How their faces would light up at the sight of a dear handwriting, and how they

H M.S. "DORIS,"
Flag Ship on the Cape Station.
A detachment of sailors from this ship did grand work at Graspan, but suffered heavy losses; Captain Prothero was severely wounded, and Midshipman Huddart killed.

fell if the expected letter did not come. For it must be said that neglect in writing seemed to more often occur with the people at home than it did with those out there.

For one thing people in England seem to have a most abnormal fear of their letters going astray; and if there is the slightest doubt as to whether a letter will reach its destination, they do not send one. It is such a pity, and in this present war especially, must have brought grief to thousands. My dear Madam, or Sir, what can it matter if your letter does go astray, in comparison to the pleasure it may give to that poor lonely exile, sighing for some word of home. Depend upon it, he has made arrangements for getting his letters forwarded on to him, and it will be precious poor comfort, after a heart-breaking

silence, at perhaps a time when he needs your consolation most (as in the present crisis), when he finally reads, "I didn't write because I thought my letter might fail to reach you."

CAPE TOWN AND ITS REFUGEES.

"Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay."

In ordinary times, Cape Town is a quiet enough place, but with "fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay" on the one hand, and the crowd of refugees from all parts of

NATIVE KRAAL IN NATAL.

the Transvaal and up-country towns on the other, its streets are now crowded to an extraordinary degree. They say that Cape Town is the most cosmopolitan place in the world; but then "they" say that of all big seaport cities. I suppose it has as much foundation as the remarks one hears every year—"It's the coldest day I have ever experienced." Certainly, even in ordinary times in that focus of Cape Town—Adderley Street—you will rub shoulders with Russian and Scotchman, Malay and Portugee, Italian and Jew, and hear a modern Babel of languages from representatives of a dozen other nations as you pass along. At the present, this Babel must be intensified by the crowd of refugees standing about, who have nothing else to do but talk.

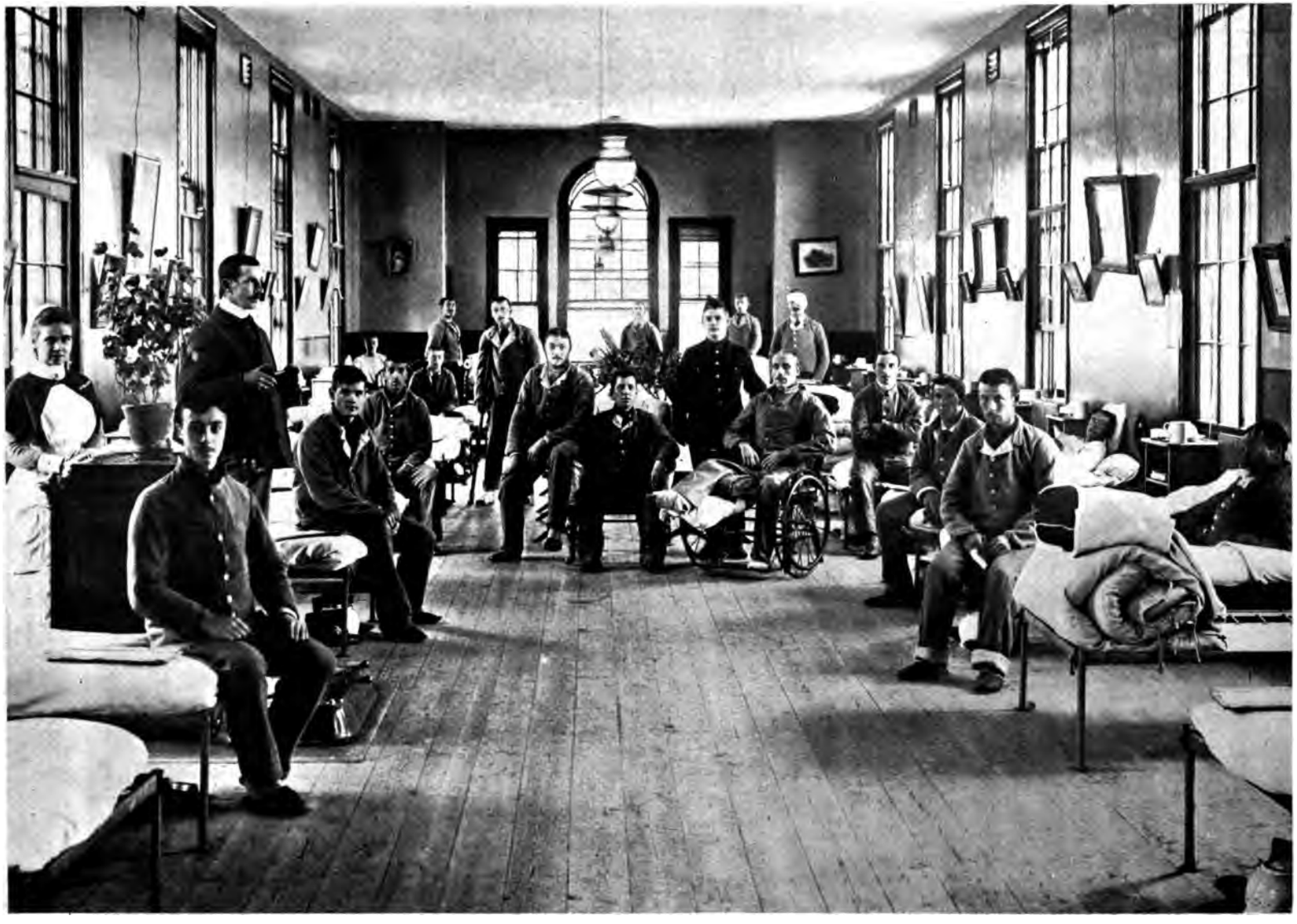
Cape Town at any time contains enough loafers of what one might call the professional class, without the sudden importation of this enormous amateur element. For it is the final

stopping-place of those who are beaten back, or have run away, from the fore-front of life's battle up-country. They drift down from Buluwayo, Johannesburg, Kimberley, and all the other places where Africa's work is being done, back, back, till the sea stops them—melancholy wrecks, thrown up on the shore, waiting till money arrives from home to take them back whence they came. For the man who will not work, and has been an utter failure at home, seldom does much better for the fact of being in a different hemisphere. A good few of these fellows are thoroughgoing "remittance men," young fellows who have disgraced themselves at home, and have been packed off abroad with the intimation from their relatives that a certain amount would be paid them through a solicitor each month, so long as they stopped there. Others are remittance men through illness, consumption or other kindred disease having laid its hands on them. In the clear, microbe-free sunshine of the Cape, many get well and strong again, but others come too late, only, alas! to die, far from the homes and friends they loved.

THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, CAPE TOWN.

ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN.
The Regent Street of the Cape.
Now so crowded with Transvaal refugees, that there is scarcely room to walk on its pavements.

I remember meeting one of these patients at Cape Town. And a sad young dog he was. "The doctors," he said, "have given me six months to live, so I mean to make the best of



INTERIOR OF A MILITARY ACCIDENT WARD.

them." This appeared to consist of drinking with other men at bars till all hours of the night, and then, on going to his rooms, being seized with violent coughing and hæmorrhage. "You think me looking well now," he said; "well, you would hardly think it, but six hours ago, I could not speak for coughing up blood." He would laugh as he told you, and one could not altogether withhold admiration for this young fellow, condemned to die, for meeting the Great Enemy with a smiling face. I fear he is dead now, but a story he told me of another remittance man remains in my memory. His cousin came out to Africa, having been packed out by his loving relatives as to a sort of ready-made sink. "When he came," said De Vere, "I invited him to stay at my rooms, of course, meaning only till he got settled in a billet. But

COL. ALDERSON,

Commanding 1st Batt. Mounted Infantry. Has been actively employed in scouting and making reconnaissances.

COL. TUDWAY,

Commanding 2nd Batt. Mounted Infantry. Has done a great deal of reconnoitring duty with much efficacy in the neighbourhood of Naauwpoort.

instead of that, he stayed on permanently, and got drunk every night. What did I do? Ah—h!" I can see the look of bliss on his face now, and hear his chuckle as he emitted that "Ah!" "Why," he continued, "as he wanted to get drunk, and do it on my money, I waited till next steamer day, and then took him out on a real good drink. By a quarter to four I had got him so drunk, he could hardly stand or see, and then I put him in a hansom, drove up to the departing ship, got him on board, and paid his fare home, third class. You should have heard his language when he woke up and found the ship already under way, and that he couldn't get back to the shore."

Adderley Street, where, as before mentioned, Cape Town's life centres, is a magnificent thoroughfare, which has blossomed out in the last ten years into fine buildings, six or seven

A PORTION OF CAPE TOWN DOCKS, WITH TABLE MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.

storeys high. Though a thousand miles from the Transvaal, it is the outward and visible sign of its rise. For the prosperity and wealth of that country have been reflected back here. Cape Town is the great port through which every passenger goes, to or from the magic north; so into Adderley Street every one of these birds of passage makes his way. They have money in their pockets to spend, and the enterprising trader knows it; consequently his demand for shops has forced rents and the value of ground up to extraordinary prices. On page 219 is a photograph of the offices of the Standard Bank of South Africa, which cost £32,000, and serves as a specimen of the fine buildings which make up this splendid street.

Money has been spent in Cape Town with a fairly lavish hand. The Docks, of which a photograph is given on this page, to which the transports conveying our reinforcements are now on their way, have cost, from first to last, not far short of £2,000,000, that is, of course, including the breakwater and harbour works. A curious feature of the harbour is the icy coldness of the water, which is about 20 degrees colder than at Simon's Bay, only twenty miles away. The contrast between the waters is nearly as great as the contrast between Cape Town itself and its suburbs—the one so hot and white, and the other so cool and green.

These suburbs stretch for miles and miles along the slopes of Table Mountain, and here all Cape Town's busy men retire when the day's work is done. The suburbs are so much cooler than stifling Cape Town, whose springtime, as Mark Twain said about Sydney, "you could sell for summer in any other country, and then be thought to be giving good value." So Cape Town, after its busy days, becomes at night almost a city of the dead, or say London on a Bank Holiday. Everyone is anxious to get away from the glare of the white houses to the cool restfulness of the glades of pines which make the roads of Wynberg and the other

BEAUFORT WEST.
On the railway to Kimberley, and is a noted Sanatorium to which many of our wounded will be sent.

suburbs such a dream of delight. At Wynberg our principal military hospital is situated, and, excepting for the terrible distance, it could not be in a more delightful place. Doubtless many of our wounded will go to the sanatoriums in the town of Beaufort West, of which a photograph is given on this page. This town is quite a short distance south of Lord Methuen's base, De Aar, on the line to Cape Town.

DURBAN AND NATAL.

Durban, where our troops land to join General Buller's force in Natal, is a very different sort of place to Cape Town. Instead of sloping down from the foot of a great mountain, it appears, as you approach it from the sea, to be even lower than the sea itself. Thus, you

[illegible] town [illegible] on a [illegible] of the ground, without any [illegible] [illegible] like the [illegible] of a big mill town. This appearance [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

EXCURSION STEAMER OUTSIDE SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS,
Crowded with passengers to catch a glimpse of the Transports leaving with Troops for the Cape.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

VIII.

Capt. and Adjt. the Hon. L. R. D. Gray. Col. C. T. Porter. Major A. Sprot.
DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS OF THE CARABINIERS (6TH DRAGOONS)

BUT isn't Durban hot? In Cape Town I have had to take off coat and waistcoat to unpack a box, but in Durban's steamy heat one feels that one ought to be allowed to go about like the legendary natives "whose principal clothes were a ring through the nose, and a patch of red paint on the forehead." Even then, for perfect comfort, one should have been born with ventilators between every rib. Our Tommies, as they speed to the front, will envy the natives they will see from the train windows, tilling the fields in an almost complete state of nudity, and regret that as clothes are no use for stopping bullets they cannot be discarded altogether.

The native in Natal plays a much larger part than he does anywhere else in South Africa, on account of his enormous numbers. The white population, though the governing race, are a mere handful, being only some 43,000 amongst this black swarm of 500,000. There has not always been this enormous number, but what else could be

MAJOR COUNT GLEICHEN,

3rd Grenadier Guards, severely wounded at the Battle of Modder River; born in 1863. He served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 with the Camel Corps. From 1886 to 1888 he was engaged in the Intelligence Department of the War Office; he went with Sir West Ridgeway's Mission to Morocco in 1893; was on special service in the Soudan in 1896, and was attached to Sir Rennel Rodd's Mission to Menelik in 1897. Count Gleichen is the author of several works on the subject of his profession, and is grand-nephew to the Queen.

expected? In the old days the native had methods of his own by which population was kept down. That is to say, once every year or so a tribe would feel a yearning to go and "wash their spears" in some other tribe's blood. Then, to keep their hands in during the intervals of peace, there were always the little functions called "smellings out," previously described, by which a sufficient number of fellow humans could be got rid of to satisfy blood-thirsty instincts. But under British government none of these excitements are permitted to the native. He is even vaccinated to prevent him disappearing from small-pox, and as Britannia looks down in a motherly bless-you-my-children way on his habits of keeping a half-dozen or so wives, it is small wonder that his enormous increase—the Native Question as it is called—threatens to be one that will some day override even that of "Boer or Briton?"

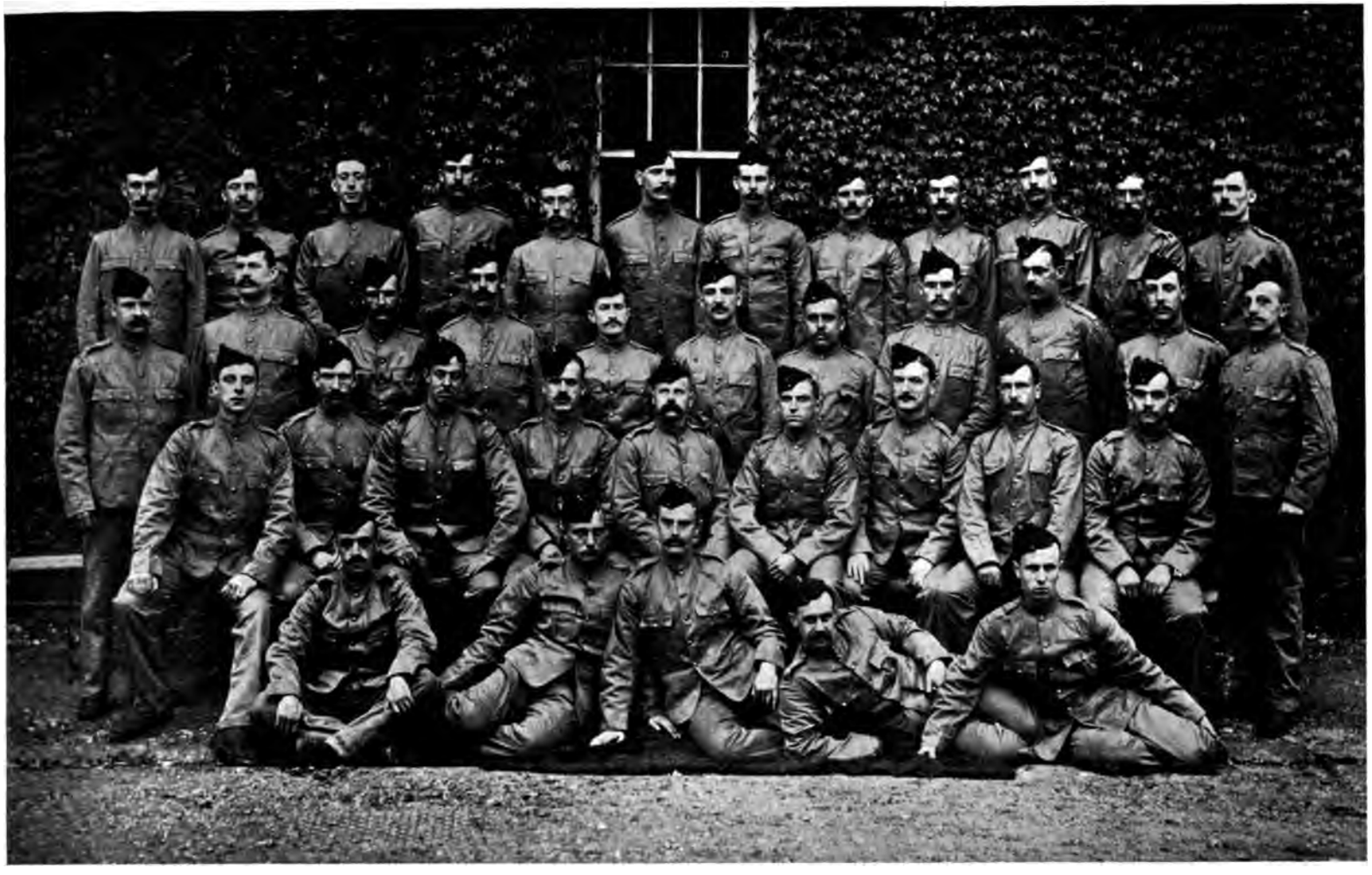
There have been at different times discussions raised as to the advisability of limiting him to one wife, but it appears to have been regarded in the same way as is "robbing the poor man of his beer" in England. Their marriage customs are very peculiar. In Zululand, when "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," he does not go to the girl he has in view and tell her so, according to our simple methods, but discusses the matter with his father and uncles. Then, just to feel the way, an ox is dispatched to her father. If the gift is received in a manner which suggests complaisance, instead of wasting time in gently breathing words of love, the young man goes through the ordeal of "seeing papa," and drives the best bargain he can as to the number of oxen he must pay him for the possession of his adored one's hand and heart. Then the bride collects her spoons, calabashes, pots, &c., and sets out with all her followers for the kraal of the bridegroom, which must be entered at night only, when none of the bridegroom's family

CAPT. ALEXANDER F. LAMBTON,

1st Highland Light Infantry, which he joined in 1888, rising to his Captaincy in 1896. He had seen active service in Kandia in 1898, was mentioned in despatches, and met with his death at Magersfontein.

MAJOR-GENERAL KELLY-KENNY, C.B.,

Commands the 6th Division, though he has never served in South Africa. He has several important appointments at home, including the Command at Aldershot and the Inspector-Generalship of the Auxiliary Forces. In 1860 he served in North China, under Brigadier Jephson, was present at the action of Sinho, being mentioned in despatches, and the taking of Tangkee and Takee Forts. In 1867 he had command of a division of the transport train, and was mentioned in the despatches for zeal, energy, and ability.



POST-OFFICE AND TELEGRAPHISTS CORPS.

Composed of Volunteers from different Telegraph Offices in England and Scotland attached to the 2nd Div., Royal Engineers.

FIRST ROW.—W. Wilson; E. H. Quarmby; Greenfield (Manchester); F. T. Stimpson; E. J. Whibley; C. H. Quinn; J. H. Arundel; T. Whitten (Edinburgh); Rodk. Campbell (Edinburgh); H. Aird (Edinburgh); D. Thomas (Edinburgh); J. H. Nelson

SECOND ROW.—C. J. Jenner; J. F. Metcalfe; F. Clark; W. P. Roby (Manchester); H. Alliston; W. J. Sambells; J. S. Tough; D. McLaren (Edinburgh); R. Poole (Inverness); T. W. Pallett; D. J. Hamer.

THIRD ROW.—F. H. Woodrow; T. Lang (Edinburgh); G. H. Willis; J. Weir (Edinburgh); S. Davis; F. J. Sainsbury; A. W. Swan; A. J. Urquhart (Inverness); W. S. Roberts.

ON GROUND.—J. G. Proudfoot (Carlisle); P. J. Curnow; F. D. Horton (Birmingham); W. B. Ruffell; C. J. Woode.

LIEUT. W. A. BLUNDELL-HOLLINSHEAD-BLUNDELL,

3rd Grenadier Guards, was wounded fatally at Belmont; born in 1871, and received his commission in 1892; was son of Canon Blundell, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. He was a first-rate sportsman and hunted the Windsor Drag Hounds for two seasons.

LIEUT. ERNEST COX,

Seaforth Highlanders, was killed at Magersfontein. He acted as extra A.D.C. to the General Officer commanding the British Division during the Soudan Campaign of 1898, was present at the Battle of Khartoum, and was mentioned in despatches. He was 31 years of age.

BRIGADIER-GEN. REGINALD POLE-CAREW, C.B.

Lieutenant-Colonel in the Coldstream Guards; when Brigadier-General Featherstonhaugh was wounded, he took his place in command of the 9th Brigade, and gallantly succeeded in getting a small party across the Modder River, enabling Lord Methuen's force to follow. He served in the Afghan War, took part in the March to Kandahar, and was mentioned several times in despatches. He was in the Egyptian War of 1882, and in Burmah in 1886-7.

LIEUT. R. B. GRAHAM,

1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of R. B. Graham, late of the Bengal Staff Corps, was wounded at Magersfontein; entered the army in 1894, served in the campaign on the north-west frontier of India under Sir W. Lockhart; in 1897-8 with the Tochi Field Force.

can see her approach. Also the lady is supposed to wander about wailing all night. It must be cheerful for the bridegroom-elect, but then it is etiquette. However, bright and early next day he puts in an appearance in the inner enclosure of his kraal, where the cattle are kept, and the bride comes along with a spear. She commences married life well, for some water is given her in a gourd, which she promptly throws over the happy man, and after hitting his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts with the spear, in token of her authority over them, breaks it, to show how submissive she will be to him. At this point modesty seizes her and she runs away, but her hubby's best men rush and capture her.

A ZULU BRIDE IN WEDDING DRESS AND WEARING BRIDAL VEIL.

If she is a first wife, she takes priority over all her successors. She has a hut on the right of her husband's, while the second wife goes on the left, and after that they are ranged on each side till the establishment forms a sort of horseshoe shape. The huts themselves, as will be noticed in the photograph on page 218 of Part 7, are more like gigantic beehives than anything else, with an outer stockade to surround them all. The much-married husband, excepting for harem disputes, can enjoy a peaceful and restful time to the end of his days, as his wives till the fields and do everything else; his superior strength being devoted to the task of filling and smoking his pipe, unless an opportunity can be got of going to war. The Irishman who sent his little girl out to a crowd in the street with the message: "My father wants to know if there's going to be a row, 'cos, if so, he'd like to be in it," is well represented by the South African black, as the desire of the Basutos to plunge into the war at the present time amply testifies.

It was just the native's penchant for fighting which was the real cause of our war with the Zulus in 1879. Their king, Cetewayo, had for years been establishing and perfecting the most complete savage military organism known to history. Every man was a soldier in one of his regiments, who, until he had "washed his spears in blood," was not allowed to marry, and was sure of certain death if he returned defeated. These mighty regiments hung like a thunder-cloud on the border of Natal, and threatened to, sooner or later, burst and overwhelm it. Already an incursion had been made into territory under our flag to capture two escaped native women, who were afterwards murdered; so, as Cetewayo refused to make redress, or disband his regiments, we decided to look the inevitable future war in the face by com-

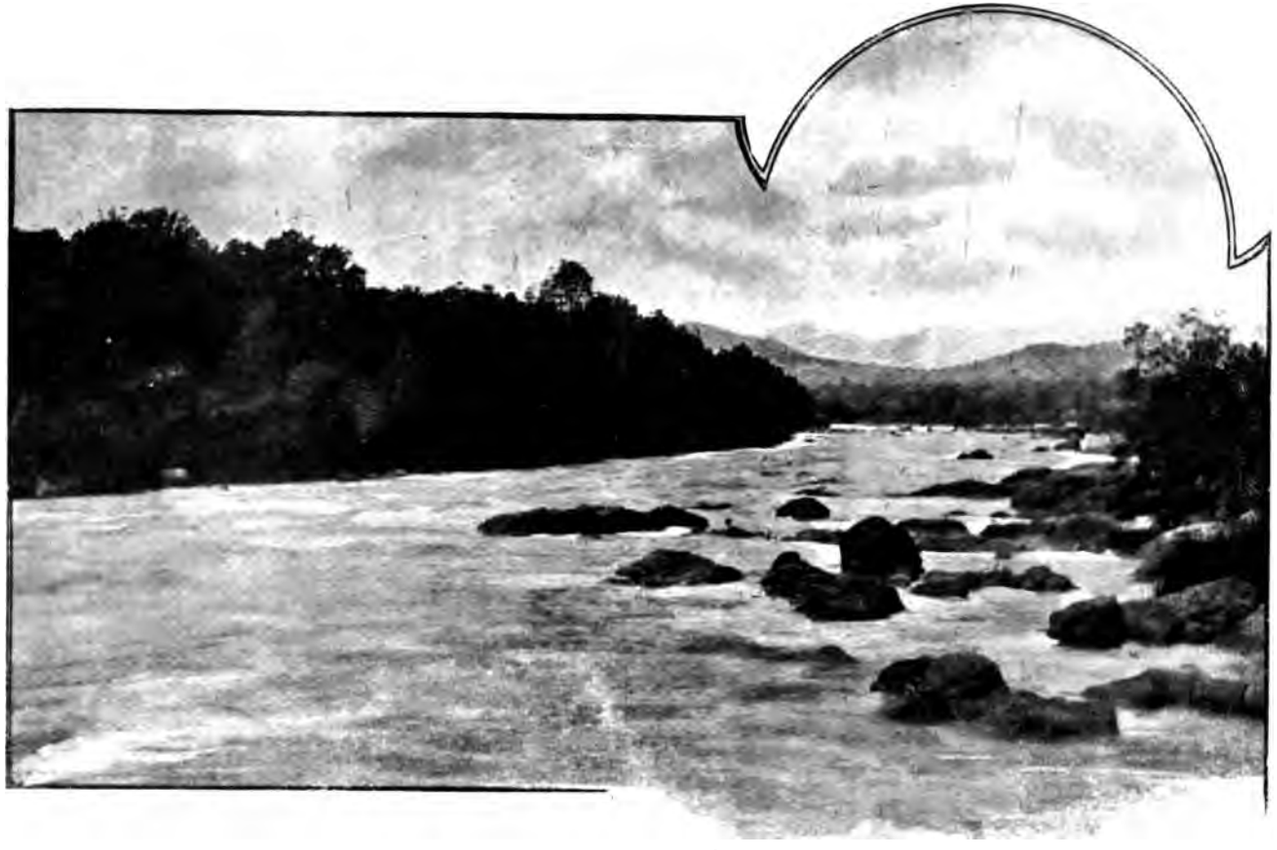
mencing it ourselves. How bad that commencement was, and how triumphant its finish, points a useful lesson to those few who have despaired in face of reverses at the present time. And the cause of our reverses then, as to-day, was neglect of efficient scouting. At the fatal field of Isandula (pronounced Ee-sarnth-tel-warna), of which a photograph is given on page 234, our General with the main body of his troops moved out of camp, leaving it entirely unprotected, under the belief that no enemy was near. Whereas 14,000 men lay close by in hiding, who, when once the coast was clear, swept in a resistless black avalanche on the 700 white troops and 600 natives left in our camp. They were simply enfolded, and, though they fought to the last cartridge, the end quickly came, only about forty Europeans escaping.

BOTHA'S CASTLE IN GREYTOWN BETWEEN PIETERMARITZBURG AND LADYSMITH.

None of the reverses we have sustained at the hands of the Boers were so utterly disastrous as our defeat at Isandula by the Zulu army. But Britons, as they had done before, and will do again ere the present war closes, showed the stuff of which they are made. They had given the Zulus a taste of their quality at Rorke's Drift, when 80 men repulsed, with a loss of 350 left dead on the field of battle, 4,000 of these savage warriors, and they finally (after, however, the usual terrible heart-breaking delays for reinforcements) followed it up by the decisive victory of Ulundi, where the Zulu power was broken for ever. The British War Office is as slow to move, and, some say, as obsolete in its ideas, as its 100-ton guns, but as mighty in operation when

A BOER FAMILY AND FARM-HOUSE ON THE HIGH VELD, NEAR MIDDELBURG.

Middelburg is a small town between Delagoa Bay and Pretoria, from which latter it is distant 90 miles. It was near here that the last lion on the "High Veld" was killed.



KROKODIL POORT ON THE TRANSVAAL'S EASTERN FRONTIER.

It was at the station here that the Boers searched the truck in which Winston Churchill lay buried under sacks, but failed to find him.

THE ROYAL WEST SURREY (QUEEN'S) DIGGING TRENCHES.
A practice which now has doubtless stood them in good stead.

at last brought into action. Thus our defeat at Isandula took place on the 22nd January, 1879, but it was not till the following 4th July that we were able to again give battle at Ulundi, when we then administered such a crushing defeat.

It is extraordinary how we always make the fatal error of starting into our campaigns with about half the proper strength we should have had to successfully cope with our enemies. And it is equally extraordinary that we have not had even worse disasters as the result. For instance, after Isandula, had the main body of the Zulu army made a rush over the Tugela

WEST STREET, DURBAN.

IN THE DRAKENSBERGS.

A range of mountains between Natal and the Orange Free State, and running up to the Transvaal frontier. There are numerous passes similar to the above, which shows the difficult nature of the country, and how easily a large invading army can be checked by a few of the enemy suitably entrenched.

BATTLE-FIELD OF ISANDULA, ZULU WAR.

The Monument was erected in memory of our brave troops who fell in this engagement.

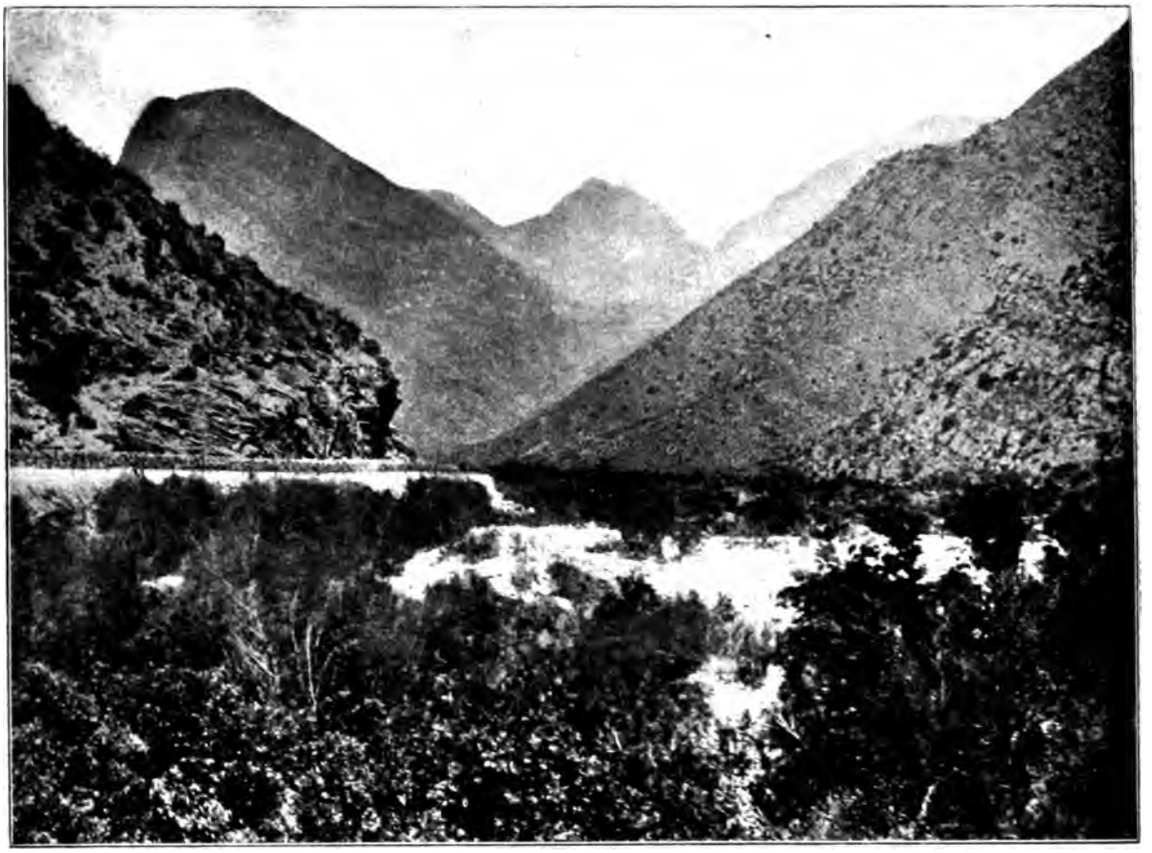
ON THE MODDER RIVER.
Near the scene of the recent engagement.

River into Natal, they could literally have wiped out the whole white population of the colony.

The lower portion of the Tugela River separates Zululand from Natal, but the upper portion runs across Natal, cutting it into two halves, and forms the natural barrier which proved too much for General Buller at Colenso. It is a beautiful stream with plenty of water in it, and is not the usual dry watercourse which, in South Africa, generally passes under the title of "river."

After Ulundi, the British Government, with the mad infatuation of those days, it will be remembered, brought Cetewayo to England, under the impression, apparently, that the sight of London's fogs and the cabs and 'buses in Fleet Street would work his spiritual regeneration. Then, in flat reversal of the advice given by all experienced colonists, they decided to restore him to partial power in his own country. Naturally, the native, always ready for the chance of a row, seized the opportunity for a "picnic" in first-class savage style. Within a week Cetewayo's forces were fallen upon by an army under two of his old chiefs —one of whom was his brother— and 6,000 of them were killed. After this they invaded the territory which had been assigned to the unhappy monarch, and slaughtered every man, woman and child they came across. Poor old Cetewayo fled for his life, and after surrendering to the British Resident, his death solved the problem of what to do with him. The photograph on this page shows the spot where all that is mortal of him remains. The grave is in the circle at the centre of the picture. Here, on

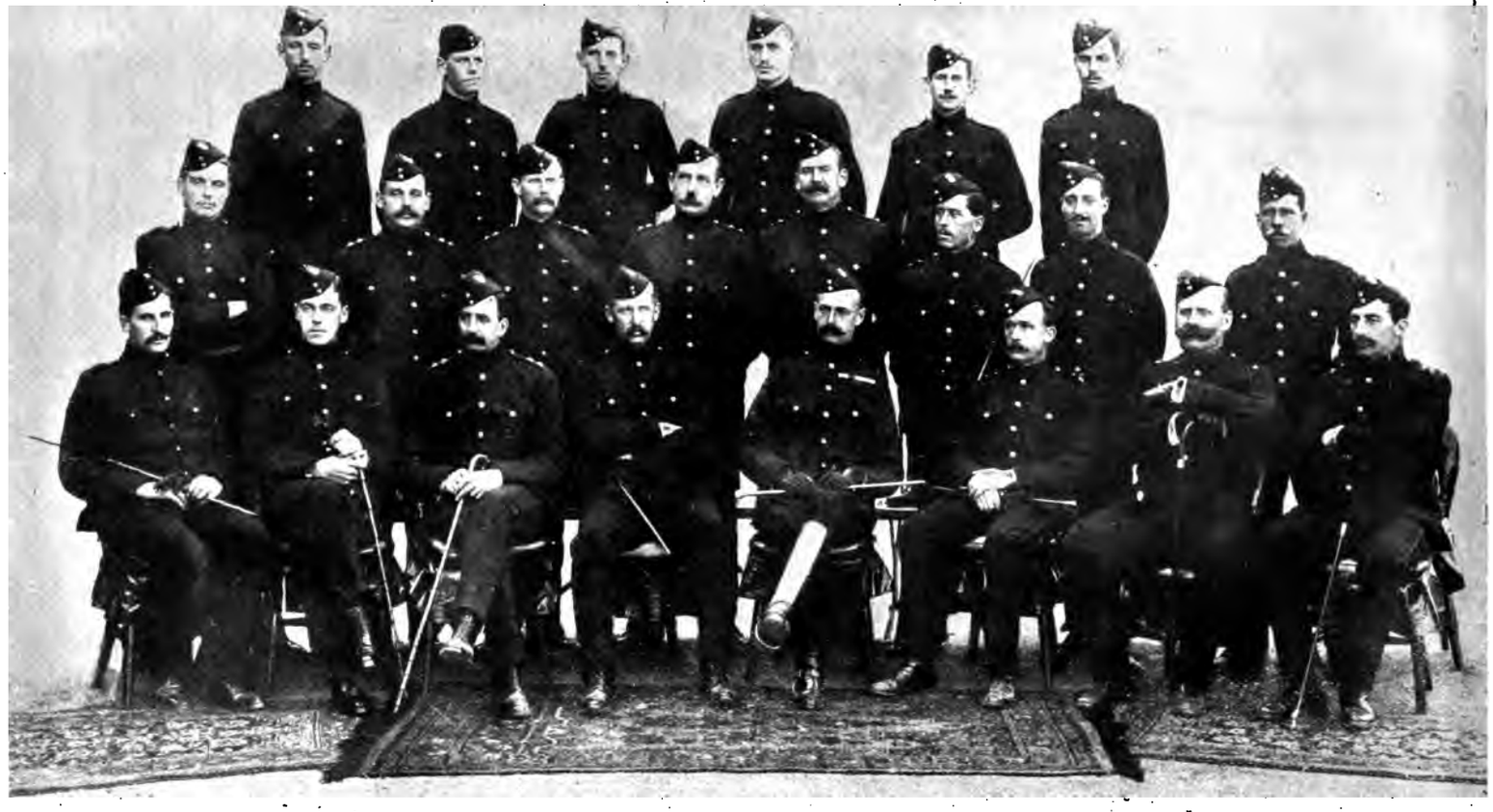
CETEWAYO'S GRAVE IN ZULULAND.
The Grave is in the centre of the illustration.



HEX RIVER MOUNTAINS
Through which the trains containing our troops pass from Cape Town to the front; the railway runs along the embankment shown on the left.

TYPICAL BIT OF BOER COVER.
It is in scaling and carrying places like this that our losses occur.

this wind-swept mountain, the man whose name was a terror, who sent forth armies whose discipline, drill and courage will probably never again be equalled amongst the natives of South Africa—here he rests in his long home. It is a sacred spot amongst the Zulus, who, though thankful that they are no longer under his death-dealing rule, are nevertheless proud to tell of the days when they fought in his resistless "impis," which swept over all other tribes in one red ruin of fire and blood.



MAJOR G. FREND AND OFFICERS OF THE FIGHTING FIFTH (2ND BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS).

This battalion met with terribly heavy losses at General Gatacre's reverse at Stormberg; they attempted to turn out the enemy from an unscaleable hill with the result that many were killed, wounded, or captured.

TOP ROW (standing).—2nd Lieut. J. F. Matthews; 2nd Lieut. L. B. Coulson (prisoner); 2nd Lieut. A. C. L. Jones; 2nd Lieut. H. F. Stobart; 2nd Lieut. H. B. Warwick; 2nd Lieut. G. R. Wake (prisoner).

SECOND ROW (standing).—Lieut. H. J. C. Rostron; Capt. the Hon. H. M. O'Brien; Capt. E. W. Fletcher (prisoner); Capt. and Qr.-Mr. J. Thompson; Capt. W. Somervell; Capt. C. Yatman (Adjutant); 2nd Lieut. A. W. Rickman; Capt. F. B. Morley (prisoner).

FRONT ROW (sitting).—2nd Lieut. H. R. Sandilands; 2nd Lieut. A. M. Gibbes; Capt. F. G. Casson; Major D. S. Stewart; Major G. Frend (Commanding); Capt. J. F. Riddell; Major W. E. Sturgess (prisoner); Capt. W. A. Wilmott.

CAPT. GEORGE WELDON,

2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, aged 32. Killed in action at Glencoe, while placing a wounded comrade under cover; served in the Burmese campaign. He belonged to a regular fighting family, as both grandfathers, father, brother, two uncles, and seven cousins are or were in the army.

MAJOR FREDERICK HAMMERSLEY,

Of the Lancashire Fusiliers, D.A.A.-Gen. Div. Staff, wounded at Glencoe, son of Major-General Hammersley, who fought with distinction in the Crimea. He served with the Nile Expedition in 1884-5 on the lines of communication, was mentioned in despatches, and received his brevet-majority for that campaign. He became full Major two years ago, and was present at Khartoum in 1898.

LIEUT. H. T. CRISPIN,

1st Northumberland Fusiliers, attached to Mounted Infantry on Lord Methuen's staff, was severely wounded in the action at the Modder River, through going to help a wounded comrade; he gave up his horse to the injured man, himself retiring on foot under severe fire.

LIEUT.-COL. GERALD L. J. GOFF,

1st (Princess Louise's) Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed at Magersfontein. Joining the regiment as a Subaltern in 1875, he rose to Captain in 1884, and to Major in 1892. He was in the Zulu war of 1879, was present in the action of Gingindhloow and the relief of Ekowe; was granted a medal with clasp.

GENERAL SIR FORESTIER WALKER (NOW IN COMMAND AT THE CAPE)
Inspecting a Naval Gun Battery.

How often it seems that just those places that are the most beautiful, are the ones which are deluged in seas of gore. "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," could very well be written of all this portion of South Africa. For, since our earliest knowledge of Zululand and Natal, it has been bloodshed upon bloodshed, every few years.

LIEUT. OLDFIELD AND MEMBERS OF THE ARMOURERS' SECTION ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS,
Just before embarking for the seat of war.

And they are such beautiful countries. The title of "The Garden Colony," which people who live there are so proud to give to Natal, is especially well deserved. Instead of the blank monotony of treeless veld or desolate Karoo, the hills and dales of Natal smile in trees and don lovely garments of green, owing to the existence of abundance of water.

An example of the hill

MAJOR-GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER, D.S.O.

Commanding Indian Contingent, and holding Ladysmith under Lieut.-Gen. Sir George White. Was sent from India to Natal with the Indian Contingent, having been selected for service at the front on account of the excellent work he did under Lord Kitchener in the Soudan. He has been wounded more than once by Arab bullets and spears, and is the sort of man whose men will follow him anywhere. In the present campaign, he was one of the first officers to give up his horse to a wounded soldier, who could not otherwise have reached the camp. When the military headquarters were removed to Ladysmith he went there, but as soon as it is relieved he leaves Sir G. White's Staff and joins Sir Redvers Buller as Chief of the Staff. In the meantime he has commanded several most brilliant sorties, destroyed a Boer howitzer, and captured a Maxim.

scenery of Natal was shown on page 21 of Part 1, where a photograph is given of a pass in the mountains separating Natal from the Orange Free State. It can be readily seen what a formidable country we shall have to contend with, and how clever the Boers were in choosing Natal as their fighting ground rather than their own country. In the Orange Free State, for example, many portions of it are flat beyond belief. It is as if Nature had laid out one vast cricket ground of hundreds of miles in extent. There are places, notably near Kroonstad, where, far as the eye can see from the top of a coach, there is no trace of a hillock or rise in the ground, however slight. There is not even a tree, nothing whatever to

HORSE AND GUN OF THE 1ST ROYAL BERKS.
Specially selected by Sir Redvers Buller, when at the Salisbury Manœuvres, for active service on his own staff.

GUN IN ACTION OF THE 79TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.
Now with General Gatacre's division.

catch the eye as it sweeps round. You have the feeling in such a district of being as completely isolated as if lost in a boat, on a shoreless, waveless sea. Could we only get our armies through into such a country as this, we should have not much difficulty in sweeping ahead; but while we have to fight the Boer in the sort of country that he loves so well, where he can get unlimited cover, from behind which to take careful aim at an advancing force, we are playing into his hands. So many of the hills in South Africa are broken into short, steep terraces, to scale which one after the other is a truly formidable undertaking.

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE TRANSPORT.

Top Row (standing).—Lieut. Knox; Major Lewis, Inspector of Transports; Lieut. Doiehty; Captain Welman; Lieut. Longmore; Lieut. Cumberlage
Second Row.—Captain McCormick; Colonel Landon, of the Army Service Corps; Major Rowe, Vet. Inspector Army Service Corps.

The picture on page 237 gives a typical example of the rocky terraces which are almost as difficult as walls to scale; and when a man has both hands and legs fully occupied in tackling such places, it can be readily understood that he has not much chance against an enemy lying comfortably hidden at the top.

If the "gentleman in kharki" does get to the top, he usually finds that his "brother Boer" has remembered an important engagement somewhere else. The latter seems to have an invincible objection to getting indigestion from swallowing a few inches of Tommy's bayonet. Indeed, he is quite surprised at the very idea of anyone wanting to stop and fight

it out. The Boer who, when asked what he thought of the bayonet charge at Elandslaagte answered, in quite an aggrieved tone, "Allemagte! do you think I waited for that?" voiced the sentiments of his entire nation. It is this difficulty of getting to close quarters with our eel-like foe which constitutes the great trouble of our campaign. The burgher is such an intangible sort of customer that if, when the time comes, we can only get him in some place where he can't "run away, and live to fight another day," we shall have something for which to be devoutly thankful. Unless we can administer a really decisive defeat, the Boers may break up into small parties all over the country. Each separate farm will be a nucleus and food

CAPTAIN A. H. HIRE AND DRAFT OF ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY,
Who left Eastney Barracks about a month ago, and by this time will doubtless have seen actual fighting.

supply point, from which to harass our troops; while, as likely as not, its owners profess to have been all along adherents to the British cause. At acts of treachery of this kind the Boer is probably unrivalled. It seems to be his nature to sail in with both sides if he can, and that is the reason why the whole of South Africa is overrun with undetected Boer spies, who blatantly profess their fervent loyalty to the Queen, and desire for the success of the British arms. Probably, if the number of Boer spies in London itself were known, it would considerably astonish the public here.

As an instance of how these fellows cheer on the dog that comes out on top, I will quote a personal experience just after the Jameson Raid. On going up by rail from Cape Town,

we woke one morning on the Transvaal frontier to find ourselves locked in the train, while Boers, carrying loaded rifles, marched up and down to guard us. Then, one by one we had to go into the Custom House to have our persons and trunks searched, to see that we carried no fire-arms. A sort of Colonial Dutch Englishman, or English Dutchman, felt me over for fire-arms. When he had done so, I said, "Now I must feel you over to see you haven't got any," which I did. Apparently this rather pleased him, for the next time I saw him in Johannesburg, he stopped and commenced a conversation. I asked him how he was getting on; to which he replied, "I got the sack from that billet with the Government." "Oh," I said, "how was that—you seemed to do your searching very efficiently?" "Well," he replied, "the fact of the matter was, they found out that I had been just previously engaged in helping the Uitlander Reform Committee to import guns. I was getting two guineas a day when I was with them, but, of course, when they 'busted up,' as I found I could get a billet with the Government, I took it!" If I remember right he then made the inevitable Johannesburg proposition, "Come and have a drink," and proceeded to grumble at the hard times, when an honest man could not make a living. "But what can you expect," he went on, "under such a Government as this? My sympathies are all with the Uitlanders really, and they'll have to enter into a revolution sooner or later. Don't you think so?" I did not express my feelings very freely in reply to this artless application of the pump, for it had dawned on me that my gentleman was *a Boer spy*.

LIEUT. HENRY ADOLPHE LEVERSON,
1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, was wounded in the Battle of Colenso. He joined his regiment in 1892, and belonged to the Staff College.

LIEUT. GILBERT CHARLES DALRYMPLE FERGUSSON,
2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, was killed at Surprise Hill. After serving in one of the Militia battalions of the Rifle Brigade, he was gazetted a lieutenant in 1898. He was at the Battle of Khartoum, and received the Egyptian medal with clasp and a medal. He was educated at Marlborough, where he was captain of the College Rifle Corps, and was the only surviving son of Colonel John A. Fergusson, Professor of Tactics, Military Administration and Law, at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

The northern portion of Natal, in fact, as far down as Grey Town, is simply infested with Boer farmers, who are only waiting to see which way

the cat will jump before committing themselves against us. If they rise, it will make General Buller's task still more difficult by reason of the fear of having his communications harassed by an enemy coming in from behind, while to detach a force into that difficult country, and to storm kopjes, some of which constitute perfect fortresses made by nature, such as Botha's Castle, near Grey Town (see photograph on page 231), would be only to court fresh reverses.

THE MAIN ROAD, WYNBERG.
One of Cape Town's beautiful suburbs, where the British have a permanent barracks and military hospital.

Of course, even open country can be fortified by trenches in such a way as to make it exceedingly hard to carry a position carefully chosen and got ready by an enemy for some time previously; but then, unless there is something to force an army to pass a place of that sort, they would merely march round it Open country may be very difficult where a river has to be passed, which in long ages has sawed itself a deep course, and runs at the bottom of high banks, as was the case at Modder River, as it affords cover for a host hidden below the level of the surrounding country. Of some portion of this river nothing whatever was visible; and our regiments, marching up, had nothing to show them where it was until a line of fire burst out along its whole length from the hidden foe. Of another portion, near the point where the Modder unites with the Riet, a photograph is given on page 236, showing the river in the normal condition of a South African stream: that is, here a deep pool of water, and there a boulder forming a crossing-place where one could go over dryshod.

OFFICERS 2ND BATTALION PRINCE ALBERT'S SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Under General Sir F. Clery in lines of communication.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Lieut. H. G. R. Burges-Short; Lieut. H. J. R. Allfrey; Capt. A. B. Whatman; Lieut. J. C. Thomson.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Lieut. C. B. Prowse; Capt. L. G. T. Chandler; Brevet Lieut.-Col. G. H. H. Couchman, D.S.O.; Major C. W. Napier-Clavering; Lieut. T. B. Maddocks; Lieut.-Col. E. J. Gallwey; Major C. B. Little; Major R. B. Williams; Capt. E. G. Elger; Lieut. H. FitzW. Hardman; Capt. and Adjt. E. H. Swayne (standing at right).
ON GROUND.—Lieut. A. W. S. Patterson; Lieut. R. H. M. C. Miers; Lieut. C. H. Little.

MAJOR ARMITAGE AND OFFICERS OF THE 79TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.
Now with General Gatacre's Division.
TOP ROW (standing).—Lieut. Allcard; Capt. Glanville.
SECOND ROW.—Lieut. Montgomery; Major Armitage; Lieut. Dyson.

BARBERTON.

ONE of the most interesting places in the Transvaal, and the third town of importance in it, after Johannesburg and Pretoria, is Barberton. While all the other towns in the country are wholly, or partially, Dutch, Barberton is as Uitlander as Johannesburg itself. The place might be called the father of Johannesburg, though it has been so much eclipsed by its mighty offspring. It will be remembered that it was in the Barberton district that the first gold in reefs was found in the Transvaal, and though most of them turned out very badly, disappointing the rosy hopes which were at one time entertained of its various properties, it was a school where experience was obtained, which, though painful in its acquirement, spelt fortune to those who left it and went to Johannesburg.

GROUP OF SERGEANTS OF THE 2ND EAST SURREY REGIMENT,

With men of the 12th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers (The Civil Service), who were quartered with them last Easter; the dark uniforms are the East Surrey, and the light uniforms the 12th Middlesex. Most of these latter have now volunteered, and are eager to go to the front.

As already mentioned in an earlier chapter, had it not been for the discovery of gold at Barberton, the Transvaal could have never continued to exist as an independent State, but the finding of gold changes many things. As Mr. Mathers wrote in 1887: "Three years ago Barberton had no existence. It was as destitute of evidences of civilisation as when the now migrated lion, zebra, elephant, and tiger, roamed undisturbed in the mountain solitudes now peopled by its energetic inhabitants. At that time prospecting parties left Moodies to explore the locality; a member of one of these, Mr. Graham Barber, discovered in a deep gorge the reef which gives the town its name; a few more finds were made, and some tents went up on the spot. As time wore on these gave place to Kaffir huts, and grass and reed houses, and the population, which gathered slowly at first, received large additions when the exciting news of the discovery of the far-famed Sheba spread throughout South Africa. In July of last year the town was composed of 30 houses of wood and iron, and as many mud and thatched dwellings, together with the primitive structures I have just named. To-day, Barberton is a town of about 4,000 inhabitants, and is a financial and trading centre for a population of another 4,000."

Since those palmy days, however, things have gone back rather than forward, and the population, even in ordinary times of late, has been

PIPERS OF THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS.

probably less than half the figure which the genial editor of "South Africa" quoted in 1887. But whether Barberton spelt loss or profit, those who have ever lived there, one and all, bear testimony to the rollicking genial friendliness of the place. There has always been that rough-and-ready hospitality there, and disposition to share the last crust, which so distinguished it even from other places in South Africa.

Yes; the inhabitants of "Good old Barberton," as we used to call it, were generous to a fault. They had the virtues and the failings of the true mining camp, and the whole place, with its mines amongst the high hills, might have been dropped straight out of one of Bret Harte's books. I well remember the first subscription list that was brought round to me there, it was so typical of the life of the place. A nigger, it appeared, had murdered his master and mistress at a neighbouring place called Steynsdorp, and a few of the inhabitants had been a little hasty, that is to say, they had broken into the prison, taken him out, and lynched him. This was too much for the majesty even of Transvaal law. They had been arrested, and our money went to employ counsel to prove that the nigger must have hanged himself, and then carted down his own body and buried it of his own free will. The manifest justice of our cause triumphed, and the lynchers were received in Barberton after their acquittal as if they had added another empire to the kingdom. Of course, lynchings were not matters of everyday occurrence. The inhabitants, as I have remarked before, were a simple, good-hearted lot. In the Market Square there grows a tree which the old inhabitants used to fondly point to in connection with the first visit of the Chinaman to Barberton. As far as I could understand the tale, Chinamen were at that time unknown in the Transvaal—at any rate in that district—and the inhabitants did not know quite how to fittingly welcome a son of the "Flowery Land." They felt that he would be different to other men, and should have a different reception. Their eyes fell on the tree; it was leafy, and its branches were strong, so they took and hanged him on it! They have been wondering ever since—these simple-hearted people—why there have been no Chinamen since. Certainly I saw none when I was there, though at Johannesburg at nearly every street-corner one of these almond-eyed pigtail wearers has a tiny shop.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAMOUS SHEBA MINE, BARBERTON.

There was nothing stiff or conventional about the Barbertonians; though at that time, as they regarded themselves as quite sedate and middle-aged, it was only on special occasions they reverted to the frolicsomeness of early youth. A little incident, which occurred at the first races I went to there, was a very good illustration of this, and is of special interest at the present time, as showing the state of smothered feeling which has all along existed between Boer and Briton. It was towards the close of the afternoon. We had just been duly edified with the way in which a rank outsider was brought in as winner. That is another story, as Kipling would say, but I must diverge for a moment to tell it. There were three horses in the race, two good ones, and the third so bad that impossible odds were being called against it, which even then no one would take. Doubtless the affair had been "worked," for the two good horses were allowed to start and get nearly round the course, when the judges gave it as a false start. Then, when blown from their previous run, they had to try conclusions with the outsider that had never stirred from the starting-post, with the result that it easily won. The crowd swarmed over the course, and it was then that the incident to which I have referred took place. A Boer mounted policeman rode up to one of the acquitted Steynsdorp lynchers, named Steel, who was crossing the course, and ordered him off. "Can't you see I'm going off," said Steel. "Well, go quicker, can't you," retorted the Boer, at the same time striking at him with his sjambok. He little knew the Tartar he was catching. In an instant Steel had the sjambok out of his hand, and was giving him the thrashing with it he so richly deserved. This affair led to an instantaneous revival of the never extinct, though smouldering, hatred of English and Dutch. The Boer police were going about saying that they would fight any Englishman who liked to come forward for £50 a-side. Presently an Englishman did come forward—a little, broad-shouldered man, with a bright, confident air, who intimated that his backers were ready to put up the money. A hulking, mounted policeman, 6 feet 3 inches high, entered as his opponent. We all forgot about the races, and came tumbling over each other to see what was the cause of the crowd. The men stripped to their waists, and a more unequal-looking pair it would have been hard to find. And the inequality seemed even more exemplified, when in half-a-minute the big Dutchman

PILGRIM STREET, BARBERTON.
There is a drinking canteen in every building visible except one.

had knocked the Englishman almost head over heels. However, up he came again, and they were just resuming the fight when the Commandant of the mounted police rode up with his men to stop the affair. "Let 'em fight it out," called the crowd; "what on earth do you want to stop it for? you must be afraid your man will get beaten." Whether it was these taunts, or whether in the secret hope of being able to demonstrate to all the superiority of Dutchmen to Englishmen, the Commandant, who should have been the keeper of the public peace, replied in a voice loud enough for us all to hear, "Well then, d—— it all, they shall fight it out. I'll form a ring and see that they do it myself!" How we cheered and laughed at

OFFICERS OF THE CARABINIERS (6TH DRAGOONS).

This regiment under General French has been harassing the Boers and giving them a lot of trouble. In numerous reconnaissances lately the Carabiniers have been well to the front with their gallant colonel, and have earned their full share of glory in the recent skirmishes which have resulted in our re-occupying Colesberg.

his delightfully Gilbertian notions of a policeman's duties; but next minute we looked more serious, for again the little Englishman had been knocked flat down by his huge antagonist. The latter, however, bore the marks of a decidedly swelling eye. In characteristic Boer fashion, he wanted to rush in and go for his fallen enemy on the ground, from which he was restrained with difficulty. In the next round, however, the little Englishman made the Boer's chest bleed, but was again knocked over as completely as before. Up he came again, however, and in half-a-minute the tables were turned, for it was his big opponent who was knocked down. And then, arising with a crestfallen air, the Boer announced he had had

enough of it. Oh, the wild excitement of the British community. The little Englishman was carried shoulder high, while the Boer Commandant made a speech in which he offered next day to bring one of his men who would fight any "verdomde Engelschman" they liked to bring. There was a lot of wild talk on both sides for a few minutes, but the last I saw of the affair was the Englishman shaking hands with his late opponent, and standing drinks, not only to him, but also to the Commandant and the whole of his thirty police.

I do not think I ever saw the people of Barberton quite so excited as they were after they returned into the town that night. Every bar in the place was crammed, and this was saying a good deal, for the number of them was almost beyond belief. In the picture on page 252 of Pilgrim Street, Barberton, every building visible, except the shanty on the left-hand side, is a bar. Men would come into Barberton for the races from all the outlying creeks and

THE RAILWAY STATION, PIETERMARITZBURG.
From a photograph kindly supplied by the Agent-General for Natal.

kloofs, where the different gold mines were situated, for forty or fifty miles round. Some of them were nice primitive specimens; others, however, could never shake off the habits of an effete civilisation. In the early days of the rush to Barberton, there was a young fellow out from home who, during the years he lived at Cape Town, was known as "The Masher." His cuffs were always "just so," and, like his collars, of the whitest and glossiest; his trousers had always the correct crease, and his patent-leather boots beyond envy. In short, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he was spotlessly and radiantly beautiful. To the astonishment of his friends at Cape Town, he was, however, seized with the gold fever, and went up-country to a mine near Barberton. They were curious to know if he still kept up his ideas of faultless dress and being the masher, so they wrote to enquire from a friend who worked on the same property. He replied, "Smith, I regret to say, has only altered a little; *he still wears socks!*"

Those were the days when prospecting parties, with their donkeys carrying panniers of mealie meal, were scouring the country from end to end, searching for reefs. Fellows would waylay you at every street-corner and produce from their pockets the most marvellous samples of ore, studded with gold, in a manner which, if the whole mine had only been equal to the samples, would have made their fortunes a hundred times over. Those who put gold into the syndicates they were for ever forming to work these properties, seldom saw the colour of their money again, except in the original sample; for they had yet to learn that "a mine which produces samples produces nothing else." A very curious instance of the unreliability of specimens, and the reckless haste with which men embarked their money on the strength of them, was furnished by the celebrated case of the Hottentot Boulder Mine, as it was called. Some prospectors were on the top of a hill near Barberton, and sat down for lunch on a huge

VIEW OF PRETORIA IN 1870.

boulder, which lay on the very summit. While eating it, one of them absent-mindedly chipped a piece off the boulder with his hammer. To his astonishment it looked so rich as to be almost like solid gold. The boulder was a sort of blue-grey quartz; and there, just under it, was a vein of blue-grey quartz running into the hill. There was no need to wait for anything more; they rolled the boulder down the hill and then carted it into Barberton, where they extracted from it its precious constituent. When the news went round that over £4,000 had been divided amongst the fortunate owners, out of the proceeds of the boulder alone, the public showered their money into the new company, which was quickly formed to work the "reef of undoubtedly the same richness" which was discovered under the boulder. No one took the trouble to go out and test the reef for themselves; it was only the company into which they had put their money who did that. And then they found of gold absolutely not one trace.

MOODIES DAM, BARBERTON.

The public at that time were so excited over the discovery of the Sheba Mine, near Barberton, that they were ready to fling their money into almost anything. The Sheba was discovered in a very similar accidental sort of way to the Hottentot Boulder; but instead of proving a frost, it was the mine which first caused the eyes of the whole world to be turned to South Africa as a gold-producing country. The returns from it in the early days were perfectly phenomenal, as may be readily imagined when it is mentioned that the company started work "on tick," with no working capital whatsoever. It had not even money to pay for its registration, but had to give some of its own scrip, and had to commence work contending with every difficulty and disadvantage. The nearest battery where their stuff could be crushed was ten miles away, in Rimer's Creek, near Barberton, and between their mine and that point the ore had to be conveyed as follows:—First, it had to be carried in sacks, on the backs of Kaffirs, to the top of their hill, which may be seen in the photo, on page 251, then loaded on to ox-waggons, which brought it two miles further to the top of Elephant's Kloof. This kloof was two miles long, and impassable to waggons, so Kaffirs had to again carry it the whole length, and load it again into fresh waggons, which trekked with it into Barberton.

The photographs in this number are by James Ball, page 250; Bassano, page 241; Chancellor & Son, pages 239, 245, Charleton & Son, pages 242, 248; Stephen Cribb, pages 228, 243; J. T. Cumming, pages 225, 229, 233, 247; John Edwards, pages 229, 239; N. P. Edwards, photographs ot views, &c.; H. Morgan Franks, page 225; Hills & Saunders, pages 226, 229, 245; Charles Knight, pages 227, 253; Lafayette, pages 226, 229; H. W. Macdonald, page 239; J. Russell & Sons, pages 238, 239, 240, 242, 244; Thiele & Co., cover; Wildman & Co., pages 240, 249.

BOER FARM IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE MODDER RIVER.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

IX.

FALLS OF THE UMGENI RIVER AT HOWICK (NATAL).

The Umgeni is a small river in the middle of Natal, rising near Fort Nottingham, flowing to the north and then east of Maritzburg, eventually falling into th sea near Durban.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difficulties which the Sheba Mine met with at commencement, so wonderfully rich was its ore, that out of the very first crushing it was able, not only to pay expenses, and buy machinery, but actually declare a dividend. That the shares of such an extraordinary property went up by leaps and bounds goes without saying. The £1 shares, which at first had dropped to 2s. 6d., went up to £100, and the lucky original holders found themselves possessed of fortunes.

Though the ore has fallen off from the fabulously rich quality it showed at first, the mine is still one of the great gold producers of South Africa; though it has been since somewhat outclassed by the steady outputs of the great mines at Johannesburg, with their enormous bodies of low grade ore. Excepting the Sheba, the mines round Barberton, from one cause or another, have been one long series of disappointments. At Moodies, which is about the same distance from Barberton as the Sheba, only in the opposite direction, there are hundreds of companies possessing properties from which very great

things were expected, but their success is still in the future, though the parent company have spent large sums in fitting-up electric power stations to drive their batteries, building a huge dam to conserve water (of which a photograph is reproduced on page 256), &c.

At present the district must be as silent as the grave, with all the Uitlander mining population fled to Delagoa Bay, which is only a hundred miles away. Fortunately they had the railway to take them, as though so near it was a terrible place to reach in the old days, marshy and bog infested in places, with the possibility of losing your life from the deadly Delagoa Bay fever *en route*, or from the lions, which were very plentiful. A friend of mine, who came through from there in the early days, lost two of his oxen from these animals, and he said it gave him the worst turn he had ever had in his life, when he found how near the lion had been to him when carrying them off. At the Krokodil River (see photograph on

BOERS IN THE MARKET SQUARE, BARBERTON.

page 232), which has to be crossed, there was the further risk from the crocodiles, which may be seen opening lazy eyes as the train passes on its way to Delagoa Bay. It is close to the portion of the river shown in this photograph that the station of Komati Poort is situated, where the Boers searched the truck containing Mr. Winston Churchill, but failed to find him, as they did not look deep enough under the coal sacks. Komati Poort is the Transvaal's frontier station on that side; so having once passed it he was able to feel himself a free man.

Unless compelled, the Barberton people, though so near, pay as few visits as they can to Delagoa Bay. It is so emphatically not "the place to spend a happy day," that the Barbertonian prefers to remain self-centred in his own snug little town. Of course, it is no longer the madly rollicking place that it was formerly, when everyone seemed to be thinking "life is a joke that is just begun," and acting accordingly. Each was a law unto

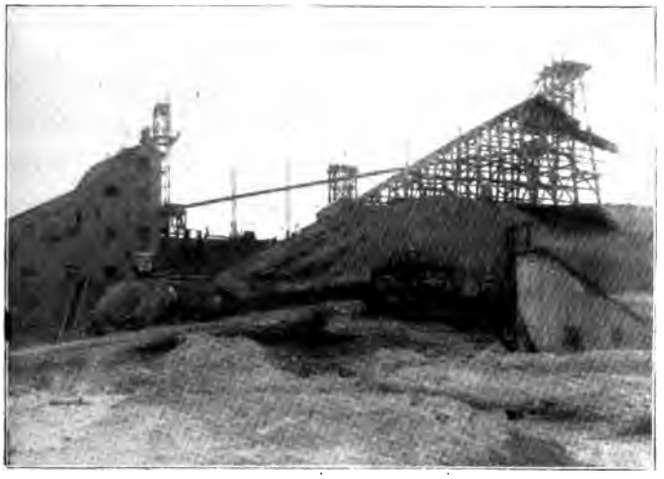
MAJOR-GENERAL J. D. P. FRENCH.

Commands the Cavalry Division in South Africa. He has already Eland's Laagte on his record, the capture of the Boer camp at Besters, and to these are added a series of admirably-planned cavalry operations, which have considerably checked the tide which at one time seemed to turn in favour of the Boers. Had he only a sufficient number of troops under his command he would soon cut the Boer communications and bring dismay and defeat to the enemy. He narrowly escaped being shut up in Ladysmith, but managed to escape in the last train out, and then had to run the gauntlet of the Boers firing at his train. General French distinguished himself in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, *and had command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot.*

KIMBERLEY.

This town has been besieged by the Boers for three months, but owing to the gallant defence of the troops, under Colonel Kekewich, the Union Jack has not yet been hauled down. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is also in Kimberley, as he wished to be on the spot and share any dangers which might arise.

himself, and his deeds formed part of the general fun. Perhaps the most ridiculous farce of all was the first prison, which was said to have notices on the walls warning prisoners not to lean against them lest they should go through. The only man who ever had any cares and worries there was the gaoler. He was not a hard-hearted Boer, especially when his palm was well oiled; but it *was* ungrateful of his prisoners to stop out of doors late at night when he wanted to retire to his virtuous couch. Consequently, a time came when he felt he must assert himself. So he wrote a notice: "Any prisoners who are not in by eleven at night will be locked out!" One prisoner, however, took a mean advantage of him. He enticed him down town, and made him so drunk that he could do nothing. Then he drove him back, and locked him up in his own goal, after which he went to the

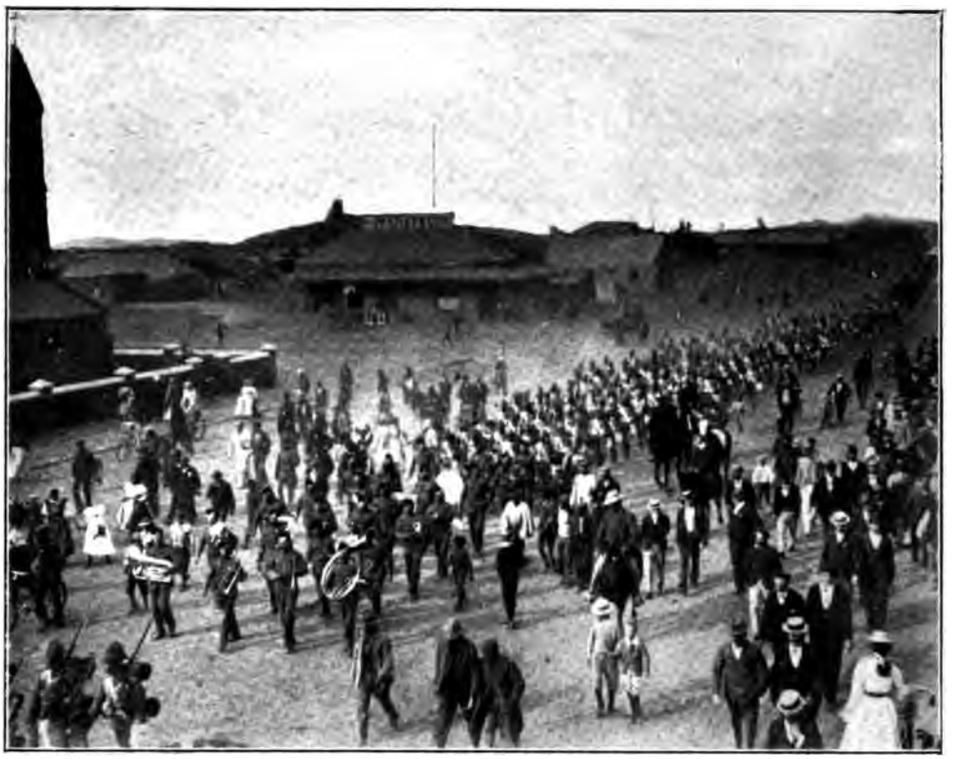


KIMBERLEY—ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SHAFT-HEADS.

The trucks are hauled up the sloping incline, and the contents discharged by the wooden shoot to the right of the scaffolding.

THE VELD NEAR KIMBERLEY.

The scene of the fight on October 24. Riverton Road Railway Station shown in the distance, and a small kopje is on the right of the picture, covered with boulders and stones—this shows the difficulties of the ground our troops have to storm.



1ST BATTALION LOYAL LANCASHIRE AT KIMBERLEY.

Landdrost and lodged a charge against the gaoler for drunkenness, for which he actually got a reward before making himself scarce and the fact of his being a prisoner coming to light.

When I was there, however, the Government were building an exceedingly strong gaol, and people were talking instead of the clergyman of the English Church, who had decided that clerical duty was not sufficiently profitable, so had gone on the Stock Exchange, and shut up the church. And shut it remained for some months, until the Bishop came down and took the services for a Sunday. Then, that it might not be shut on subsequent Sundays, he appointed three of us to take the services. One read the prayers, another read a sermon, while I had the modest part of reading the lessons. Whether people came

PIONEERS AND HEAD-QUARTERS SUPPLY WAGGONS AT KIMBERLEY.

to smile in their sleeves at "The Church Syndicate," as they promptly dubbed us three who officiated, I know not, but they came, and as they expressed it, "The Church Syndicate draws record houses." Occasionally a wind-storm would arise, and fill the church with a choking, blinding cloud of red dust before we had time to get the windows closed, while a hailstorm would stop service altogether, the deafening roar produced by it on the roof making human speech absolutely futile and impossible.

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH,

Commanding 1st Batt. Loyal North Lancashire, is now the Commandant of Kimberley, and although a large army of Boers is outside the town, the garrison is confident of making them stop there.

The occasion of the Bishop's visit I shall remember as long as I live. It is not given to many men to hear a Bishop begin to recite the Fourth Commandment and then forget it when he had got halfway through; but such an experience was vouchsafed to me as my introduction to affairs ecclesiastical in South Africa. The Bishop was a very fine and large man, gifted by a bountiful Providence with a full measure of self-confidence and belief in episcopal infallibility. So, without a Prayer-book, he galloped into the Fourth Commandment with the experience born of long practice, blissfully unconscious of the water-jump his tricky memory had placed for him in the middle. "And do all that thou hast to do, but the *sixth* day is the"—the Bishop paused, the misquotation of the "sixth" for the "seventh" had pulled him up short. Again he came swinging up: "But the sixth day is the—but the sixth day is the seventh—the sixth day is the——" It was no go; his memory simply dug its heels in the ground and wouldn't take the fence. There was an awful pause. Then, after a minute of dead, majestic silence, in which we waited for the roof to fall and the world to come to an end, the Bishop turned round, went to the altar, took a Prayer-book, found the place, and then, sonorous as the Rhone when it falls into Lake Geneva, concluded the Commandments without further hitch.

THE LOYAL LANCASHIRE'S AMMUNITION AND MAXIMS AT KIMBERLEY.

LIEUT.-COLONEL OTTER,
In Command of the Canadian Battalion, which sailed for South Africa on October 30, and to whom the City Council presented £150, and to each of his officers £25 and a pair of field-glasses.

The evening service also of that memorable Sunday was not to be allowed to pass without incident; in the middle of the Bishop's sermon, which was delivered from the chancel steps in default of a pulpit, a dog came in at the open church door, ran up the aisle, and assumed a begging posture just in front of "His Lordship." The animal's supplication for an episcopal benediction was, however, not taken in the right light: it was chivied out of church, and, while we held our sides, the Bishop remarked, in his severely judicial, full-bodied voice, "It appears to me that there has been sad neglect in the ecclesiastical training of the dogs of Barberton."

Our choirmaster—we had attained to the dignity of surplices and an American organ—was a stockbroker in rather a big way. His was a splendid voice, and when the broker got broken in the relentless bad times that swept down on Barberton, he turned actor, and shone as a star in grand opera. Then, when competition and the ups-and-downs of a stage career again stranded him, our broker-actor turned transport rider. That is to say, he chartered a waggon and sixteen oxen, and in slouch hat and *veldschoens*, like any old Boer, transported goods on it from one part of the country to another, or made long expeditions trading with the natives in the interior.

But to return to our church. Evening service was a fearful and wonderful business in some respects. The edifice was lighted by oil lamps, one or other of which generally went wrong in the course of the evening. On one occasion a lamp simply wreathed itself in flames, but it was extinguished by a plucky member of the congregation without our being blown through the walls, as we confidently expected we should. But if we sometimes got too much light in this way inside the church, we were not embarrassed by any excess when we got outside. As Barberton was

CAPTAIN B. BUCHAN,
Second in Command of the Canadian Contingent.

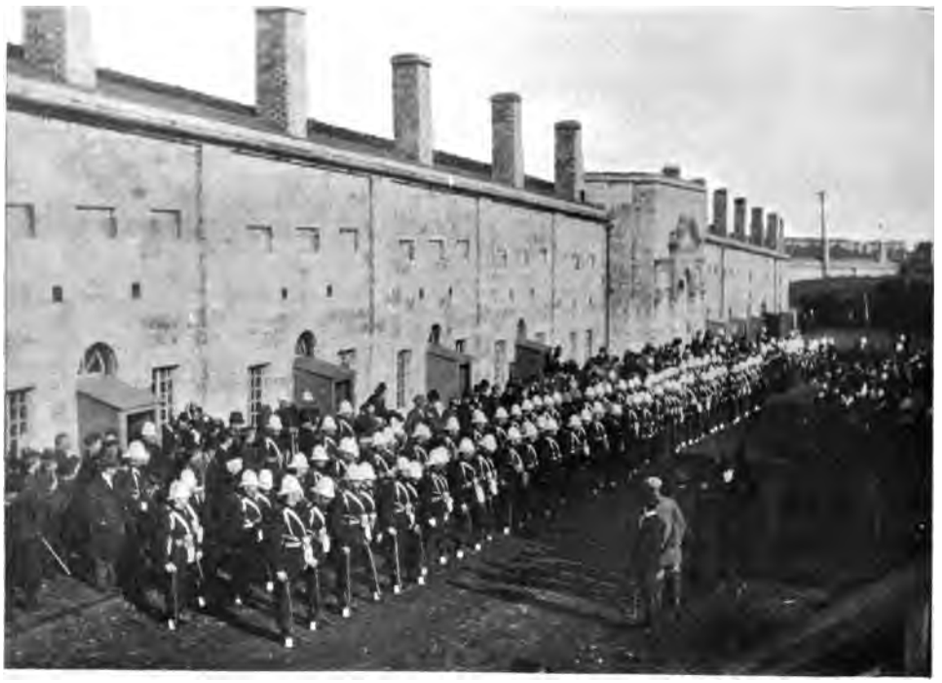
absolutely devoid of any street-lighting whatsoever, and as the town lies at the foot of high hills, to walk home towards them from the church was, if the night was cloudy, like going into Erebus itself. In fact, I sometimes wondered, if I had been by myself, how I should ever have got home at all. I need hardly mention, too, that our streets were laid out on the grandly simple plan of nature. That is to say, that if in the course of the unnumbered ages which preceded the foundation of Barberton a boulder came dow from the hills above the town, in the place where it had fallen, there it would lie. Coming out one night into the blackness I have described, the wind took off my hat and carried it into the limbo of the forgotten with the swiftness of a spirit hand. It was the second I had bought within a week, notwithstanding that I had attempted to do that which no man who knoweth the Transvaal ever succeeded in accomplishing, that is, in plain English, to bring a hard felt hat through to the end of a coach journey without getting it broken. I had been given to understand that it never had been done, and that if anyone succeeded, it could only be through demoniac influence; but I swore to achieve the impossible. No mother ever guarded her first-born babe, or miser looked after his wealth, as I guarded and looked after that hat. For five days and nights of wearied tossing on the coach from Kimberley to Barberton I successfully defended it from all dangers, but on the sixth and last night I slept on the top of it, with the result that it looked more like a pancake than anything else. So worn out was I with the terribly long journey, that my fellow-passengers were laughing at me sleeping peacefully while my poor body was bumping up and down like a tin can on a dog's tail.

CANADIAN TROOPS NOW AT THE CAPE.—MONTREAL AND OTTAWA COMPANIES.

MANITOBA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA COMPANIES.

Of course, in Barberton, where nearly everyone wore the Colonial slouch hat of soft felt,

with a gaily-coloured handkerchief wrapped round, it was no great loss. At Johannesburg the bowler variety of headgear was in almost universal wear. But then, as Barberton people expressed it, "Johannesburg is so beastly civilised; you'll even see people there in white shirts and starched collars." Of course, in the early days it was not so, but now everyone almost is in dress which apes Europe—always barring, however, the frock-coat and silk hat. The association of frock-coat and silk hat we recognised to be as indissoluble as lamb and mint sauce. If one brought a frock-coat to Johannesburg it could not be used because the "topper" was necessary to complete it, and people seemed to have an innate yearning to bash it in over the ears of the wearer. It was not, they said, that they had any objection to



INSPECTION OF THE MONTREAL COMPANY.
Taken just previous to embarking.

silk hats; in fact, they rather liked seeing them; but it was just a little way they had of showing that they appreciated the fact of the wearer putting them on for their benefit. Once upon a time, a "most potent, grave, and reverend seignior" of our Stock Exchange at Johannesburg took unto himself a wife. He was a member of a millionaire house, who moved millions in the Stock Exchange game of bulls and bears with as much ease as we spent sixpences; so those of us who received invitations felt we could not do less than obtain top hats in honour of the occasion. Nearly everyone turned up in a black silk or white "topper," which had been purchased at prices ranging from 1½ to 2 guineas. The ceremony passed off perfectly; the wedding breakfast and champagne were all that could be desired; the wedding guests were waiting with handfuls of rice to see the happy pair depart,

THE QUEBEC ARTILLERY COMPANY.

The Canadian Volunteers experienced their first engagement with the Boers with Colonel Pilcher's attack on Douglas, on Jan. 1st, and scored a brilliant success; they helped to completely surround the enemy's position, and on receiving the order to double into action the Toronto Company rushed forward towards the enemy's position, on which they opened a hot fire which completely subdued the enemy's fire. The Boers' laager was captured with all its contents, and Douglas was then occupied without further opposition.

THE 8TH ROYAL RIFLES, QUEBEC.

When Douglas was evacuated the Canadians contributed no little to the successful operation. At first the troops were carried in waggons, but they at once gave these up to the women, and acted as escort to the refugees; they showed their kindness of heart by carrying the babies for the women, and keeping all lively by singing as they marched.

Table Mountain. Devil's Peak.

TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM A GARDEN AT NEWLANDS.

Showing the opposite side of Table Mountain to that seen when approaching from the sea; near this is Bishop's Court, the seat of the Bishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of South Africa.

when, unfortunately, some imp of mischief woke up the slumbering instinct of the Johannesburg man to bash in the top hat of the man next to him. The man next to him, feeling that one good turn deserved another, passed on the compliment to his neighbour, and in about five minutes' time the whole of the male guests presented a sight fit for the gods. Some of the crowns of their hats had vanished altogether, and they were wearing the bodies as collars. In others, bodies as well as crowns had vanished, the brim only being left as a sort of necklace. It might have been thought that the most potent, etc., bridegroom, when he emerged with his bride, would at any rate have been spared, but some of his more fervent well-wishers, in order that he should not feel that he was left out of the fun, ran after the carriage as it drove away, and bashed his hat in over his eyes.

While people in Johannesburg have such a rooted instinct against the thraldom of the silk hat and frock-coat, in all other respects men's dress there, excepting that perhaps it is neither so fresh nor so well cut, is pretty much the same as in England. Tweed suits and white shirts are the regulation business wear; and in winter, which, especially at night, is almost colder than England, top-coats are in plentiful use. As for a dress suit, the young fellow who leaves his behind under the impression that he will never want it "out there," quickly realises that he has made one of the greatest mistakes of his life. In places like Barberton, or at the mines outside Johannesburg, he will find it is in constant requisition for dances and receptions. Even the better-class young Boers possess them, and many of those who are now

LORD MINTO ADDRESSING THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS JUST BEFORE EMBARKING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

COLONEL DICK AND OFFICERS OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS (4TH MILITIA BATTALION).

Have just embarked at Dublin on their way to the front.

Top Row (standing).—Lieut. C. C. Walker; Lieut. Gordon; Lieut. Hon. R. Bruce; 2nd Lieut. A. Campbell; 2nd Lieut. T. Hazelrigg; 2nd Lieut. N. A. Orr-Ewing; Capt. W. Hall; Capt. H. H. Houldsworth; Lieut. Ronald Stewart.

Second Row (sitting).—Lieut. H. A. Duncan; Major Hon. T. Cochrane, M.P.; Lt.-Col. M. D. Campbell; Lt.-Col. A. C. Douglas-Dick; Major J. Deane; Capt. B. A. Cunninghame

On Ground.—2nd Lieut. Hon. W. Montgomerie; 2nd Lieut. W. Cunninghame; 2nd Lieut. Falkener Stewart.

fighting are said to have their dress suits with them ready for the balls they are going to give in Pietermaritzburg and Cape Town when they have captured them from the British!

It is a most ludicrous feature at the mines to see one of the officials in the full glory of swallow-tails and immaculate shirt in his wretched, untidy bachelor's room. Some of the rooms are awful pigsties, and it never seems to dawn on their owners to try to make them comfortable. Many a man in receipt of £30 or £40 a month, will not spend a sovereign or two in providing a comfortable bed for himself; but, in the midst of his squalor, will produce one or two bottles of "fizz," costing 20s. or 30s. each, to welcome you. I have had

TRANSPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

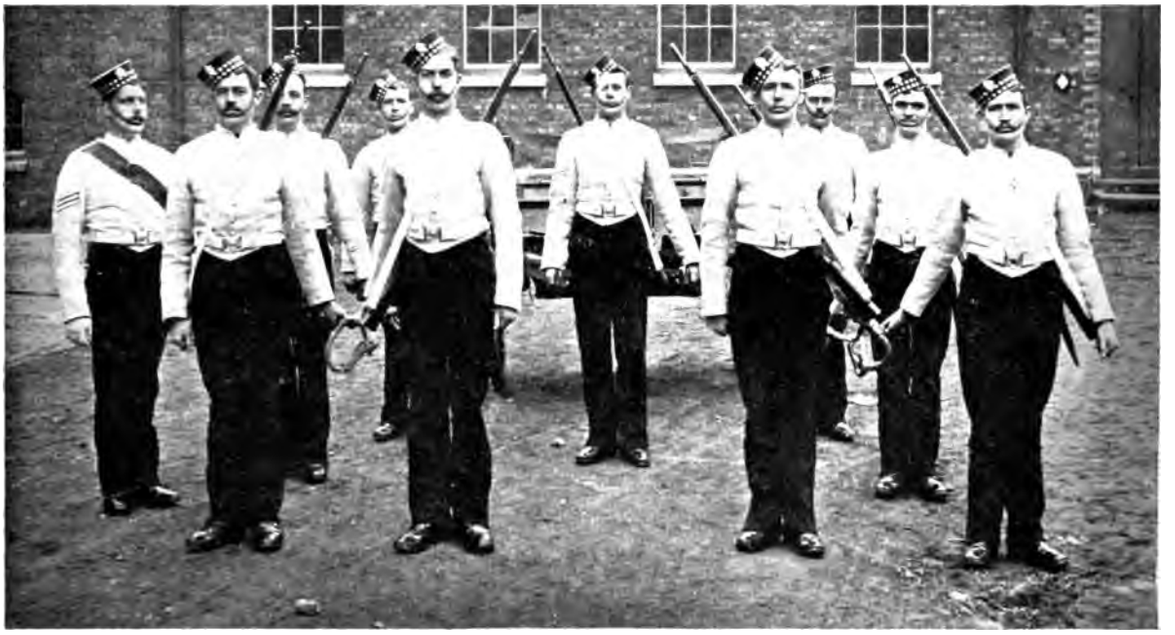
Crossing a kopje, shewing the unevenness of the roads (or rather their absence) in a country like the Transvaal, and giving an idea what it must take to move an army and supply them with food and ammunition.

Beethoven's Sonatas and Chopin's Nocturnes played to me by a master-hand, on a magnificent Broadwood, in a room which looked a great deal more suitable for a pigsty than a human habitation. This disregard for appearances is such a marked feature of life up-country. At Barberton I have ridden out to a mine manager's house and found myself in for a tennis-party, and, as to play in boots was impossible, have not thought that I was doing anything very extraordinary in taking them off and playing in my socks. To be sure it was rather rough on the socks, but then, as any Transvaal bachelor will tell you, a pair of socks may be considered legitimately worn out when you can put them on from either end.

If it is rough on the socks, however, it is even rougher on your feet, for in picturing one of

Capt. Venour. Lieut. Bradshaw. Capt. Codrington (Dorset Regiment). Lieut. Hill.
THE FOUR OFFICERS OF THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS (MILITIA), WHO LEFT FOR SOUTH AFRICA, ON DEC. 23RD, IN CHARGE OF A BATTALION FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

our tennis courts, just switch the eye of your imagination away from the green sward and white stripes of the courts of Old England, and imagine a hard open space from which the top turf has been taken off, with just enough fine gravel remaining on it to make it lively for



Sergeant Carter.
MACHINE GUN SECTION, 1ST SCOTS GUARDS.
This detachment suffered heavily at Modder River. A shell burst in the midst of them, killing Sergeant Carter and four men, and wounding Lieutenant Elwes and the remainder.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN HAMPSHIRE AND ISLE OF WIGHT ARTILLERY (VOLUNTEERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA).

FIRST ROW (standing).—Capt. Watson; Major Hulse; Lieut. Nicholson; Lieut. Knight.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Major Lainson; Col. Moore Lane; H.R.H. Duke of Connaught; Lieut.-Col. Clayton; Major Gordon.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM FRANCIS HESSEY,

1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, wounded at the Tugela River; he joined the army in 1890 and obtained his Captaincy n 1898.

CAPTAIN A. W. H. BELL,

1st Batt. Connaught Rangers, born 1867; was wounded at Colenso (Tugela River), while fighting in the Irish Brigade under General Hart. These troops, it will be remembered, had succeeded in crossing the river under a murderous fire, but being unable to maintain the position won so gallantly, were forced to retire.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ROCHEFORD BOYD,

The Officer in Command of the Royal Engineers, whose active service hitherto dates from the Egyptian expedition of 1882; at Aldershot his experience and organising skill have been found invaluable.

BREVET-MAJOR GEORGE LAKE SYDNEY RAY,

1st Northumberland Fusiliers, served as Assistant Correspondent of "The Times" with Lord Methuen's column. Major Ray was in command of a body of mounted infantry in the battle of Magersfontein, where he was killed endeavouring to save a comrade. He had previously served with the Soudan expedition of last year, and from Egypt went with his regiment to Crete.

CAPT. ANNESLEY JOHN HANCOCKS,
1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, dangerously wounded at Colenso; he joined the regiment in 1885, and became Captain in 1891.

anyone playing in the way I have described. At Barberton we had really capital courts, the surface being made by carting the earth from the ant-heaps in the neighbourhood and stamping it hard after wetting. But at the mines it was just a case of making the best of the nearest piece of land. This latter desideratum was by no means easy of acquirement, as the reefs at Barberton are, almost without exception, in high, steep hills, the country all round being like a storm-tossed sea of frozen waves.

It will be readily understood that gold mining under these circumstances presented far different characteristics to what it did at Johannesburg, where everything is so flat. For instance, when your mine is in the side of a hill some thousands of feet high and nearly vertical, the problem of getting the ore out, and conveying it to the battery-house far below, is a different matter altogether. Obviously no cart can reach such a place, but the system by which the difficulty is got over is a great deal better than carting. The ore goes into buckets which run on long wire ropes, the full buckets in going down on one side carrying the empty ones up to be refilled on the other. One of the wire ropes at the "La Fortuna" Mine is said to be the second longest aerial tramway in the world. It runs from the top of a high hill right across to a hill on the opposite side of a deep valley, and is nearly a mile in length. It is a mine which is a terribly hard place to reach by climbing. One day a

JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS RIET AND MODDER,
Near Lord Methuen's camp, about 35 miles south of Kimberley. Taken in the dry season, when no water is running, it makes an easy passage for waggons.

man thought he would save himself the trouble, so got into one of the buckets of the aerial tram. At first he thought it delightful as it glided upwards with him on its journey, and he recollected how he might have been grinding up that toilsome hill. Then he looked over the side and saw the awful depth of the valley which he had to cross below him; and then, just when his terror was squeezing him down to the bottom of the car, a bell rang, the car stopped, and he remembered that it was lunch time. The miners, with true British-workman instincts, stopped work to the instant, leaving him there, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and an unpleasant world below, and there he had to stay for the next hour.

CAPT. FRANCIS COCKRANE LOFTUS,

Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, was killed at Colenso, and though quite young, had already seen active service in Sierra Leone and West Africa, where he was wounded, and had barely recovered when ordered to the Cape. In Liberia he gallantly carried off a wounded soldier while under fire, and soon after received the wound mentioned. He was born in 1873, and entered the army in 1892.

Not only do the Barberton mines reduce their expenses of hauling ore almost to nil by the use of these aerial tramways, but they get the power to drive their batteries even cheaper. The hills contain such an abundance of water that, instead of having to burn coal costing from £6 to £10 a ton, in engines obtained and erected at fabulous prices, all that is necessary is to lead the water into the battery-houses, and, by means of turbines, drive the stamps. There is one of these water races leading to the battery-house in the Havelock Concession Mine, in Swaziland.

THE BRIDGE OVER LITTLE BUSHMAN'S RIVER,

In the neighbourhood of Estcourt, Natal, the scene of General Buller's operations. The road running from the right over the hill goes to Weenen, 22 miles from Estcourt, and the other road leading over the bridge and round in between the mountains goes to Colenso, 19 miles distant.

It might be thought that, with these two great advantages for cheaply handling the ore, the prosperity of the mines of Barberton would have been assured; but to make a successful mine, something more is wanted than cheap working and a rich reef. For instance,

ON THE MARITZBURG RAILWAY,

In the neighbourhood of Estcourt, Natal, scene of General Buller's operations. Near the bridge over the little Bushman's river, the building over the line is the Police Fort; the road on the right over the mountain leads to Maritzburg, winding to the south of Estcourt.

the reef may be so narrow — perhaps only one or two inches wide— that an enormous quantity of waste rock has to be taken out along with it in order to give the miners room to work. Then, again, the Barberton mines proved to be so terribly uncertain in their quality as well as their quantity. Perhaps for days and days the reefs would vanish altogether, and then just when the mine manager felt fairly desperate, the next blasting would, perhaps, reveal a perfect "jeweller's shop," with all the walls of the tunnel bright with gold on every side. Such uncertain mining as this was the very thing to foster the wildest speculation. Johannesburg has seen some ups and downs in its share market, but they were nothing in comparison with the speculation of Barberton. As an instance, there was a mine called the Kimberley Imperial, whose £1 shares were at one time £14 each. A man I knew had a thousand of them, and he lost the chance of realising £14,000 through his horse shying. He was riding past the Exchange when a broker stopped him and offered him that price, but, just when he was about to accept, his horse turned restive and

THE RIET RIVER,

Three-quarters of a mile above the junction with the Modder, near Lord Methuen's camp, about 35 miles south of Kimberley.

MAJOR-GEN. THE HON. N. G. LYTTELTON, C.B.,

Commanding the Fourth Brigade of the 1st (Lord Methuen's) Division. Belongs to the famous cricketing family. Served with the Rifle Brigade in Canada and India, but specially distinguished himself in the Egyptian Campaign, 1882; he also helped Lord Kitchener to win the battle of Omdurman.

COLONEL HICKSON AND OFFICERS OF THE 2ND EAST KENT (THE BUFFS).

FIRST ROW (standing).—2nd Lieut. Greatwood; 2nd Lieut. Forth; Capt. Eustace; Capt. Trevor; Surg.-Major Geddes; Lieut. Findlay; Capt. Finch-Hatton; Lieut. Ronald; Lieut. Barnard; Lieut. Baird; Lieut. Worthington.

SECOND ROW (sitting).—Capt. Godfrey-Faussett; Capt. Marriott; Capt. Booth; Capt. and Adj. Geddes; Col. Hickson; Major Backhouse; Capt. Dyne; Lieut. Knight.

OFFICERS OF THE 1ST SUFFOLK REGIMENT.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Major E. A. Kemble; Lieut. A. S. Peebles; 2nd Lieut. F. W. Wood-Martin (prisoner); Capt. W. G. Thomson (prisoner); 2nd Lieut. A. H. W. Temple; Capt. S. E. M. Lloyd; Capt. H. F. H. Clifford; Lieut. C. A. White (killed); 2nd Lieut. A. E. Allen (prisoner); Lieut. F. T. D. Wilson; Lieut. S. J. Carey (killed); Lieut. A. P. Frankland; Lieut. Qr.-Mr. A. Smith.

SECOND ROW (sitting).—Capt. A. W. Brown (prisoner); Capt. C. A. H. Brett (prisoner); Major A. C. Cubitt, 2nd in Command; Lieut.-Col. A. J. Watson (killed); Major V. W. H. Graham (severely wounded); Lieut. and Adj. F. A. P. Wilkins (killed).

BOOKING OFFICE AND STARTING POINT AT KIMBERLEY OF THE COACH TO JOHANNESBURG, BEFORE THE RAILWAY.

There were 12 seats inside (very close indeed), and the best seat of all was the middle one of the three behind the driver—there you had room for your legs.

refused to be quieted for a minute or two. The broker was called off to something else, and the transaction never went through. He still has the shares, and they make an excellent substitute for wall-paper in his room. There are rooms to be seen, both in Barberton and Johannesburg, which are papered entirely with gold mine scrips that originally cost thousands to the unfortunate owners.

A POSTING HOUSE ON THE OLD COACHING ROAD, KIMBERLEY TO JOHANNESBURG.

For the syndicates and companies which have been floated to work gold mining properties in all parts of the Transvaal were numerous almost beyond the bounds of belief. Companies were floated to work claims which never had an ounce of gold in them, while the promoters of others, in order to simplify matters, floated companies to work mines which existed only in their imaginations, as they lolled back in armchairs off Throgmorton Street. In the Barberton district especially, this kind of game was

carried to its extremist limits, with the result that that patient cow, the English investor, refused to give any more milk, even when anything genuinely good was provided for consumption.

CROSSING THE VELD.
Coaching road, Kimberley to Johannesburg.

The sort of thing used to be this. I say *used* to be, but as a matter of fact, it will happen again at the very next boom. A prospector would find a fairly-likely-looking reef and ask a firm of capitalists to float it for him. He would reckon that the thing was honestly worth, say £6,000, and in suggesting that the capitalists should float it for £10,000, would think that he was making them a liberal offer. But the capitalists would say, "No; a profit of only £4,000 won't suit our book at all. We'll float the thing into a syndicate for £30,000, and give you your £6,000 in shares." The prospector would probably find that the capitalist ring was too strong for him, and that he would have to take the terms offered. Then when accepted, he would see the property which he had parted with at what he thought to be an honest figure, formed into a company and placed before a gullible public at a capital of £300,000, nearly all of which to go to the promoters, and only a trifle of £10,000 or so reserved for working capital. On the company starting work, its cash capital would be quickly exhausted, and the next move in the game of swindle would then take place. The company would be reconstructed with a capital of £600,000, nearly half of the extra shares going to the capitalists, in consideration of their providing £20,000 further working capital. For a time everything would go merrily, rosy forecasts as to the future of the company would appear in the papers, and long before the £20,000 was exhausted,

THE ROYAL HOTEL, POTCHEFSTROOM.
On the old coaching road, between Kimberley and Johannesburg. Potchefstroom is now one of the fortified towns of the Boers; it lies nearly 90 miles S.E. of Johannesburg, and until about 40 years ago was the seat of the Government.

Lieut. Knox. Major Winter. Capt. Kelly.
OFFICERS OF NO. 5 BEARER COMPANY, ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

and the final crash had come, the capitalists would have off-loaded their shares on to the public.

Even genuine proved mines, which have been properly floated with reasonable capitals, and ample amounts reserved for working purposes, are often risky subjects for investment, owing to the attentions of these capitalistic pirates. "How can this be," you say, "if the mine has got its gold there, and ample working capital at its back? There is surely nothing to stop it getting out the gold, and paying handsome dividends?" Would that it were so, but the knowing ones in South Africa, the men whose opinion is best worth having, will, one and all, tell you that it doesn't matter a jot for speculation purposes whether a mine is the most absolutely genuine property under the sun, or the biggest fraud that ever existed. Say the conscientious sagacious investor makes most diligent enquiries as to the prospect of a certain mine, and after carefully weighing up all its chances, decides to invest his money in its shares. He may have hit upon a really splendid thing, but after all it is the capitalist who will probably have a say in whether he makes or loses on his investment. Our sagacious investor buys, let us say, a hundred shares in the Smitsbokfontein Mine at £2 each, and expects them to rise to £3 each, when the real value of the property becomes known. But the capitalists have also noted the possibilities of the mine. They already possess say £50,000 of its shares, or one-half of its capital of £100,000, and they want to get into their hands the best part of the other half, but at a good deal less than their proper value. So they commence ostentatiously selling their shares on all occasions to drive the market down. Having the controlling vote, they then elect as directors to the property men who will do their bidding in all things. So instead of the property beginning to crush and declare dividends, the next thing

CAPTAIN ARTHUR HENRY BACON,

Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Was killed at Colenso; he was born in 1862, and entered the army when he was twenty-one; this was the first time he had been on active service, but for five years he had done useful work as Adjutant of the Royal Dublin City Militia.

that the public hear is, that the mine is about to shut down for "further developments." The shares still further drop at the gloomy outlook, and the apparent selling by the capitalists continues harder than ever, while sinister rumours appear in all the papers (which, by-the-bye, are wonderfully subservient to the capitalists' interests) that the mine's working capital is nearly exhausted.

Our sagacious investor has by this time become desperate. Month after month has gone by, and still his shares have fallen. When they had fallen to 30s., he thought "it would never do to sell now and make this terrible loss of 10s. a share," so he held on; but last month they were at 15s., and now they are only 10s., and rumoured as likely to go worse. One day they flicker up to 12s., and in the belief that they will never see such a figure again, he rushes out and sells. Little does he realise that it is the end of the capitalist's "bear" movement, that the financiers having got almost every share into their hands at almost nominal prices, are now going to work the market upwards, with a view to realising their ill-gotten gains. It dawns on him, later, that the spending of nearly the whole of the mine's capital on development, has relieved it of half its expenses for some time to come, and that it has nothing to do but to commence crushing and paying dividends out of the ore which his money had, as it were, paid for being extracted. It is wonderful how short is the public memory. All the forebodings and dismal prophecies of failure which appeared week by week in the papers vanish as if by magic, and the most rosy-coloured reports take their place, and are swallowed with avidity. Everyone rushes to buy Smitsbokfonteins, but there are none to be had, as the ring of schemers hold them too tightly. So the price bounds up and up—15s., 20s., 30s., £2. These new quotations are the outcome of a few days, and yet the rise has scarcely got into its stride. Our

SECOND-LIEUTENANT T. W. WHIFFEN.

1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; was severely wounded at the Tugela River; he only joined his regiment in January, 1899.

CAPTAIN GUY SENIOR,

Royal Marine Artillery, of the 3rd class battleship "Monarch," guardship at the Cape. He entered the Navy in 1893, and got his Captaincy in last June. He was killed at the Battle of Enslin, where out of 190 casualties more than half fell to the lot of the Naval Brigade.

conscientious investor is mad with chagrin when he sees the shares that he bought at £2, and threw away for 12s., quoted at £12, and talked of as likely to go to £20. At £12, however, the capitalists, while ostentatiously buying in hundreds, are secretly selling in thousands, and making ready for the same old wrecking-game to be played on a fresh set of "mugs."

It is finance of this class which has worked such untold mischief in South Africa. All the old-fashioned London swindles, which had grown stale and threadbare in Throgmorton Street, found in the Transvaal gulls with money in their hands, and absolute inexperience as to the dark ways of mining finance waiting for them. There seemed to be such a few reliable local things in which money could be placed, so, allured by the sudden fortunes of the few, the many, in places like Johannesburg, speculated with all their savings in the shares of the

CYCLISTS OF THE 2ND HANTS ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

various mining properties, with a resulting loss, which in the long run was so invariable that it would have been thought that they could have found out ere this how heavily the odds are on "the Banker" in the game. At Johannesburg there have been simply thousands of men with incomes varying from £25 to £35 a month, and expenditure seldom exceeding £10 to £15 a month, who, nevertheless, after a residence of years, are no better off than the day they arrived, in consequence of placing their savings in one speculation after another in the hope of making a fortune. It is true that every now and then you hear of a clerk, or a mine official, having made a few thousand pounds as the result of a successful speculation. But in the long run it generally ends in the way I have mentioned, if it does not lead to even graver results. I knew a clerk, who, in the bad times at Johannesburg, bought a gold mine which had been originally floated for £40,000, but had gone into liquidation. He was passing at the time it

COLONEL THE HON. A. E. DALZELL AND OFFICERS OF THE OXFORD LIGHT INFANTRY.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Lieut. Brookes; Lieut. Hon. Foljambe; Lieut. Forrest; Lieut. Fuller; Lieut. Wood; Lieut. Ballard; Lieut. Hanley; Lieut. Stapleton; Capt. Colvile; Lieut. Bull-Acton; Lieut. Bayley.

SECOND ROW (sitting).—Capt. Lothebridge; Major Mockler; Capt. Codd; Col. the Hon. A. E. Dalzell; Major Porter; Capt. Lamotte; Major Day.

POLICE CAMP AT MAFEKING.
This shows the flatness of the country in this district.

was put up to auction, and bid for it. He got the whole—£40,000 mine, consisting of 53 claims, containing well-defined reefs, shafts, water rights, and everything else for the sum of 26s. 6d. (twenty-six shillings and sixpence). We called him "Barnie Barnato" after this, and used to chaff him about his forthcoming fortune. He did not make a fortune, though he made a good few hundreds out of that 26s. 6d. gold mine. But his success appears to have turned his head, for the last news of him is that of his embezzlement of a sum of £70,000 from his employers.

The excessive speculation, and the wrecking of mines by capitalist "riggers" of the market, produced, as we have already shown, disastrous results at Johannesburg; but, while there the mine managers, by forsaking the Stock Exchange and devoting themselves to work, were able eventually to show of what their properties were capable, the evil had gone too far for remedy in the case of Barberton. The public had got so disgusted at the way they had been swindled, that even the genuine mining companies have been allowed to die out. It is quite painful now to go through the silent, deserted creeks which but a few years ago resounded

with the noise of workers in the various gold mines. Formerly, at Barberton, you might have fancied the town was being bombarded, so continual were the explosions you heard as the ore was blasted out by dynamite.

Their methods of carrying out their blasting operations were just about as free-and-easy as most other things in that happy-go-lucky place. I remember one day going for a walk with a friend, and sitting down on a rock, at the foot of which, about 20 feet below us, some Kaffirs were hammering in steel drills under the charge of a white miner. We were rather interested in some argument, and the work on which the Kaffirs were engaged did not distract our attention. Neither did we notice, except in an absent-minded sort of way, the fact that at a given moment they had retired. But we woke up to our surroundings when, all of a sudden, right under us as it seemed, an earthquaking explosion occurred, and a fountain of rocks, the size of bricks, went hurling up in the air 60 feet over our heads. It was rather like having to field cricket balls, as all we could possibly do was to watch the pieces to judge where they would fall so as to avoid them as they came thudding down all around us. We were too astonished to be frightened, but gasped at the pieces with open-mouthed wonder, forgetting even to adequately express our feelings at the white miner who had discharged the dynamite without first looking round to see that no one was about. He would probably, however, have retorted that we should only have had ourselves to blame if we had got injured. We found afterwards that if we had come along the road as we should have done, we would have been warned by a red flag; but in exploring the country we got between the flag and where they were mining.

COL. MAINWARING (A.A.G. ON LORD METHUEN'S STAFF) INSPECTING THE MEN OF THE AMMUNITION COLUMN BEFORE EMBARKING.

The district was a most interesting one to explore, apart from the possibilities of finding gold. In the kloofs running between the high hills, there was often such a wealth of foliage and vegetation as to render them impassable jungles. Long "monkey tows" draped from the trees in tropical fashion, and, where there was water, maidenhair ferns grew in wild profusion.

Barberton itself, however, is not situated amongst the hills, but on the slopes of a high range which wall in on every side a mighty saucer-shaped valley of truly vast dimensions. It is about forty miles long by thirty wide, so something like 120 square miles of country

OFFICERS OF SPECIAL AMMUNITION COLUMN, NOW WITH LORD METHUEN.

lay spread at our feet. And Nature provided some worthy scenes in this majestic amphitheatre. In the early morning you would see her white-tented mist armies encamped over the whole valley, with the kopjes standing out like islands in a sea. Then, when the sun came, regiment after regiment would move up and march past as if at some great review, at one moment leaving a patch of country clear, and the next blotting it completely out. The changes were so eerie and ghost-like that you were only conscious that they had taken place without knowing how. You looked again, and lo! like a mantle of the immortal gods, everything had vanished entirely, and there was nothing left but the veld shimmering in the sunlight. Ah, Nature did things on a royal scale in that valley. You would see three thunderstorms taking place in different parts of it at the same time, while where you stood was bathed in sunshine. If one of them did come in the direction of Barberton, the whole country would turn into midnight blackness under the advancing cloud, whose grandeur contained more than a something of awe. In this our England, a thunderstorm is generally heralded by a murky blackness in one part of the sky, the clouds being hidden in their own foggy gloom. But in Africa they sweep up like avenging angels with all their vastness and strength clearly visible, while in front of them little clouds, like imps of mischief, dart forward and back. And then when the storm bursts! It is as if the whole world would be ended in that all-conquering deluge; lightning that seems as if it never ceased; thunder that has scarcely ceased to roll when it renews itself louder than ever; rain and hail which roar down on the roofs so that speech is impossible—such a storm is indeed a terrifying exposition of the vast powers beside which Man and his puny inventions are as nothing.

The Photographs in this number are by James Ball, page 271; J. J. Bennett, page 282; J. R. Browning, page 263; H. J. Bruce, page 264; Chancellor & Son, pages 273, 274, 275, 282, 283; J. T. Cumming, cover; A. Debenham, page 283; N. P. Edwards, page 258; Elliott & Fry, page 279; Hancox, page 260; Hughes & Mullins, pages 272, 284; J. Kennedy, page 264; Dr. Kingston, pages 257, 268, 270, 280, 281; Charles Knight, pages 259, 277, 278, 285; Lafayette, pages 269, 273; J. E. Livernois, pages 265, 266, 267, 268; J. Russell & Son, pages 271, 273, 287, 288.

UITLANDERS PLAYING TENNIS AT BARBERTON.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

X.—DELAGOA BAY.

KAFFIR WASH-BOY.

"IF England was the possessor of Delagoa Bay the war would be over in a month," is an opinion which has been expressed lately by many who are qualified to make the statement. And not without justification. So long as there is a port through which the Boer can import cases labelled "Agricultural Implements," but which contain every species of munitions of war, so long is the struggle likely to be continued. With that port in her possession, England could pour in troops who, as they marched on Pretoria, would compel the Boers to evacuate all the territory they have taken, and rush home to defend their capital from the advancing foe. Unfortunately, Portugal adopts a somewhat dog-in-the-manger attitude towards us in the matter. It will be remembered that the right to the possession of Delagoa Bay was formerly in dispute between England and Portugal. The matter was referred to the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, who gave his award in favour of Portugal. But in a sort of "Not guilty, but don't do it again" verdict, he adjudged that while England was not entitled to the place, she was to have the right of the first

offer should Portugal at any time wish to sell. To Portugal it is worth almost nothing; to England almost everything. And yet Portugal, with the same kind of pride that Spain evinced in holding on to her colonies when they meant nothing for her but only the most prodigious expenditure of lives and money, has hitherto scouted the idea of hauling down her flag in exchange for a good round sum of British gold that would give new life to her decaying condition.

And the condition of Delagoa Bay is so exactly typical of the nation who own it. Here we have the finest harbour in South Africa; the only properly land-locked seaport which the country possesses; so safe that it would take rank amongst the finest harbours of the world;

THE HOTEL AT HOWICK.

Close to the falls of the Umgeni River. Howick is situated north of Maritzburg, Natal, and is the most southern point touched by the Boer scouts. The Hotel is situated amongst beautiful surroundings, and is much frequented by honeymooners.

so large that thousands of ships could be anchored within, and so conveniently situated that it is nearer by a hundred miles to Johannesburg and Pretoria (the great points to which all traffic aims) than are any of the places on the British coastline. And yet, with all these advantages, the Portuguese have not even taken the trouble to build a jetty so that ships could come alongside to be unloaded; instead of having, as at present, to discharge their cargoes into lighters that have to be again unloaded on reaching the shore. The work could be so easily accomplished, but lethargy, fever, and drink, which seem to be the ruling factors in the place, prevent anything being done. While the Boer's excuse for neglect of duty is "To-morrow is another day," the motto of the Portuguese dweller at Delagoa Bay

MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. BABINGTON,

Commanding First Cavalry Brigade at Modder River; his Horse Artillery showed wonderful coolness—they were shelled successfully, but not a driver moved or dismounted, and the Sergeant-Major walked in front of the column criticizing the formation and inspecting the harness as if on parade. Later we find General Babington's cavalry engaged in many reconnaissances to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy, and bringing valuable information to Lord Methuen, and aiding Colonel Pilcher's successful advance on Douglas. On January 9th, the General advanced into the Orange Free State territory, being the first time that a large force had advanced into the enemy's country; during this operation several farms which had been used as camps by the enemy were burnt.

seems to be "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." As to the eating, tinned foods are rather too much in excess for him to satisfactorily carry out the first part of the motto; but with regard to drinking, Delagoa Bay stands unrivalled, even in South Africa.

It used to be said that the consumption of drink increases in geometrical progression as you go through Africa. The Johannesburg man consumes twice as much drink as his brother at Cape Town. At Pretoria, twice the Johannesburg man's liberal allowance is considered ordinary; and the inhabitant of "good old Barberton," in imbibing twice as much as his

THE HAVELOCK CONCESSION GOLD MINE, SWAZILAND, SHEWING BATTERY HOUSE AND WATER RACE.

Pretorian friends, gets a pretty stiff dose. But the Delagoa Bay man takes three times as much as even the Barbertonian, so the quantity he imbibes can be left to the imagination. Of course, he can always put it down to the fever, which he is either trying to ward off or to cure; but, judging from the fact that at one time deaths were averaging *two hundred per thousand* per year, his efforts do not appear to have been very successful. No one seems to mind; however, drink is cheap, and that appears to be the principal consideration.

The desire for cheap drinks led to a rather curious result in the case of a man I knew.

OFFICERS OF THE HANTS CARABINIERS (YEOMANRY).

They have been accepted for service, and will shortly proceed to the Cape.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Capt. Holt; Major Bright-Smith; Lieut. R. C. Nicholson; Capt. Hoare; Capt. J. Seeley; Capt. and Adjt. Balfour; Capt. Rice; Lieut. Haseltine.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Capt. A. Nicholson; Major Barclay; Col. Porter; Col. Wood; Major Le Roy Lewis; Rev. Milroy; Surgeon-Capt. Dill.
ON GROUND.—Lieut. Lord Ashburton; Lieut. Greenwell.

LIEUT. R. H. COLLIS,

6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers)—was in command of a small patrol when they were attacked, and Private Ross's horse fell; Lieut. Collis and Sergt. Freeman went back to his assistance. Directly Ross was remounted his horse was shot; again Collis went back and took him on his own horse, which was immediately shot. Then Private Dunn returned and Collis mounted behind him; finding the Boers rapidly gaining he dropped off and ordered Dunn to save himself. Then Freeman, though wounded, galloped back to save his officer, who refused assistance, but ordered the Sergeant to make good his escape; but shortly after he and his horse were mortally wounded, and Collis after many difficulties joined some Inniskillings four miles off. All these gallant deeds took place under a heavy fire at close range.

He was a Barberton prospector, a more than usually happy-go-lucky specimen, even for one of his class, and by way of a spree he took it into his head, on one occasion, to go down to Delagoa Bay. He had a friend there who kept a bar, so, with such an attraction, Tom C—— quickly found his way there. The friend, of course, had the inevitable fever, and said to him, "Look here, Tom, I shall have to get out of this hole for a fortnight, or I shall be a dead man. Do you think you could run the show for me until I come back?" Tom—who, in the dear homeland, had been by-the-bye "a Somerset House young man," hailed with delight this prospect of being surrounded by a world of drinks without the inconvenience attending on the production of coin before they could be partaken of—hailed the idea with enthusiasm. But news travels fast in Delagoa Bay, and Tom's reckless ways were well known. The owner had not been gone more than a few hours, when our amateur bar-keeper found to his horror that some wags had posted notices everywhere: "Mr. Tom C——, having taken over the Joe's Luck Bar, has determined to celebrate the occasion by standing free drinks from 7 to 11 every evening for a fortnight. All are cordially invited."

As Tom put it, in describing his adventures afterwards, "I did not know what to do. If I had denied it, they would not have believed me and probably wrecked the bar; so I came to the conclusion I had better face it out as best I could. Every night 'the boys' used to roll up in dozens and say, 'Now then, Tom, free drinks, you know,' and I used to serve them, wondering at the same time what on earth my pal would say when he came back. But as soon as eleven o'clock came, I would say, 'Now, boys, cash up from now,' and they would start paying right enough. Well, towards three in the mornings, I'd roll into bed in my boots, with a bag full of money, which I could not see to count, and so it went on every day during that fortnight. I felt pretty sick about the whole affair, and when the proprietor came back, and said, 'I say, Tom, what on earth have you been up to?' it was only what I expected, so I tried to explain

LIEUT.-COL. F. W. B. LANDON,

Commanding Army Service Corps, in South Africa. He took part in the Benin Expedition in 1897, and was mentioned in despatches.

CAPT. GEORGE LINDSAY HOLFORD, C.I.E., M.V.O.,

1st Life Guards. He joined the 2nd Life Guards nearly twenty years ago, exchanging into the 1st the following year. He became Equerry to the late Duke of Clarence some eleven years ago, and a week or so after the Duke's death was appointed to the post of Equerry to the Prince of Wales. It was at Dorchester House, the residence of Capt. Holford, the Shahzada stayed during his visit to London. Much to his regret he is unable to proceed to the front on active service, having failed to pass the necessary medical examination.

LIEUT.-COL. HENRY BYRON JEFFREYS,

Royal Artillery, was in command of a very successful reconnaissance sent out towards Stormberg; his guns also covered General Gatacre's retreat from the same place. He joined the artillery in 1873, and became a Lieut.-Colonel in 1898; is one of the authorities of the day on quick-firing guns, and as such was made an Associate Member of the Ordnance Committee.

MAJOR BIRKBECK,

King's Dragoon Guards, is employed on the lines of communication, his regiment not being "to the front." He was born in 1863; joined the army in 1883, took part in the Hazara and Chin-Lushai Expeditions, and gained a "mention" in despatches for each campaign.

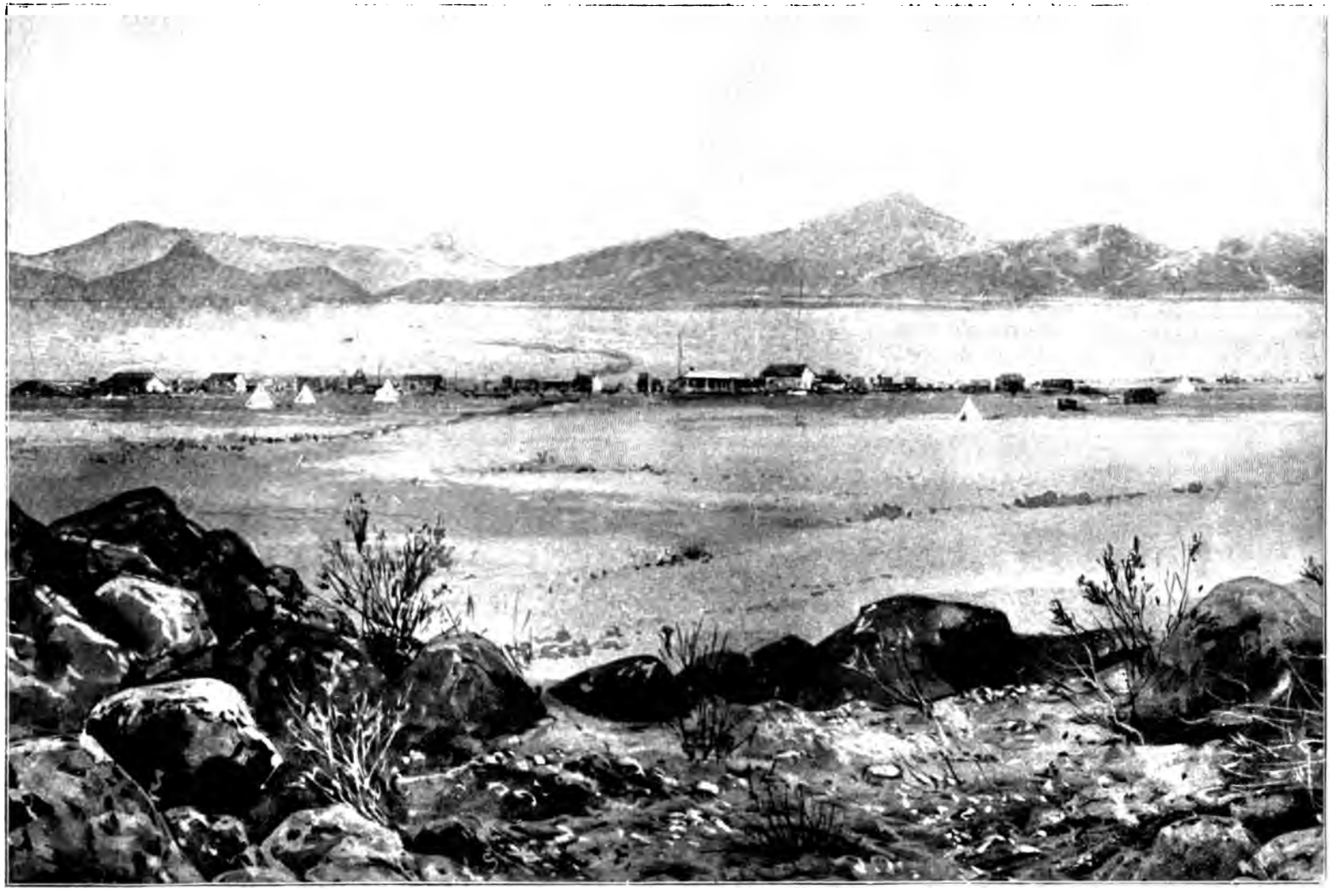
PORT ELIZABETH

Signalling the arrival of a troopship. The Pyramid is the memorial to Sir R. Donkin, after whose wife Elizabeth the town was named.

to him that it was not my fault all that drink had gone. 'Why, man,' he said, 'it's not that: I've had this bar for a year, and in the whole of that time never took as much money as you have taken in a fortnight!' "

It is, of course, largely owing to the excessive drinking habits of the place that the malarial fever demon holds such sway; but, if the liquor brings on the fever, it is equally the dread of fever and the "to-morrow we die" feeling that causes the inhabitants to drink in this way. In London, an outcry is raised if a fairly large percentage of employees in business houses are laid up with influenza; but a by no means uncommon notice at Delagoa Bay on the doors of shops is "Closed on account of the fever," meaning that everyone in connection with the place is laid by for a time. Very often, if a shop is open, on going inside you find no one about. After knocking on the counter, you are startled out of your wits by a sepulchral voice saying "Well?" at your elbow. You turn, and there is a corpse—or what looks like a corpse—lying shivering in a blanket. This is the proprietor. In answer to your enquiry if he has this, that, or the other, he probably groans out "No!" to each, in a way that would imply, "Why can't you let a sick man be."

The Indian and Arab traders, however, do not seem to suffer from the fever so much; consequently, the trade of the town is getting almost entirely into their hands. Swarthy-faced Eastern traders are the only people visible in the principal streets of Lourenço Marquez. Of course, there are some white people who seem proof against the attacks of the fever. These, if they happen to own landed property in the place, with the enthusiastic mendacity of a seaside landlady, would try to make you believe that it is a natural health resort. "Fever,



DE AAR ON THE KIMBERLEY LINE, SHOWING THE RAILWAY STATION AND HOTEL.

indeed! Oh, there's a little, of course, but that's nothing when you're used to it. Why, look at old Jack ——! he's been here twenty years, and gone to bed drunk every night of the time, and not dead yet." They take care not to inform you that old Jack is the one notable exception which proves the rule.

You can get a good idea of the ravages of the fever and the climate by attending service at the Portuguese church, which, for the place, is rather a fine building—the shrunken, wasted bodies of the people, the ashen cheeks and deep-sunk eyes, which regard you with a sort of dead-fish stare, are all the evidence that anyone could possibly require as to what the place had done for them. In winter, of course, that is June

PREPARING AND PACKING RIFLES FOR THE CAPE, IN A MILITARY ORDNANCE WORKSHOP.

and July, when something nearly resembling cold weather sets in, the fever almost entirely ceases, and Delagoa Bay may be visited with very little risk of catching its dread malaria.

Once caught, it is not so easy to ever quite shake off. It has a habit of returning and claiming you for its own on the most unexpected occasions. I have known a young fellow, the life and soul of his ship, returning to South Africa after a six months' holiday in England, suddenly stricken down with the awful shiverings of ague and the other horrible symptoms, while yet 4,000 miles away from the place where he originally caught it. On going to Delagoa Bay, it is annoying as it is amusing—if it is possible to be annoyed and amused at the

PIETERMARITZBURG.
Departure of the Home Guard for the front.

same time—that in a town where everyone is periodically ill, you and your fellow-passengers have to pass muster as sufficiently healthy to be allowed to enter it.

What is the cause of the fever? You do not need to go far through the town to get a satisfactory answer. You are hardly clear of the place before you come across the swamp, with every here and there cuttings full of stagnant water, like great festering sores, in the neighbourhood of which the mosquitoes are in endless numbers. If the recent researches of science prove to be correct, these mosquitoes alone account for the fever. As the kind which

PIPE-MAJOR ROSS (SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS).

are said to inoculate people with malaria can only live in the neighbourhood of swamps, drainage would probably work wonders. If England possessed the place, this would doubtless have been done ages ago; for if it could be once rendered healthy, so as to make it worth the while for honest capable men to go there, the place would then rise by leaps and bounds. At present, as is too often the case with excessively unhealthy districts, those who are there are largely made up of the class who venture themselves because their drink and dishonesty have driven them out from every other corner of the globe. They hope that here they will be able to quickly make money by fair means or foul, so as to get away with their lives.

COLONEL ROCHFORT AND OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY (6TH DIVISION).
Commanding Q, T, and U Batteries.

Consequently, the swindling and corruption that go on are as awful as they were at the Panama Canal. Scarcely anyone does work out of a sense of duty, so trade is almost brought to a standstill.

It would have been thought that on account of its nearness to the Transvaal, nearly everything required in that country would have come through Delagoa Bay, but merchants have long since found it to be almost hopeless to import through it while things remain as they are at present. Goods are landed and no one claims them; other goods are piled on the top of them, and they are lost to sight. The forwarding agent, to whom they are addressed, is down

STAFF-SERGEANT BENNETT AND SUPPLY DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

with the fever or has got some other fish to fry; or he perhaps collects the money for the dispatch of the goods and then neglects to send them. If he does his duty, the railway company have, perhaps, no trucks available, or the cases get as far as the Portuguese frontier, and are then lost again. Sometimes twelve months have been known to elapse between the arrival of the ship at Delagoa Bay and the receipt of its cargo by the consignee. It is hardly surprising that under such circumstances the imports have not improved. For instance, in 1890 they amounted to £613,850; in 1891 they were £497,583; while in 1892 they were only £345,852. Since that date, however, the railway through to Pretoria has been opened and the imports have improved.

COLONEL LORD DOWNE.

Has vacated command of the Cavalry at the Curragh, in order to go to South Africa as one of Lord Roberts' A.D.C. As Captain in the 2nd Life Guards on special service he saw service in the Zulu Campaign 20 years ago, and was mentioned in despatches which brought him his brevet-majority. In 1886 he accepted the command of the 10th Hussars, which he has raised to the highest pitch of excellence, and is always foremost in doing anything to advance the interest of the regiment.

CAPTAIN A. A. WOLFE-MURRAY.

1st Highland Light Infantry (the old 71st). Was wounded during the charge of the Highlanders at Magersfontein. At the age of 20 he joined the Loyal West Lancashire Regiment, and a few months after exchanged into the Highland Light Infantry. With the old 71st he was in Crete during the recent troubles, and has already seen something of bloodshed.

MAJOR H. J. SETON.

2nd Royal Irish Rifles, was wounded during General Galacre's attack on the Boer position. Major Seton joined his regiment in 1872, was captain in 1882, and major in 1890.

CAPTAIN LORD SETTRINGTON.

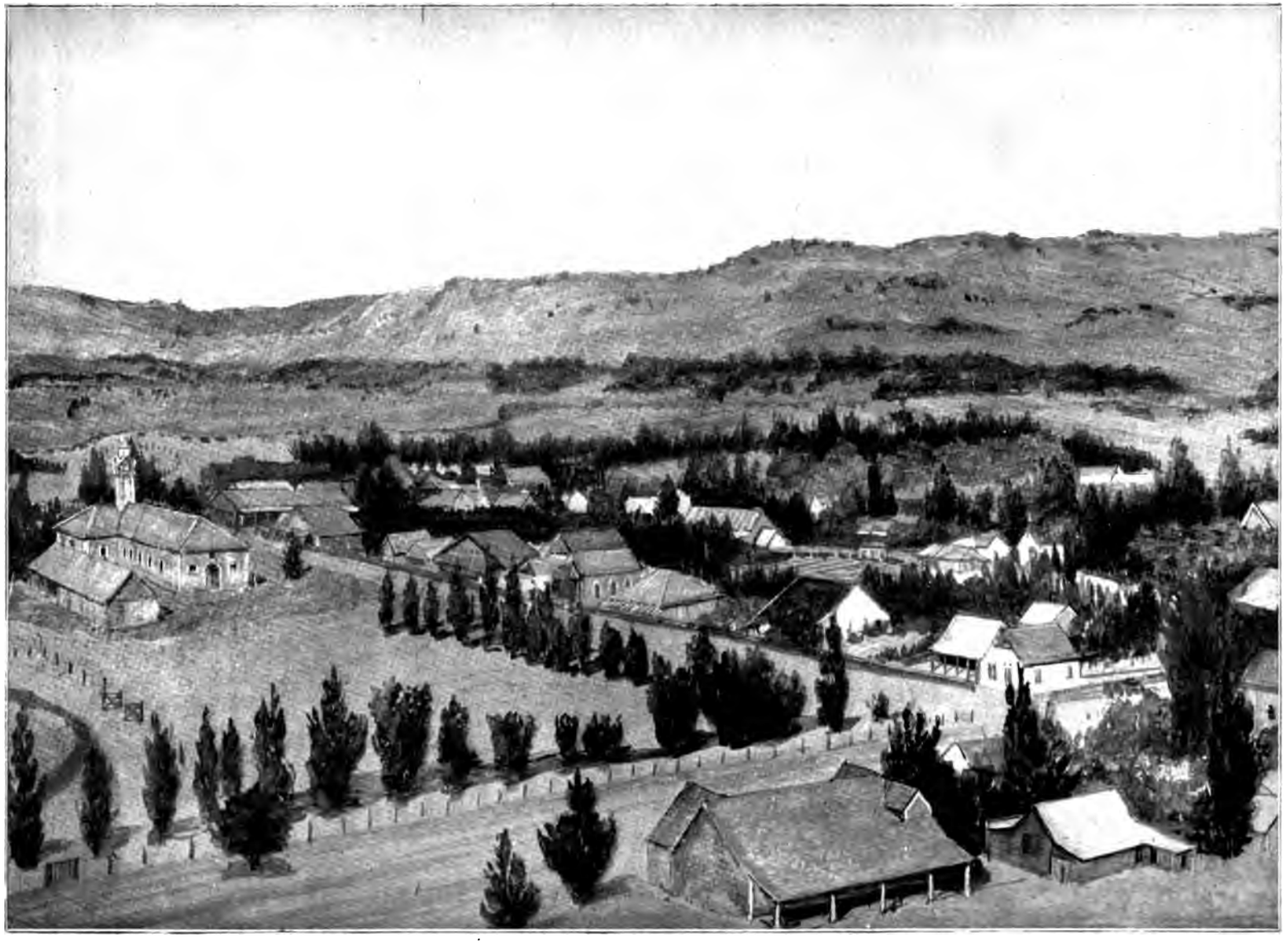
3rd Royal Sussex Regiment. Was for some time A.D.C. to Lord Roberts when commanding in Ireland, and has now gone to the Cape in the same capacity. He is grandson of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and heir, after his father, to the dukedom.

You would think at first sight that the Portuguese were most business-like, and carried out their duties with military precision. On landing there, on the occasion of my first visit, while my fellow-voyagers were allowed to pass into the street I was confronted with a uniformed creature with an enormous moustache and a drawn sword, who indicated that I should have to go into a building on the left. An experienced friend explained the enigma. "Oh, that's your camera case he wants to have examined in the custom house. He may keep you there half the day." It was Job's comfort, and the situation was certainly embarrassing, the more so as I could not speak one word of Portuguese. However, what I lacked in language I tried to make up in smile. So on being confronted with another enormous moustache

DURBAN TO JOHANNESBURG.

In former days, before the railway, this was the only mode of transport, and this is now how goods have to be transported when there is no railway—sometimes mules or a team of oxen are used instead of horses.

and blue uniform sitting at a table I said, "Cam*erar*—photog*rarphee*." It sounded foreign, and therefore, I suppose, I concluded it would be sufficiently explanatory. Apparently it was, for the moustache curled into a smile, and, with Chesterfieldian bows on both sides. I was allowed to proceed. I was very pleased to emerge so well from my first experience of Portuguese officialdom, for some of the regulations in force at Delagoa Bay are so weird that unless brought up in a madhouse one would always be running the risk of infringing them. For instance, it is the law that you paint or whitewash your house once a year under penalty of a fine; but if you so far forget the dignity and majesty of the law as to do it without getting a permit to do so, you are promptly dragged off to the Court House for the heinous crime and heavily fined.



LADYSMITH, SHOWING THE TOWN HALL, NOW USED AS A HOSPITAL.

The regulations as to painting the houses, at any rate, serve to keep the town fresh-looking It also prevents its lacking variety, for the differing colours are one of the notable features of the place. Nearly all the houses are different, pale blues, yellows, and reds predominating. The effect is by no means bad, especially when seen with a background of waving palm-trees. These mark out Delagoa Bay from all the other places in South Africa, and indicate to the traveller his approach to the tropics. One other feature I should mention, which is only

TRANSFORMING A "LINER" INTO A TRANSPORT—DINNER HOUR.

It took nearly 3,000 workmen three weeks, working day and night, to transform the "Kildonan Castle" into a troopship; this gives a slight idea of the enormous labour of such an undertaking, and it was about the smartest piece of similar work ever done.

second to the fever in its unpleasantness. I allude to the sand. It is like nothing else on the face of the earth. You understand the Portuguese lethargy when you try to walk over it (the sand, I mean). It is the most maddening, morals-destroying, spirit-conquering stuff that ever mortal walked on. Walk—you can't walk; you stagger as through deep snow with no foothold, and when you have covered half a mile, feel tired enough for twenty. Pave the streets? They have tried to. But what are you to do when the sand buries the pavements, as it does

in some places. In others, curb-stones have been put down, but either public enterprise or money ran out at that point. Consequently the whole population may be seen in a tight-rope procession trying to balance itself on the curb; the would-be tremendously important Portuguese don trying to keep up himself and his dignity in the wake of a gin-sodden East Coast native.

The feature which connects Delagoa Bay so specially with the Transvaal, and the interest which is taken in it at the present time, is the railway, over which the Boers are said to be

CAMP OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT DE AAR, ORANGE RIVER.

obtaining so much of their supplies. From the earliest days of the Transvaal Republic it was always their object to get a railway from the sea to Pretoria, no part of which should run through the territory of the hated British. Even as far back as 1875, President Burgers went to Europe with the idea of borrowing £300,000 to build such a line. He failed, but a year afterwards a Mr. Moody got a concession from the Portuguese Government, which he sold to the Transvaal Government of that day for £5,000. They went so far as to form a company and import railway plant, but it was a somewhat similar case to the Panama Canal scandal of a later date. What was landed was never used, and the whole affair came to an end when the

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BRONKHORST SPRUIT.

Transvaal was annexed in 1877. The present railway dates from 1883, when Colonel MacMurdo obtained a concession from the Portuguese Government for the construction of a line up to the borders of the Transvaal. This line had to be finished by a certain day in 1889, and MacMurdo's company had got the line constructed some time previously to the required point, as they imagined, but the Portuguese Government claimed otherwise. They held that the Transvaal border was some six miles farther on; so, as the line was not completed to that point on the specified day, they seized the railway. The affair was referred to the arbitration of a Swiss court at Berne. It is now approaching to eleven years since it happened, and it is thought that the arbitrators, after making superhuman exertions, have nearly recollected what on earth they were originally appointed to arbitrate about, and that their award will be given very shortly. For that matter, it has been said for the last six years that they are about to give their verdict, and that the Portuguese Government will be called on to pay compensation to Colonel MacMurdo's widow to the amount of about £2,000,000. Meanwhile, they blithely continue working the railway, and taking all profits and emoluments attaching thereto for

NETLEY HOSPITAL.

Our principal Military Hospital, situated on Southampton Water, about three miles S.E. of Southampton. Many of the wounded who are invalided home will stay here.

RIFLE BRIGADE, AT PIETERMARITZBURG, DRAGGING MAXIM UP A HILL.
This illustration shows the kind of country our troops have to contend with.

HOW THE BOERS PRACTISE SHOOTING.

themselves. These are fairly considerable, as it is the main line which connects with the Netherlands Railway, so they do not do badly out of their act of piracy; especially as, on account of the proximity of Barberton and Lydenburg, a very large portion of the goods required by these places are consequently bound to come over the line.

Lydenburg is a place which is not likely to play any part in the present struggle, but in the last Boer war, it will be remembered that it was a regiment ordered from there which met with the disaster of Bronkhorst Spruit. On page 308 is given a photograph of the battlefield, which will help to explain just what happened, and the ambush laid for them in what is apparently open country. The troops—it was a portion of the 94th regiment—had been called to Pretoria on account of the rebellious spirit which the Boers had begun to exhibit. Being on the march, they did not know that hostilities had already broken out, and never imagined that they were passing through a country in a state of actual war. So their neglect to have scouts out was only natural. In fact, they were marching with bands playing and colours flying, in a long, straggling column, never dreaming that it was to their deaths at the hands of a treacherous race, with whom they believed themselves to be at peace. They were passing through an open country, except that it was dotted over with trees, when a party of Boers rode forward bearing a white flag, and informed the commanding officer

that hostilities had commenced, and ordered him to go back whence he came. As an English soldier would do under the circumstances, he naturally replied that his orders were to go to Pretoria, and go he should. The Boers retired with their white flag, and the next moment a storm of fire broke out on the British column. Behind almost every tree a Boer was hiding, and each had been carefully marking down his man while the palaver had been taking place under the flag of truce. Almost instantly, the commanding officer and fifty-five men were killed, besides seven officers and ninety-one men wounded. It was not war—it was murder: as much as when a cut-throat suddenly stabs his unconscious victim in a dark

A PARTY OF BOERS AT TARGET PRACTICE.

passage. Our men in charging should not cry "Remember Majuba!" but "Remember Bronkhorst Spruit!" just as at the time of the Mutiny, "Remember Cawnpore!" was the rallying cry. The spot is an intensely painful one for an Englishman to visit. The graves are enclosed in a tiny space, walled in like a cattle kraal, with a rude stone fence, in many places partly broken down, and seem considerably neglected. The old coach road from Pretoria to Barberton passed within a few yards of the spot. It is only about 40 miles from the former place. On examining the ground after the massacre, it was found that the Boers had carefully rehearsed the whole scheme beforehand, even to the extent of measuring and marking out the distances with white stones, so that every shot should tell.

(*This descriptive matter will be continued in subsequent numbers.*)

LIEUT. RIDLEY, EMBARKATION SUPERINTENDENT.
City of London Imperial Volunteers (The Lord Mayor's Own).

PRIVATE C. F. NESHAM.
City of London Imperial Volunteers (The Lord Mayor's Own).

PRIVATES G. E. POLLARD AND ALFRED CORFIELD.
City of London Imperial Volunteers (The Lord Mayor's Own).

CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD THE S.S. "BRITON."

FIRST ROW (standing).—Private Treganza; Private Richardson; Private C. Betts; Private H. G. Spratt; Private Turner; Private H. Hall; Private Cheshire.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Private T. Lake; Private W. White; Private C. H. Clark.

A BOER PATROL READY FOR THE FRONT.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

Port Elizabeth, or Algoa Bay, as it is sometimes called, is a place which, at no very distant date, will probably see considerably more activity in connection with the war than it has done up to the present. It is not improbable that it will be decided to march a strong force to assist General French in the central field of war, and so threaten the Boer armies encamped against Kimberley and Ladysmith, in which case Port Elizabeth would be the point of debarkation for our troops. And certainly the idea is one which seems to be sufficiently bold to be at the same time wise. 'Tis true that it would not relieve the beleaguered towns directly, but the Boers would find themselves in the unpleasant position of either having their com-

THE PRETORIA VOLUNTEER CAVALRY CORPS.

munications cut and being themselves the besieged, or else having the two British relief armies released from their present awkward positions, with but few obstacles to stay them in their triumphant march on Pretoria.

Once let us get into the Orange Free State, and the country all the way to Bloemfontein is too flat for the Boers to make any serious resistance. We could choose our own line of march, and if blocked by any obstacle, could simply go round it.

* * * * *

After woefully underrating the number of our opponents at the beginning of the contest,

CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS (THE LORD MAYOR'S OWN)
On Board the "Garth Castle," listening to the Lord Mayor's farewell speech.

many people in this country seem to have rushed to the other extreme, and taken an altogether too despondent view as to the future. They see only the blunders we have made and the losses incurred, but appear to forget that the enemy is probably having by no means so rosy a time as he would like to make out. It is of course very disheartening to read, after every engagement, the tiny totals of casualties officially published by the Boers, though we know that these returns are considerably short of the truth. The Boer hopes that it will dishearten any weak-kneed waverers in England; but he more especially fears, if the real facts of the case become known, the effect that would be produced on those who are fighting in his

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP, MOOI RIVER.

own ranks. In a country where everyone knows everyone else, and more often than not connected by marriage, such a wail of mourning would go up as to very likely cause a demand for peace at any cost. Then, again, it must be remembered that though, doubtless, a good deal of stuff does enter the Transvaal, that country certainly has not access to all the resources of Europe in the same way that our armies have, with everything clear behind them. If the Boers are besieging some of our towns, it must also be remembered that they themselves are in a beleaguered country, where something is bound to run short before long. Even in ordinary peace times the people of the Transvaal are largely dependent on the provisions of various kinds which come in from outside; the Boer farmer having been too lazy to do more than grow enough for his own wants. Now, while he is at the front, the bulk of the farms must be lying uncared for; so it will not be surprising if famine makes itself felt at no distant date. With regard to ammunition, and the thousand and one other details, small in themselves but absolutely necessary to success, it would be indeed wonderful if the Boers had been so superhumanly clever as to have forseen the exact quantities of everything that would be wanted. So if one fine day they suddenly begin to talk of a desire for peace, the explanation will probably be found in this direction.

* * * *

CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD THE S.S. "BRITON."
Private W. Simple; Private Hamilton; Private Prentice; Private E. J. Mayes; Private Sullivan.

A BOER COMMANDO ON THE MARCH.

So far, this "handful of ignorant farmers" have revolutionised modern warfare. They have taught us, and the great armies of Europe, that we did not know our own business. They have conclusively demonstrated that in these days of rifles and guns of enormously long range, the machine-made drill-soldier is no good, however brave he may be. Drill and the art of charging in compact solid masses were awe-inspiring and irresistible in olden times where the object was to get to close quarters, but the mowing down of the Dervishes at Omdurman should have taught us that the day for that kind of fighting had gone by. At Waterloo, where only one or two hundred yards separated the combatants, two effective rounds could, at the outside, be fired before a force advancing at the charge would be engaged in a hand-to-hand combat. For not only were the rifles limited in range, but, on account of having to be slowly loaded at the muzzle, so few in the number of their shots. Consequently, the modern rifleman can do almost ten times the work of his Waterloo ancestor; and an effective firing line need not consist of anything like the numbers that were formerly necessary. As the result of this change in the conditions of warfare, the moving of men in compact masses is simply courting slaughter. At Magersfontein, and all the other places where we have sustained heavy loss, it has been from this cause. The Boer, on the other hand, has demonstrated that the soldier of the future will not be a creature drilled to move as an automaton, but a man taught to use his own brains and to fight his own battle. One has only got to go and shy at Aunt Sallies

TOWN HALL, PORT ELIZABETH.

CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD THE S.S. "BRITON."

FIRST ROW (standing).—Private Short (Victoria and St. George, 1st Middlesex Rifles); Private Hopkins (Victoria and St. George, 1st Middlesex Rifles); Private Halford (Victoria and St. George, 1st Middlesex Rifles); Private Lee; Private Butt (Victoria and St. George, 1st Middlesex Rifles); Private Nixon (Queen's Westminsters, 13th Middlesex); Private Nesham.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Lance-Corporal Connew (Queen's Westminsters, 13th Middlesex); Corporal Hill (Queen's Westminsters, 13th Middlesex).

at a fair to realise the difficulty of hitting marks when they are well separated. If we had not so often presented kharki walls of humanity, which the foe could scarcely miss if he tried, we should not have had these appallingly long lists of killed and wounded.

* * * * *

It does not seem to have been sufficiently recollected, either, that modern inventions and improvements in weapons are all in favour of a defending force. The opposing armies, consequently on the increased range, are much further separated, so when one advances out to the attack it is exposed for a long period to an enormous number of rounds before it can have a chance of routing out defenders lying comfortably ensconced in trenches. In the present war the Boers appear to have been much more fully alive to this than we have, as, whether we have been invading them or they invading us, they seem to have succeeded in making us do nearly all the attacking. Where the positions were reversed, as was the case when they made their attack on Cæsar's Camp at Ladysmith, even they admit their loss to have been heavy and the results absolutely futile.

AN ANTS' NEST.

Nests of the common white ant, in Mashonaland and other districts, will frequently run to a height of 16 or 17 ft. They are worked up by the jaws of the insect—are hollow and full of galleries, but they will sustain weight; the insects also excavate subterranean galleries and chambers.

* * * *

How is it that the Boers have been able to force us to do all the attacking? The answer is, of course, furnished by our terrible lack of mounted men, and their enormous superiority in that direction. Again and again they have gone round our armies and threatened their lines of communication. These we have had to clear at all costs. Had we only possessed a proper force of mounted men, we could have done the same to them, and so harassed their supplies as not only to force them to do the attacking, but have compelled them to keep a large portion of their force in the rear in order to keep them open.

The Photographs in this number are by Allerston, Pietermaritzburg, pages 299, 305; Art Reproduction Co., pages 312, 313, 317, 319; Stephen Cribb, pages 294, 298, 308, 312, 315, and cover; J. T. Cumming, page 300; N. P. Edwards, pages 289, 292, 308, 318; Elliott & Fry, page 301; Hughes & Mullins, page 293; Dr. Kingston, pages 290, 304, 320; Charles Knight, page 291; Lafayette, pages 295, 303; Maclure, Macdonald & Co., page 306; J. Russell & Son, page 302; Lambert Weston & Son, page 294.

COCOA-NUT PALM TREES, DELAGOA BAY.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

XI.

MAIN STREET, PORT ELIZABETH.

WHEN once the war shows signs of drawing to a close—and given a good victory, the end may be a good deal nearer than many of us imagine—the attention of the public will be directed to the resources and potentialities of the Transvaal as a field for possible colonisation. For there can be little doubt that, when once things are settled on an equitable basis, and a peace is established which shows signs of being really permanent, there will be an unparalleled rush to the Transvaal. A rush so great as to put all other periods of influx into the shade. It was always the uneasy feeling that there would be a war some day which has been the fly in the ointment of every season of prosperity hitherto. The conflict between Boer and Briton has for years cast a shadow before it which was patent to those that had eyes to see. It was bound to come sooner or later, and that it has not been delayed even longer than it has is a mercy in disguise. Our reverses, which have been bad enough, would then have been of a far more serious nature, as the Boers were ceaselessly spending money on forts

and armaments, and continually importing foreign military men in the *rôle* of officials in Government offices.

With the administration of the country in English hands, there will be a fine opening for our countrymen in the various departments of the Government, now filled by Boer officials. For we shall probably be very chary of employing men who were on the old staffs. Especially after the experiences we have had of Boer treachery, and the way that in the last Administration men like Kruger and Joubert drew salaries from the Government they were plotting to overthrow.

BRIDGE OVER UMSINDUSI RIVER, PIETERMARITZBURG.

At the goldfields, as already pointed out, with the removal, or re-distribution, of a taxation which, under the present system, falls so heavily on the poorer mines as to absolutely crush out all chances of working them at a profit, a new era of prosperity will set in. There are such numbers of mines, now dormant, the lightening of whose taxation would make the difference between loss and profit. These would recommence work and give employment to thousands. Many also of the larger mines, at present working only on the richer but smaller reefs on their properties, would be able to profitably tackle the great bodies of ore in what is known as the Main Reef. This, in many cases, has been left almost untouched in the hopes that a day might dawn when, with cheaper working, there would be something left over on the right side after paying the expenses of working it.

Of the gold industry of the Transvaal we have already treated. It will now be as well to take a glance at some of the other industries which will employ the thousands of new-comers who will find their way out there. A question that is often asked is :—"But what do you all do in Johannesburg? You can't be all gold-mining?" No, we most certainly are not. In fact, I might say that a comparatively small percentage of the people of Johannesburg are engaged in mining. The mining industry of the district is, of course, the backbone which supplies the *raison d'être* of the town's existence. As for the rest, well, like Mark Twain's South-Sea Islanders, "the people live by taking in one another's washing." That is to say

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY—MOUNTED INFANTRY.

C.I.V.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Private F. G. Hazell; Private C. O. Greenwell; Private C. F. Osmond; Private J. E. Humphreys; Corpl. H. W. Perkins; Sergt. G. F. T. Murnane; Private T. H. Toynbee; Private E. A. Dyer; Private G. E. F. Pollard; Private R. Corfield.

SECOND ROW (sitting).—Corpl. G. St. John Lobb; Private A. H. Moeller; Private C. F. Nesham; Private D. F. Robbins; Sergt. G. J. O'Connell; Private G. A. Cohen; Corpl. P. C. Cooper; Private A. S. Clare: Private D. M. Lewis.

ON GROUND.—Private S. H. Byron; Private A. S. Loder.

as in any other town, the workers in the staple industry of the district require food, clothes, houses, etc, and the supply of these brings forth the usual crop of subsidiary industries. Besides, there is the dealing in gold properties, floating fresh mining companies in London, and the buying and selling of mining stocks and shares, which forms a sort of parallel industry to the actual work in the mines outside. So that, as I have previously pointed out, if the gold mines have made the share market, it is the share market which has played a very large part in the making of Johannesburg. This may be well realised from the fact that the Stock Exchange at Johannesburg has in ordinary times 1,000 members, and the shares of the mines that it deals in are to be found in every country and city of Europe.

With the redistribution of values which the new order of things will bring about, and the coming into the market of the shares of numerous new properties, this membership is likely

RUE DE LOUIE, THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF LOURENÇO MARQUEZ, DELAGOA BAY.

to be very largely increased, and will again, in turn, give extra employment to subsidiary businesses of all kinds. The process of housing, clothing, and feeding the flood of new people these will bring will cause vast demands on the storekeepers, who will largely increase in numbers in anticipation of big future profits.

As already mentioned, the shops in Johannesburg are in quite London style; for that matter, many of them are branches of big London firms. Hitherto the money made in good times has been, in many instances, more than lost in the bad ones, especially in the long period of depression previous to the war. At first sight, storekeeping in Johannesburg looks such an exceedingly profitable business that many people have been induced to enter it who have not had the special experience it requires. These have generally suffered heavy loss as the result of embarking in it. The profits appear very attractive. Speaking in a rough, general way, but little is sold at less than double the ordinary retail price in England, so that

the sum received really means about three times what the article actually cost. After making ample allowance for heavy customs duties, freight charges, and forwarding agents' fees, there thus appears a splendid margin of profit. On the other hand, however, the storekeeper is beset with difficulties and delays in getting his goods, that his English brother has no idea of. He has to have an enormous capital, as, living in a different country he cannot get credit very easily, but is expected to pay cash. Then he not only has to pay cash for his original stock, but, on account of the length of time before a further supply can reach him, he must pay for a second lot to be on the way; and, previous to that actually reaching him, must order a third. Besides having, in this way, to pay for several months' supply, he must keep a substantial sum in hand to pay the cash demands for carriage and duties. Then in place of being able to choose goods for himself, he is at the mercy of an agent in London, who has not the same interest in, or knowledge of, his requirements, and may send him out something totally unsaleable. If this happens, or if bad articles are sent out, he cannot return them, as, having paid all the expenses on them, it would only be throwing good money after bad.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR AND WATERFORD, V.C., ON HIS FAMOUS WHITE CHARGER "VONOLEL."

Vonolel was the name of a Lushai Chief, and as the horse was bought directly after Lord Roberts' return from the Lushai campaign, he was given the name of the Chief. The horse died June, 1899, and was 27 years old. "Vonolel" was with Lord Roberts throughout both campaigns in Afghanistan—that of 1878-1879, and that of 1879-1880—and was present at the Battles of the Peiwar Kotal, Charasia, Kabul, and Kandahar, and accompanied Lord Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar, on his famous march, which took place in 1880. The Afghan medal with four clasps, (for the above-named four battles), the Kandahar Star, and the Jubilee Medal of 1897, were presented by H.M. The Queen, at Lord Roberts' request, to be worn by the charger. Lord Roberts rode "Vonolel" in the Jubilee procession of 1897. The white cord from the bridle is the ordinary head rope which all mounted officers use in uniform.

Besides heavy rents—and landlords are as keen to get the full worth out of a good position as they are in England, the salaries paid to employees make a good hole in the profits. These average from £12 to £20 a month, managers and heads of departments, of course, getting more. The numerous holidays are another not inconsiderable item. There are

eight Bank Holidays in the year, even the anniversary of Majuba having been observed as such, and on each of these occasions the holiday extends over two or three additional days. Then, for the races, or on an occasion like a visit of the English cricketers, or any other extra-exciting event, the business houses are expected to close at noon, besides regularly giving their employees a half-day off every Wednesday.

It will thus be seen that employees do not get a bad life in places like Johannesburg. Certainly they have far more time for enjoyment than their *confrères* in the old country, while their expenses in proportion to salaries are such as to leave them a far greater margin for spending on amusements. Thus, the average boarding-house charges are from £9 to £11 a month for all meals and a room, while washing averages 10s. to £1. So an unmarried man,

Nurse Rosa Lawless. Nurse Sarah J. Callwell.

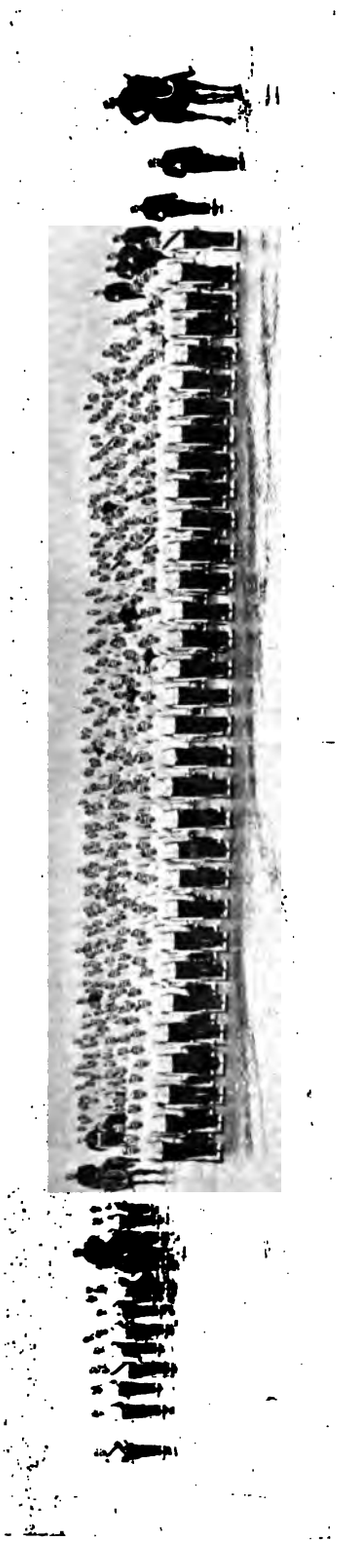
Nurse Mary Talbot. Nurse Mary A. Davis.

ALL THESE NURSES ARE FROM THE CITY OF DUBLIN NURSING INSTITUTION.

Nurse Mary Talbot, of Westmeath, trained in the South Infirmary, Cork, the City of Dublin Hospital, and Cork Street Fever Hospital, Dublin, has served as a charge nurse in Belmullet Infirmary, in Banbridge Infirmary, in Mespil Private Hospital, and in the City of Dublin Hospital. She has been constantly engaged in nursing for the past eight years, and has served in hospital for nearly three years. She received the decoration of Serving Sister of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem for her arduous services during the typhus epidemic on the Island of Inniskea in 1895. *Nurse Sarah J. Callwell, of Dublin, holds the same decoration. She was trained as a probationer in the City of Dublin Hospital, has also served as a nurse in the Orthopædic Hospital, Dublin, and the City of Dublin Hospital, Mespil Hospital, and in Dunfanaghy, Castlebar, and Belmullet Infirmaries, having had for a time sole charge of Kenmare Infirmary. She has had nearly four years' hospital experience, and has had to deal with both typhus and typhoid epidemics, as well as with most critical surgical cases. She has seven years' service. Nurse Mary Anna Davis, of Waterford, has nearly six years' service, during which she has held the position of nurse in Cork Street Fever Hospital, Roscrea Infirmary, Charlemont Street Hospital, Dublin; Mespil Hospital, and the City of Dublin Hospital, where she was trained as a probationer. Nurse Rosa Lawless, of Dublin, has served for six years, had sole charge of Castlebar Fever Hospital during a trying outbreak of typhus; served in Lisburn Fever Hospital and in Mespil Hospital.*

THE INNS OF COURT (DEVIL'S OWN) 14TH MIDDLESEX.
C.I.V.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Private Lewis; Acting-Corpl. Seaton; Private Dawson; Private Johnson; Private Selwell; Private McCulloch; Private Spratt; Private Craik; Private Backle; Private Melville; Private Child; Private Sandlands; Private Collum; Private Mellor; Private Humphrey; Corpl. Chadwick.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Acting-Corpl. Scott; Capt. Gibbons; Acting-Corpl. Stallard.
ON GROUND.—Private Marshall; Private Milsoy; Private Crendhall; Private Glynn; Private Lister.



THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.
4th Militia Battalion, now on their way to the Cape. These are the first Militia Volunteers who have ever been sent on active service.

in receipt of £20 a month, has a nice little surplus to spend on whatsoever he will. His expenditure on clothing need not be excessive. Indeed, it will really cost him less in the long run than in England. The reason of this is that people do not bother to dress so well; an article which would be discarded at home being considered to be quite good for months of further wear. I remember, for instance, when I first arrived in the country, wearing what I thought to be very old garments indeed, I was much amused at a Colonial man remarking, "You fellows just out from home are always such tremendous swells." Men who have been out a few years, however, soon get into the Colonial habit of wearing ready-made clothing, rather than spend from £5 to £7 on a tweed suit made to order.

Another advantage to young fellows employed in stores is, that at the boarding houses where they live, they have the opportunity of meeting men in superior walks of life to their own, and so getting wider knowledge and more refined views, which will some day enable them to strike out fresh lines of their own and take a better place in life.

A peculiarity of all trade in the Transvaal is the total absence of coppers. The homely penny circulates freely enough at Cape Town, but seems as if it could not survive the up-country air. Consequently, your morning paper is the price of our lordly *Times*, and for your accustomed evening "half-penny," the nimble "tickey" (which is the christian name of the threepenny bit in Oom Paul's country) has to be produced. If, by some extraordinary combination of circumstances, you had to pay an amount of a penny or twopence, I know no other way of satisfying the debt than buying three penny stamps at the post office, and paying out of these, or else giving a cheque for the amount. Somehow or other, however, one very quickly gets accustomed to doing without coppers, and on returning to a copper-using country one thinks them at first rather a bother than otherwise.

With no chance of halfpennies in the offertories, it might have been thought Johannesburg would be an easy place for the clergy to raise money. But the offertories, if

Lieut. Jullian. Major McCrae. Lieut. Buchanan. Lieut. Harpur.

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 3RD INFANTRY DIVISION AMMUNITION COLUMN.

they cannot be less than threepence are too often not much more, so that, in the absence of endowments, clerical work meets with as poor a remuneration as any to be found in the country. Doctors, too, do not do so over well, their complaint being that fees are not high enough to adequately compensate them for the heavy expenses their profession entails; and as there are a great number of them, only the favoured few have hitherto made much more than a living. Of the three professions, lawyers do a great deal the best. There is any amount of work, and, as in England, they know how to charge for their services. But the profession is almost entirely in the hands of colonial men who can speak Dutch, as they have to pass examinations in the Transvaal in that language, and in the Roman-Dutch law, on which the laws of the country are founded.

ZULU WAR MEMORIAL, PIETERMARITZBURG.

Being so large, and so diversified in its pursuits and tastes, there is in Johannesburg a living for men of nearly every occupation; but in the rest of the Transvaal there are comparatively few pursuits open. Besides the gold mining, however, large quantities of coal are raised in the neighbourhood. In fact, had it not been for the discovery of coal in close proximity to the gold mines, the latter would have been almost valueless. The expense of importing fuel to drive the battery engines would have eaten out all the profits. The local coal is, therefore, in a way, like the Irishman's pig—"the gintleman that pays the rint."

Next to gold and coal mining, and the industries connected therewith, farming is the pursuit which holds out an opening for many thousands of people in the Transvaal. Though it is a land very fairly productive, and with an endless number of acres capable of yielding substantial crops, under the apathetic management of the Boers, instead of being able to export to other countries, it has had to import all the commonest necessaries of life, such as flour, milk, eggs, butter. How great these imports have been may be gauged from the fact that in 1899 some 700,000 sacks of foreign flour were brought into the country. In the same way, condensed milk is very largely imported from Switzerland, owing to the scanty and expensive supply of the fresh article, the price usually varying from sixpence to one shilling a bottle. It is a curious way to sell milk—in whisky bottles. The bottles, with the original whisky labels still on them, and stoppered with corks, cut to one-third of their original length so as to make them go as far as possible, are often distributed by a Kaffir, who wears a

THE BLOOMSBURY RIFLES—(ST. GILES'S AND ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY)—19TH MIDDLESEX.
C. I. V.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Private J. Johnson; Private F. Westcott; Private T. C. Barrett; Private E. W. Hopkins; Private H. W. Griffen; Private A. R. Preuss; Private W. Smith; Private C. H. Fisher; Private A. E. Neuff; Private J. D. Rider.

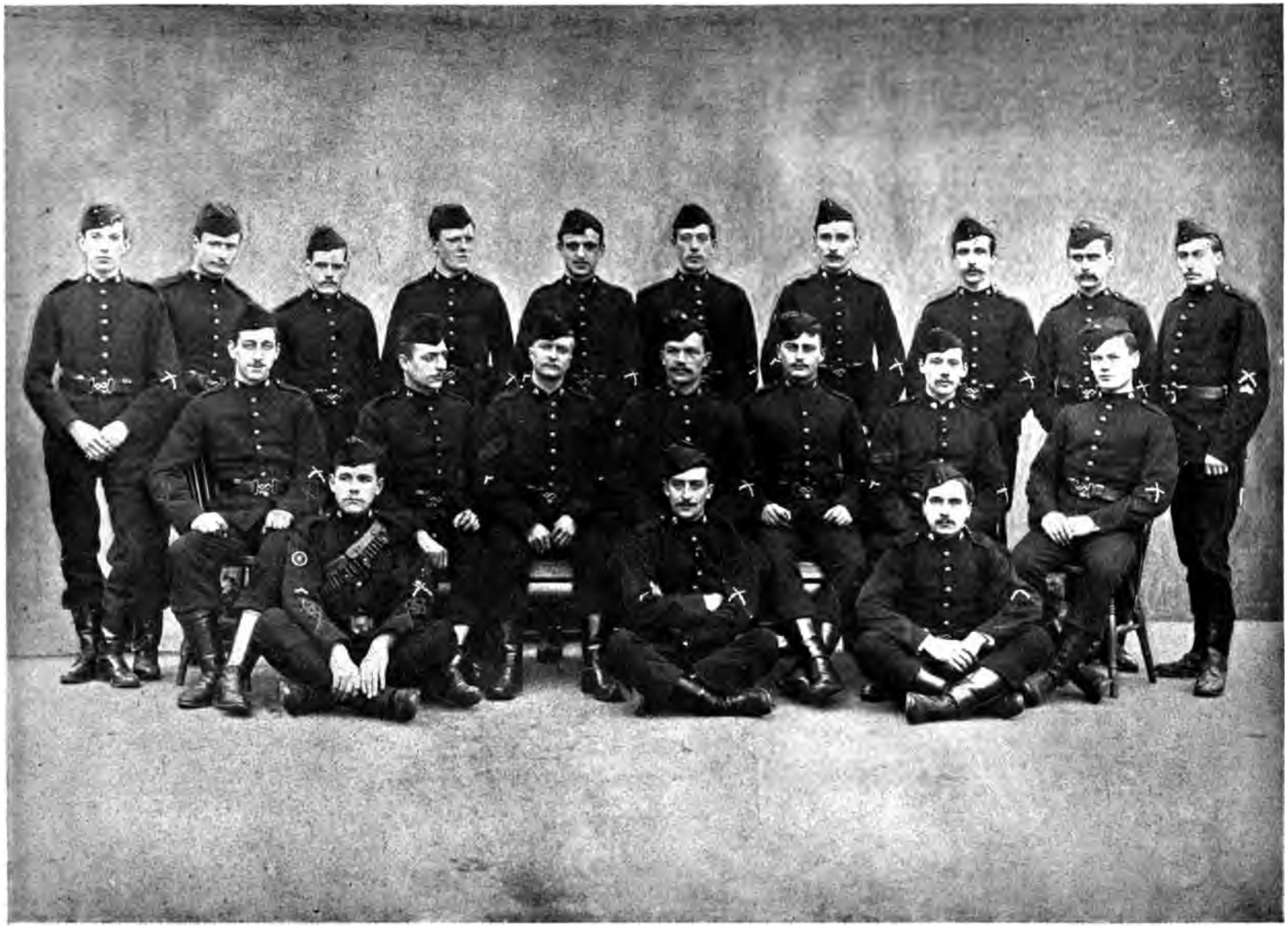
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Private H. Avern; Private L. F. Brown; Private L. E. Lawton; Corpl. H. Q. Emson; Capt. Edis (Artists); Lieut. C. P. Grindle; Sergt. D. G. Brodie; Corpl. R. W. Mourant.

ON GROUND.—Lance-Corpl. A. Romer; Private W. Thwaite; Private H. Romer; Private A. J. Fowler; Private J. W. Daniel.

sort of sack fitted with pockets all over it for the bottles. No one seems, as yet, to have had enterprise enough to introduce into any part of the Transvaal a proper milkman's cart and set of pails. In fact, everything connected with farming seems to be very primitive. Hitherto the Boers have jealously kept in their own hands most of the land suitable for farming in the neighbourhood of the great markets. So the up-to-date go-a-head Englishman has not had the same chance to introduce "the latest" into farming that he has into other things. To give an idea how very profitable it may be made in the hands of a smart man. A friend of mine, who lived near Johannesburg in the early day of the fields, made quite a fortune out of blue-gum trees. He foresaw that the mines would want timber for supporting the sides of their shafts and tunnels. So he laid out all his land and his money in young blue-gum trees. In about four years' time the value of them was considered to be about £100,000, and it has, no doubt, since increased.

In a country where the most common vegetables, such as cabbages, often command fancy prices, there will be a splendid opening for market-gardeners, when the suitable land can be obtained. The average Boer does not care for the trouble which cultivation entails. His garden, therefore, usually consists of fig and peach trees, which, though coming originally of a good stock, have, like their master, degenerated into almost a wild state. The new comer to the Transvaal, when he sees "Peach Tart," or "Stewed Peaches," on the hotel or boarding-house bill of fare, smacks his lips in anticipation of something extremely good. He usually finds to his disgust, however, that he is served with a preparation which if it had been called "Stewed Firewood in Syrup," would have been nearer the truth. As to the peaches which you buy from the old Boers who occasionally trek through the town with a sample fruit stuck on the end of a stick, they are almost more deadly than Boer bullets. 'Tis true that the venerable burgher often parts with them at as low as one shilling a hundred, but what he lacks in price he probably feels is more than made up to him by the pain and indigestion that he will cause to the "verdomde Uitlander" who innocently tackles them.

BOER ARTILLERY AT PRACTICE.



THE LONDON IRISH—16TH MIDDLESEX.

C. I. V.

First Row (standing).—Private C. H. Cooper; Private J. H. Vicary; Private H. A. Darville; Private H. T. Crome; Private C. C. Crome; Private A. E. Hertel; Private E. J. Vickerstaff; Private D. Sinclair; Private H. E. Penn; Private C. E. Glanvill.

Second Row (sitting).—Private J. Young; Corpl. H. Young; Sergt. W. R. Hurst; Sergt. M. E. Shears; Corpl. H. W. Moore; Corpl. W. H. Shrimpton; Corpl. G. Coullon.

On Ground.—Private A. J. Curling; Private A. Coureau; Private J. White.

A BOER COMMANDO STARTING FOR THE FRONT.

MAJOR J. E. LINDLEY,

Second in Command of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons. Born 1860; was educated at Winchester, Cambridge, and Sandhurst, entered the Royal Dragoons in 1881, and afterwards passed through the Staff College. He has held several staff appointments, and has won the respect and esteem of all who know him. Major Lindley is the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir N. Lindley, present Master of the Rolls.

As another example of the primitiveness of Transvaal farming methods, it is amusing to observe how, if a Boer has only a barrowful of peaches or other produce to bring to market, he will religiously inspan sixteen oxen to his waggon for the purpose. No matter what the occasion, the Boer will use the number of oxen that his father did before him; if he is very progressive, he may descend to twelve, but seldom, very seldom, less. Sometimes, of course, there is a reason underlying this. Just as the strength of a chain is in its weakest link, so in trekking over a bad country power must be available to surmount the worst places. But the Boer is so inherently conservative, and has such a hatred of change, that he keeps to the old custom even where he knows the road is good, the matter being almost a question of religion with him.

"If the Almighty had intended man to ride a bicycle he would have made him with wheels instead of legs," some of them will tell you. In the same manner, many absolutely refuse to do anything to kill or drive off the locusts, which are such a real scourge in the Transvaal. When measures were proposed in the Boer Parliament for dealing with the locusts, member after member arose and denounced the profane idea as an interference with the ways of Providence, which must call forth a judgment on the whole nation if such a thing was attempted. Consequently, nothing was done, and the Transvaal is periodically visited by this scourge. Old Transvaalers fully know what it is to experience one of the plagues of Egypt. Once in a way, a storm of locusts is interesting enough; that it to say, when you have not any fields or gardens to be injured by them. Far away in the distance you can see them coming. That black cloud on the horizon line is composed of a living, fluttering mass, whose sheer numbers thus darken the sky. As they alight they literally

LIEUT. J. GORDON STIRLING,

Of the 9th Lancers. Born 1874; joined his regiment in 1895, and has already been engaged in the Battles of Belmont and Enslin. He is son of Mr. Justice Sterling.

CAMP OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT-HORSE AT PIETERMARITZBURG.

"cover the face of the earth and eat up every green herb that groweth thereon." I have been riding out on the veld when my horse has simply refused at last to go on against the whirling mass that kept flying up under its feet. Every now and then one of the unwieldy bodies would come bang into one's face with the force of an almost spent bullet; and on returning to town, especially if a cold wind was blowing, when the locusts seem to have lost their powers of flight, one can hardly walk for slipping on the bodies of the loathsome insects. On the railway they are sometimes in such numbers as to bring a train to a standstill. I must explain a little here. It must not be imagined that they are banked so high, like drifted snow, that the engine cannot plough through. It is simply that their bodies have made the rails so slippery, the engine wheels have no power to bite.

I do not know anything like a railway journey to convey an idea of the amazing numbers which compose one of these locust storms. If you compare them to the grains of sand in the sea, or the flakes in a snowstorm, your imagination fails to grasp anything very clearly, but it is brought home to you a little bit more when your train, rapidly travelling in one direction, takes two hours in passing through a never-ceasing storm of these insects, driving past in the opposite way. Whether the locust of the Transvaal is of exactly the same variety as his Egyptian-plaguing ancestor, of the time of the Pharoah's, I know not. He is to-day a brown insect, about two inches long, as clumsy and stupid as he is destructive. A field of green mealies after a visit of these pests is quite a sad sight. What they do not devour they seem to poison, everything they leave behind them quickly turning yellow and dying.

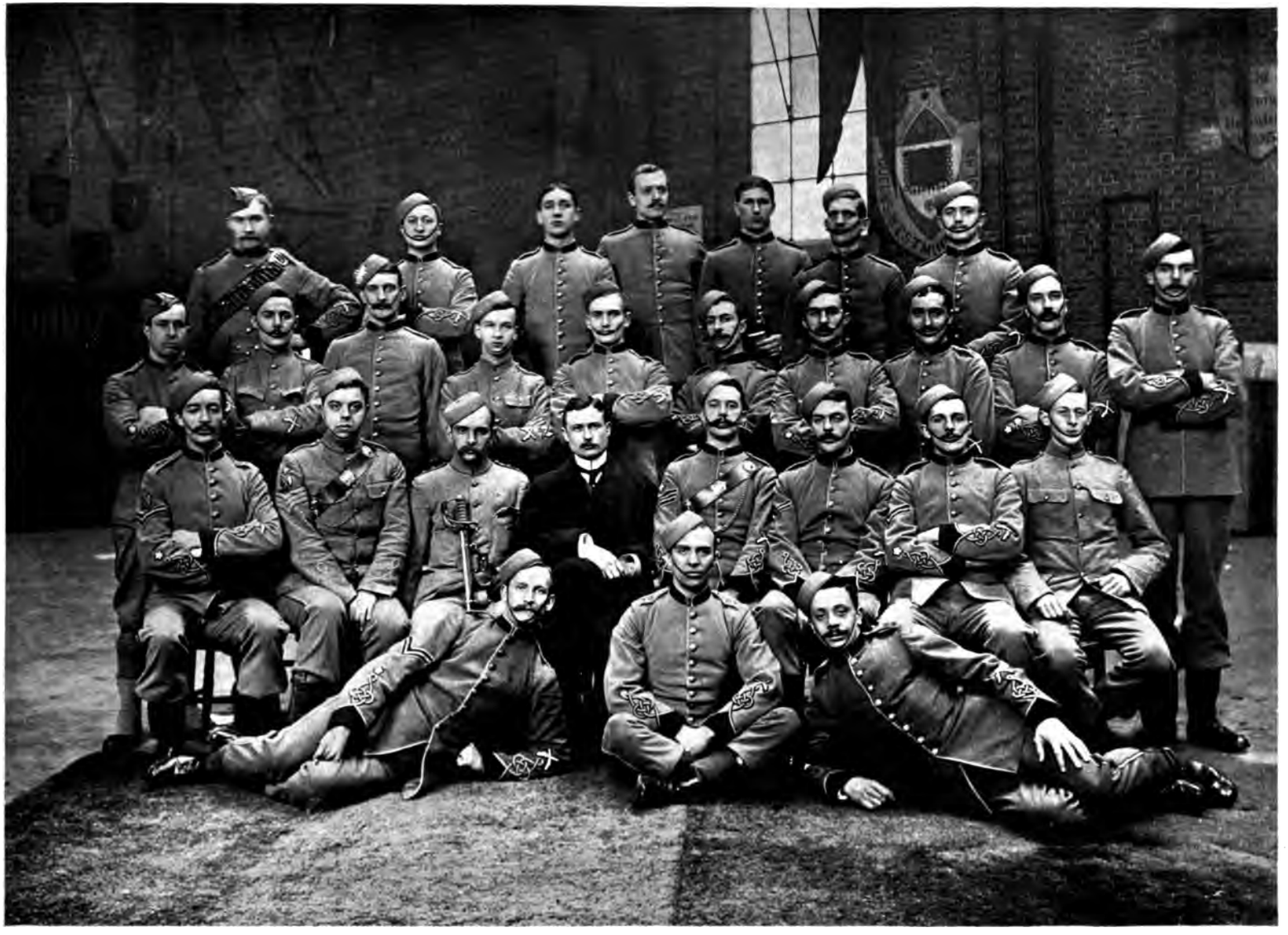
In my list of the resources of the average Transvaal Boer's farm, I forget to mention his mealie patch. This very often represents the only bit of cultivation in his hedgeless, boundaryless farm, where the oxen roam as if in a great no-man's-land. The mealie field,

THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS, ON BOARD THE SS. "BRITON."

with its vivid patch of green, is a great relief to the eye in the dun-coloured, variety-lacking landscape. In this country, one's only ideas of mealies—Indian corn that is—are associated with strewing the grains amongst chuckling, voracious fowls; but in Africa, the mealie, when young and green, boiled in a pot, glorified with butter, and made enticing with salt, is reckoned a worthy food for the biped called Man. The only objection to the green mealie is the method of eating thereof. To consume one and retain your self-respect, you should be alone on the veld, with a rifle to keep anyone from approaching nearer than a mile to see you doing it. In short, there is only one possible way. Take the ends of the cob in your two hands and then gnaw it, as a dog would a bone. This difficulty in satisfactorily consuming the green mealie led to much trepidation and troublement of mind when the Prince of Wales visited America. On one occasion a banquet was given to him, the feature of which was that everything on the table had been produced in the country. Amongst the items on the bill of fare was boiled green mealies. Everyone wondered if the Prince would take one; and, if so, how he would eat it. At last the eventful course came round. The Prince took a mealie, and his guests did likewise. They waited to see what he would do. But His Royal Highness is equal to most occasions in this world; he grasped his mealie cob with both hands, and when the Royal jaws began to gnaw it, everyone heaved a sigh of thankfulness and fell on to theirs in like manner. Their admiration of the Prince's intuitive way of setting everyone at ease was intense.

In the northern districts of the Transvaal there is a very decided opening for enterprising

IMPERIAL LIGHT-HORSE—CADETS PLAYING TO MEN DEPARTING FOR THE FRONT, FROM PIETERMARITZBURG.



THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER (13TH MIDDLESEX)—INFANTRY DETACHMENT, C.I.V.

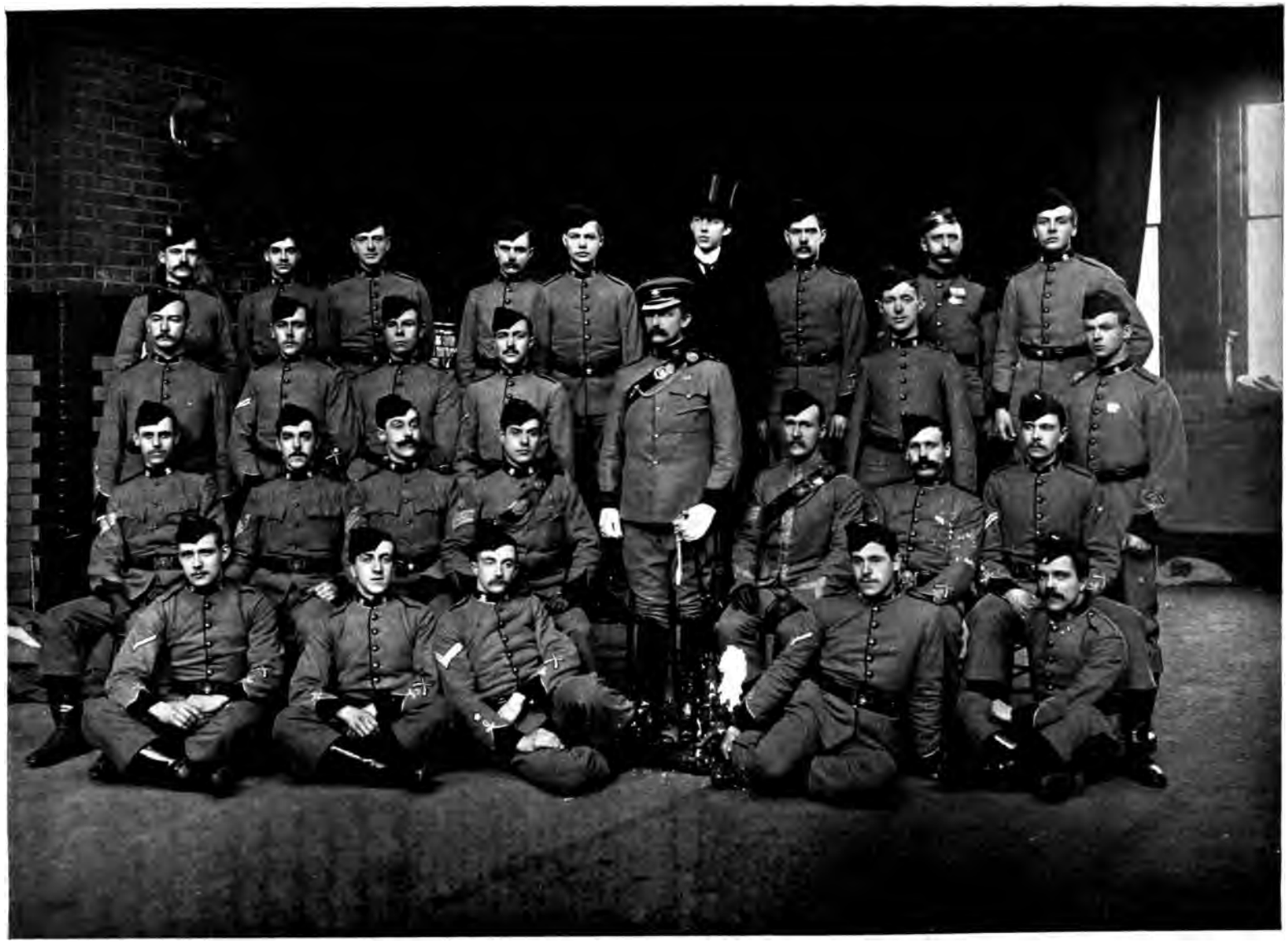
FIRST ROW (at back).—Cyclist Barratt; Private Shepherd; Private Charlton; Private Smith; Private Wakefield; Private Smart; Private Templer.
SECOND ROW (standing).—Cyclist Pickman; Private Welsh; Private Vaughan; Private James; Corpl. Aylen; Private Ormrod; Corpl. White; Private de Witt; Private H. L. Bodger; Private Brockelbank.
THIRD ROW (sitting).—Corpl. Hill; Sergt. Sugden; Capt. Waley Cohen; Lieut. P. Browne; Sergt. Turrell · Corpl. Simmons; Corpl. Sare; Sergt. Tyrwhitt.
ON GROUND.—Corpl. Brown; Private Haddock; Corpl. Pattenden.

Englishmen in the cultivation of tobacco. Round Johannesburg the country, with its altitude of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, is far too cold; but in the Rustenburg and Zoutpansberg districts of the Transvaal, which lie to the north-west and north, the climate is much warmer and the tobacco plant flourishes. The stuff which the Boers turn out from it, however, is but of comparatively poor quality. It would seem as if there must be a fortune awaiting the man with science and practical knowledge, gained elsewhere, who could produce from the local "weed" something equal to the imported article. There is one advantage about the local made tobacco. You can smoke it all day without being any the worse. Few people like it at first, but it is wonderful how soon they get accustomed to it; indeed, many say they could not revert to the imported article. That they seldom do so is

THE IMPERIAL LIGHT-HORSE LOADING TRANSPORT WAGGONS, AT PIETERMARITZBURG.

however, to be explained by the cheapness of "Boer tabak"; a pound for 1s., or five pounds for 3s. 6d., is about the usual figure. Most men invest in a five-pound bag, and with that glorious disregard for conventionalities which characterises a new country, usually carry a half-pound or so loose in their coat pockets. Tobacco pouches, indeed, are very seldom seen. In response to your request for a "fill," a man will simply produce a handful out of his pockets; for tobacco in the Transvaal is considered a sort of free commodity, like matches in England, strangers thinking it by no means an undue liberty stopping you to ask for a pipeful. In the free and easy family life of places like Barberton, this custom even extends to cigarettes; while almost everywhere in the Transvaal, both cigarettes and tobacco are given free to the customers at bars.

There is one little Boer industry I should mention in the resources of the Republic,



THE CIVIL SERVICE—(12TH MIDDLESEX)—C.I.V.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Private Stephens; Private Boot; Private Ross; Private Henderson; Private Hildred; Lord Bury; Private Grimsdale; Private W. Reed; Private Page.
SECOND ROW (standing).—Private H. Fisher; Corpl. Hart; Private Haylett; Corpl. Mears; Col. the Earl of Albemarle; Private McKenzie; Private Buckland.
THIRD ROW (sitting).—Sergt. Worsfold; Sergt. Harris; Sergt. Brett; Col.-Sergt. Oliver; Sergt. Ager; Corpl. Cripps; Corpl. Harper.
ON GROUND.—Lance-Corpl. Reading; Private Wheeler; Corpl. Newson; Lance-Corpl. Tebbutt; Private Crick.

LIEUT.-COL. THOMAS DAVID PILCHER,

Of the 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment (the Peace-makers, as they were called, because it was always their bad luck to be just too late for service in war). He joined the army in 1879, and up to the outbreak in South Africa was serving as Major in the Northumberland Fusiliers. After passing from the Staff College, he joined the Staff in Dublin, and there it was he first came under notice. He accompanied Sir Francis Scott in his expedition to Kumassi, and gained special thanks from the Colonial Office for raising a native regiment on the West Coast of Africa. Quite recently Colonel Pilcher's name has been very prominently before the public as the leader of a most successful raid, by which the town of Douglas, on the Riet River, was delivered for a while from Boer occupation. His little force of some 700 men, mostly Colonials, fought with great skill and courage, making admirable use of cover, and shooting with great accuracy.

which, however, in the event of the British taking over the country, may come to an untimely close. That is the one carried on at the dynamite factory; where, in times of war, explosives are manufactured to kill the British soldier by means of shells and bullets, and, in times of peace, the British miner by dangerous dynamite, that goes off when least expected. We have only hitherto mentioned the grievances under which the mining industry has suffered from the excessive charges for this dynamite, but have not touched on the risks to life and limb of those who used it. In the mines, the number of cases that have happened of men being blown to pieces, through drilling on to dynamite cartridges which had previously failed to go off through defective manufacture, has been appalling. Of course, the most terrible affair of all was that which happened on the 19th of February, 1896, when some ten truck loads of dynamite exploded, at Johannesburg, with the most disastrous effects. On the afternoon of that day the inhabitants of the town were startled, shaken, and deafened by the sound of an explosion, which each one thought had taken place right under the house or office where he was. On rushing out into the streets, the terror-stricken people saw that, on all sides, the windows had been shaken in, and in the north-west, a huge cloud of brown smoke was slowly rising into the sunny sky, above what was evidently the scene of some great explosion. At first, no one realised the awful extent of the calamity; though ocular demonstration of something extremely out of the way having occurred, was afforded by the appearance of Pritchard Street, where the shop windows had been

LIEUT.-COL. ST. JOHN GORE,

Who has succeeded to the command of the 5th Dragoon Guards, vice the gallant and successful defender of Mafeking, Colonel Baden-Powell. He was appointed to the Staff of the Army, joined the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1879, and served with the detachment of that regiment in the Egyptian Campaign of 1885, for which he has the medal and bronze star. He was in command of the cavalry at the battle of Eland's Laagte (two squadrons, 5th Dragoons and 5th Lancers), and completed the defeat of the Boers by a vigorous, well-timed, and successful charge on their line of retreat, after the storming of the position by the infantry.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. P. BRABAZON, C.B., A.D.C.
Late commanding 4th Hussars, now commanding Second Cavalry Brigade in South Africa.

nearly all smashed, and the massive plate-glass flung about the street. Gradually the news was spread by breathless horsemen, that a most appalling disaster had occurred. That nearly a whole suburb had been swept away—men, women, and children, houses, horses, poultry, gardens—everything—had been blown to atoms in one overwhelming disaster, which had overtaken the neighbourhood to the north of Fordsburg.

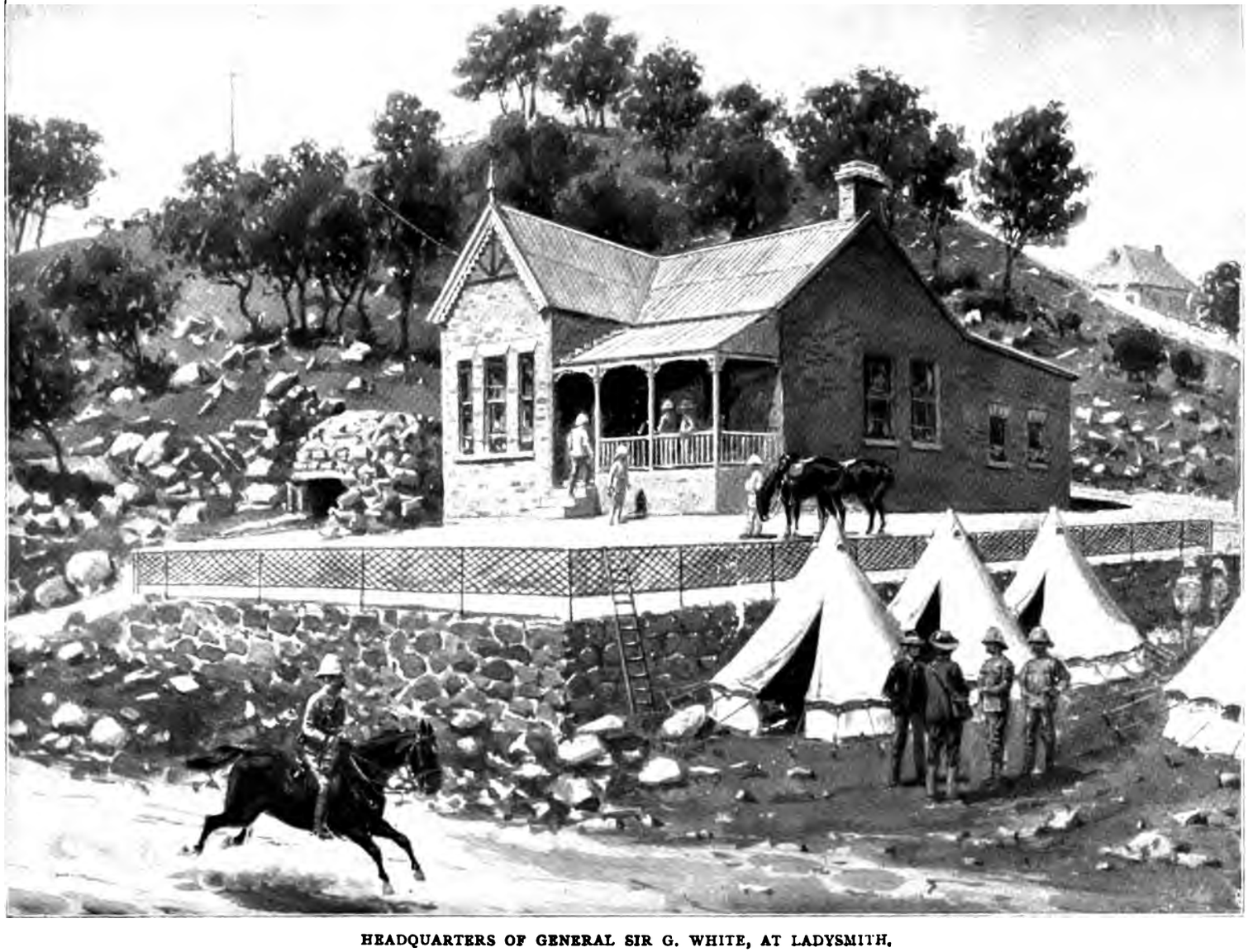
Commissioner Street in a few moments was deserted, every vehicle from a cab to a trolly being requisitioned in the common desire to get out to the scene of the explosion.

On arriving there, a sight terrible beyond description—in fact beyond belief, by those who had not seen it, and beyond realisation even by those who had—met the eye.

SHIPPING HORSES FOR THE CAPE, FROM LIVERPOOL.

In place of a railway siding, there was now a mighty yawning pit, 50 feet deep, 200 feet long, and 50 feet wide. In every direction, far as the eye could see, where streets and houses had stood, there was nothing but twisted and torn pieces of galvanised iron, overthrown walls, broken articles of furniture, torn bedding, etc.; of all that had once been houses, there now remained only a tangled ruin; while—most terrible of all—in every direction lay the mangled bleeding bodies of the unfortunate inmates, to which the cries of the wounded, and the shrieks of the mourners, lent an additional horror. Over a hundred injured people were taken to the hospital and to the Wanderers' Club for treatment. Besides these, there were alas! as many again to be buried, while nearly a thousand, thus suddenly rendered homeless, had to be provided for.

(*This descriptive matter will be continued in subsequent numbers.*)



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL SIR G. WHITE, AT LADYSMITH.

The shelter on the left was constructed for the General by his staff, to resort to when shells were becoming unpleasantly numerous, but it will not surprise those who know the General to hear that he declines to use it. A recent Boer despatch from Lorenço Marquez, stated that shells from "Long Tom" had smashed the quarters of General White and General Hunter.

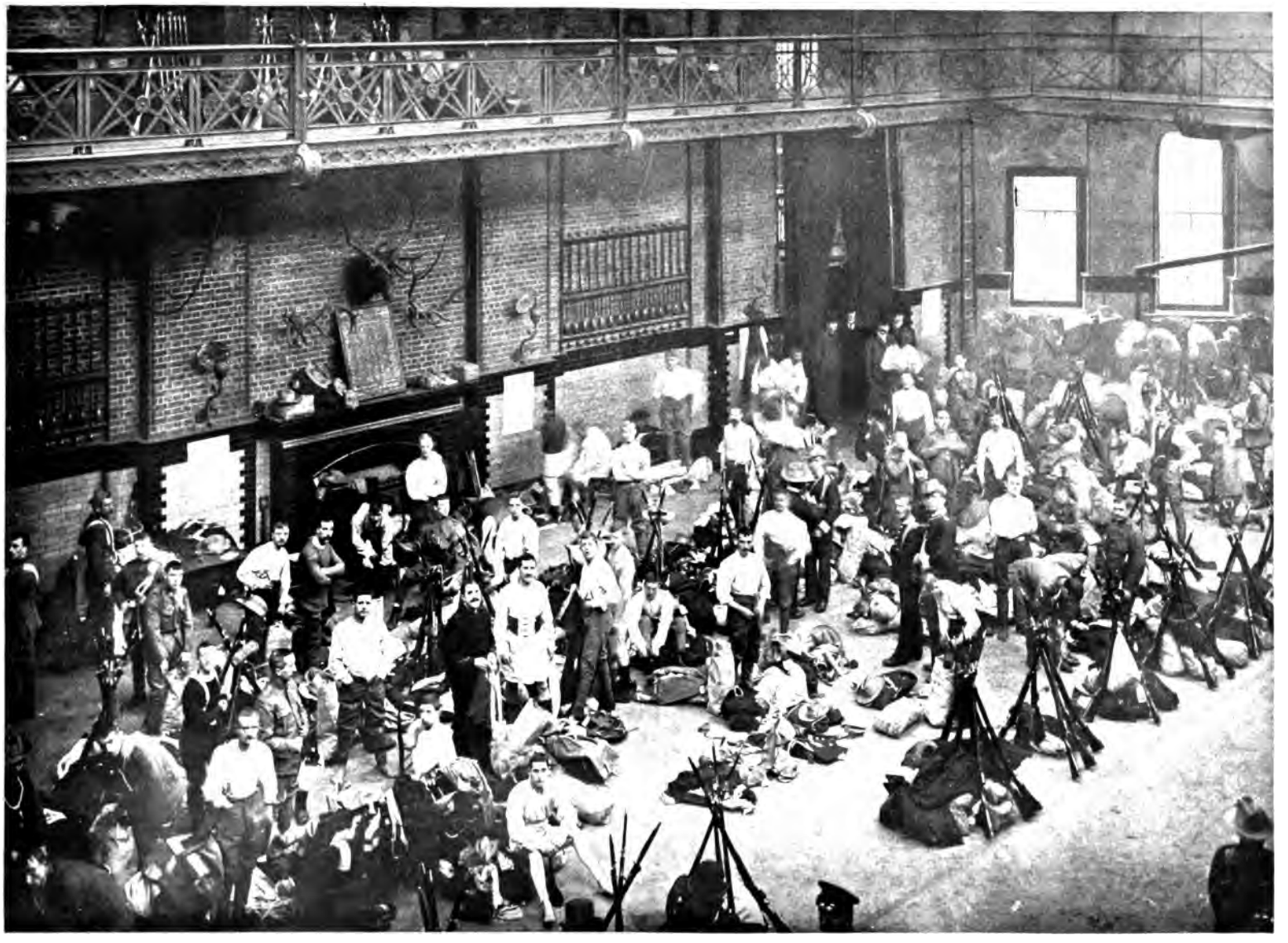
We reproduce here a free translation of the Transvaal National Anthem, and also the first verse in its original Dutch. The words are certainly very fine. They are attributed to one C. F. Van Rees. The tune to which it is sung is also good, but for years it has rankled in the breasts of Englishmen that after all theatrical and other performances the Volkslied, by order of the Transvaal Government, has had to be played first—and then "God save the Queen." The tremendous cheers which invariably greeted the latter, were for a long time previous to the war a good index of the pent-up feelings of the oppressed Uitlander population.

THE TRANSVAAL VOLKSLIED.

Kent gij dat volk vol helden moed,
En toch zoo lang geknecht;
Het heeft geofferd goed en bloed,
Voor vrijheid, en voor recht.
Kom burghers, laat ons feest-lied schallen
Ons leyden is voorbij;
Roomt in den zeeken onzer dapren
Voor vrije volk zyn wij,
Voor vrije volk, voor vrije volk,
Voor vrije, vrije volk zyn wij.

Right nobly gave, voortrekkers brave,
Their blood, their lives, their all
For Freedom's right; in Death despite,
They fought at Duty's call.
Ho, burghers! High our banner waveth,
The standard of the free,
No foreign yoke our land enslaveth,
Here reigneth liberty.
'Tis Heaven's command, here we should stand,
And aye defend the volk and land.

1ST CITY OF LONDON ROYAL ENGINEERS.—C.I.V.
Sapper O. Gamble; Sapper G. Pemberton; Sapper H. Chambers (at back); 2nd Corpl. G. Gamble; 2nd Corpl. F. Baragwanath.



"A" COMPANY OF THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS CHANGING INTO KHARKI, AT THE LONDON SCOTTISH HEADQUARTERS

What realm so fair, so richly fraught
With treasures ever new,
Where Nature hath her wonders wrought
And freely spread to view!
Ho, burghers old, be up and singing,
God save the Volk and land;
This, burghers new, your anthem ringing,
O'er veld, o'er hill, o'er strand;
And burghers all, stand ye or fall,
For hearths and homes at country's call.

With wisdom Lord, our rulers guide
And these thy people bless;
May we with nations all abide
In peace and righteousness.
To Thee, whose mighty arm hath shielded
Thy volk in by-gone days,
To Thee alone be humbly yielded
All glory, honour, praise.
God guard our land, our own dear land,
Our children's home, their Fatherland.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

One of the points in which our opponents have scored over us is in their knowledge of our language and methods. The heliographed enquiries "How's Buller getting on, etc.?" should have supplied us with a cue as to the sort of thing to do to them. Devices such as sending a Boer dressed up as a Highlander to capture some of our cattle, may seem very despicable; but, instead of grumbling, it would be a good deal better to try to play them a little more at their own game, on the theory that "All is fair in love and war."

Lance-Corpl. B. Betts; Driver J. Blott; Driver W. E. Page; Driver W. Flanagan; Driver H. Soller.
1ST CITY OF LONDON ROYAL ENGINEERS.—C.I.V.
Lance-Corporal and Four Drivers Field Company.

THE 3RD CITY OF LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.

C.I.V.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Private R. Jameison; Private H. Tuppen; Private A. Wyatt; Private E. Merritt; Private E. Champion; Private G. Greenaway; Lance-Corpl. A. North; Private H. Harsum; Lance-Corpl. G. Spittle; Private R. Cook; Lance-Corpl. W. Oxley; Private J. Aimer; Private G. Kirkpatrick; Lance-Corpl. J. Edwards; Sergt. J. Butler.

SECOND ROW (sitting).—Private J. Henson; Private F. Pearce; Private J. Houghton; Sergt. H. Garrett; Private T. Wilson; Private H. Commander; Drummer J. Carr.

AN ARTILLERYMAN'S FUNERAL AT HOME.
The coffin, covered with the Union Jack, is placed on the gun carriage, with helmet, sword, &c., on top.

What we should do would be to employ all the English colonial-born men we could induce to enlist. It stands to reason that the colonial-born man, coming from the adjoining farm to the Boer, knows all his tricks and methods of fighting, and is bound to be just as good at his own line. Long before the present war broke out, colonial people, in speaking of the last war, always said: "Oh, if the British Government had not sent out so many drilled soldiers, but enlisted more of the colonial men, who know the Boers and their methods of fighting, things would have been different; but offers of assistance from us were only snubbed." Notwithstanding the obvious advisability of employing colonials, exactly the same error was made at the commencement of the present war; any number of young fellows—with horses and everything ready—"spoiling for a fight," being refused. Even putting aside any other question, it seemed a waste of money to have to go to the expense of getting over men and horses when the material was all ready on the spot. In place of importing heavy chargers, which, owing to the "horse-sickness" will probably die like flies, ponies could have been purchased in Basutoland which would not have cost one-fourth of the amount that a trooper's charger will represent when finally landed at the front. They would also be a great deal more serviceable, owing to their inherited capacity for enduring hardships and long hours under the saddle. These things have been pointed out to the powers that be again and again, but, as an old colonist of great experience remarked the other day, "I know the British officer of

THE CHIEF MOURNERS—MEN OF HIS COMPANY—FOLLOW BEHIND THE CORTÉGE.

CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD THE SS. "BRITON."

SHAFT HEAD OF THE DE BEERS MINE, KIMBERLEY.
The signal messages between Kimberley and Lord Methuen's camp, were received and sent from the top of this.

old. If any one, not in the army, or even of lower official rank than himself, makes a suggestion, his answer is, virtually, 'Who are you to teach me my business. How can you know anything?'" To this an exception must certainly be made in the case of General Buller, who admitted, at the time of the Zulu war, that an old Boer named Pieter Uys had taught him more of the art of war than ever he knew before.

* * * * *

The news that such large numbers of applicants for the Imperial Yeomanry have been rejected owing to trifling defects in their physical condition, such as the lack of a few teeth, and that in consequence, in place of the required 10,000 being available, their numbers have been brought down to only 3,500, is doubly astonishing to those who know the class of men the Boers are gladly accepting into their ranks. One could almost cry with rage if it were not for the absurdity of the thing; it is so thoroughly in accordance with the pipe-clay-and-dress parade ideas of the red tape autocrats of our War Office. Our opponents are glad to call out every male aged from 16 to 60, and every pallid-faced, uneven-shouldered clerk who formerly wielded a pen in their service, has now to carry a rifle instead. They are indeed doing their best; and we, while our undermanned armies are meeting reverses—are counting the would-be volunteers' teeth. It is, indeed, a case of looking a gift horse in the mouth.

The Photographs in this number are by Argent Archer, pages 327, 347, 349, 351; Art Reproduction Co, page 337; Chancellor & Son, pages 325, 326; Stephen Cribb, page 350; John Edwards, pages 335, 343; N. P. Edwards, pages 321, 322, 324, 330, 352; Elliott & Fry, pages 331, 333; John Ferguson, pages 336, 338, 340; Lafayette, page 328; A. H. Poole & Co., page 329; Priestley & Sons, Ltd., page 344; J. Robinson & Sons, page 342; Thiele & Co., cover; R. W. Thomas, pages 339, 341, 346, 348; Van der Weyde, page 335; Arthur Weston, page 323.

The various Groups of C.I.V. given in this number do not include the full number of Volunteers sent out by each Regiment, as it was almost impossible for all members to arrange to be present.

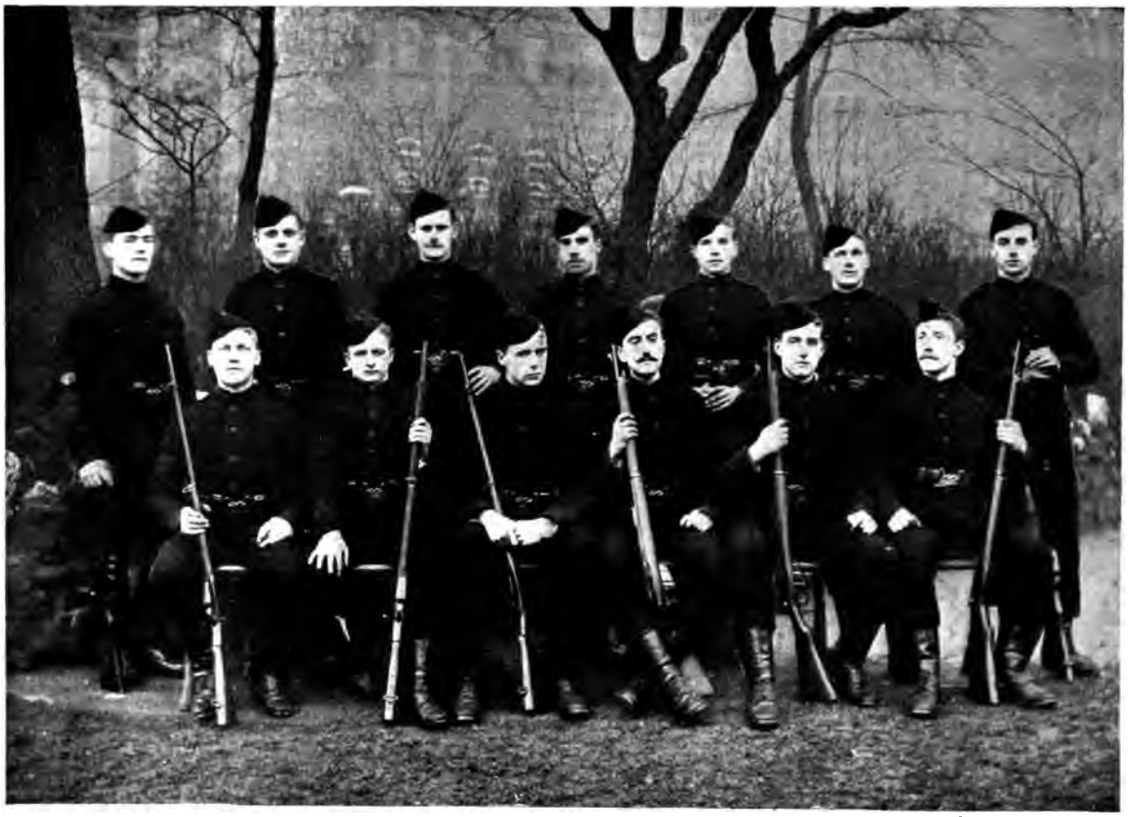
BLANKET SHELTERS FOR PASSING THE NIGHT, ERECTED BY THE TROOPS DIRECTLY AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE.

XII.

COLOUR-SERGT. CROMBIE, *"D" Company of the C.I.V.*

OF the other industries of the Transvaal, which will absorb some of the thousands of young fellows who will be attracted out there on the war reaching a satisfactory termination, one of the principal is that of cattle raising. This, up to the present, has been almost entirely in the hands of the Boer farmers. In fact, it is only by reason of his keeping flocks and herds, like a patriarch of old, that a Boer can be considered a farmer at all; for as regards raising crops from the soil, what he achieves in a general way is altogether contemptible. Agriculture means solid work, and the Boer prefers coffee and a pipe on the stoep; for cattle raising on Boer lines does not necessarily mean work. The question of winter provender, for instance, is simple. None of your regarding the clouds with a view to reaping the hay-harvest for Mr. Boer. His reason for not doing so is as satisfactory and all-sufficing as the first of the six reasons which the Fathers of the town of Leicester advanced to King James the First, in palliation of their neglect in welcoming him with a salute of guns. "First, Your Majesty, we had no cannon!" And the Boer has no hay-harvest. He leaves his cattle to survive, if they can, on the fat they have accumulated in summer, till the veld grows green again, without making any provision



1ST CADET BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.
C.I.V.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Staff-Sergt. Sherwood; Sergt. Greenwood; Sergt. Bailey; Corpl. Barrett; Col.-Sergt. Lancaster; Sergt. Faith; Sergt. Trussler.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Col. Sergt. Faith; Col.-Sergt. Nicol; Sergt. Fitzpatrick; Col.-Sergt. Ellett; Sergt. Coombe; Col.-Sergt. Hutchins.

to help them through the winter. If they die "It's the Lord's will." As to cow-houses, or other shelter from the bitter winds of winter, he would fail to understand what you meant if you suggested such a thing. His father never had them, and why should he?

Barring these little idiosyncrasies arising from the intense conservatism of his nature, the Boer is fond of his cattle in his own way, and very proud of the span of oxen which draws his waggon. Very often he will make valiant endeavours to get them all exactly alike in colour and height. The size of some of these oxen is truly magnificent. It is not an uncommon thing to see animals in yokes in the Johannesburg Market Square, five feet high at the shoulder. Nearly all of them have immensely long, wide-branching horns, and cases have been heard of where these have measured 12 feet from tip to tip. A notable feature is the method of yoking, as compared with those that are to be seen in other countries where oxen are used, or on Lord Salisbury's estate at Hatfield. Instead of yoking by the head, and so making the enormous strength of the animal's neck come into play, or having a properly fitting shoulder yoke, the Boer thinks that he has done quite sufficient if he has a round pole lying on the animals' necks, and pairs of yokeskeis, or pieces of wood standing out at right angles with the pole on each

OFFICERS OF COLONEL MACDONALD'S BRIGADE OF ARTILLERY.

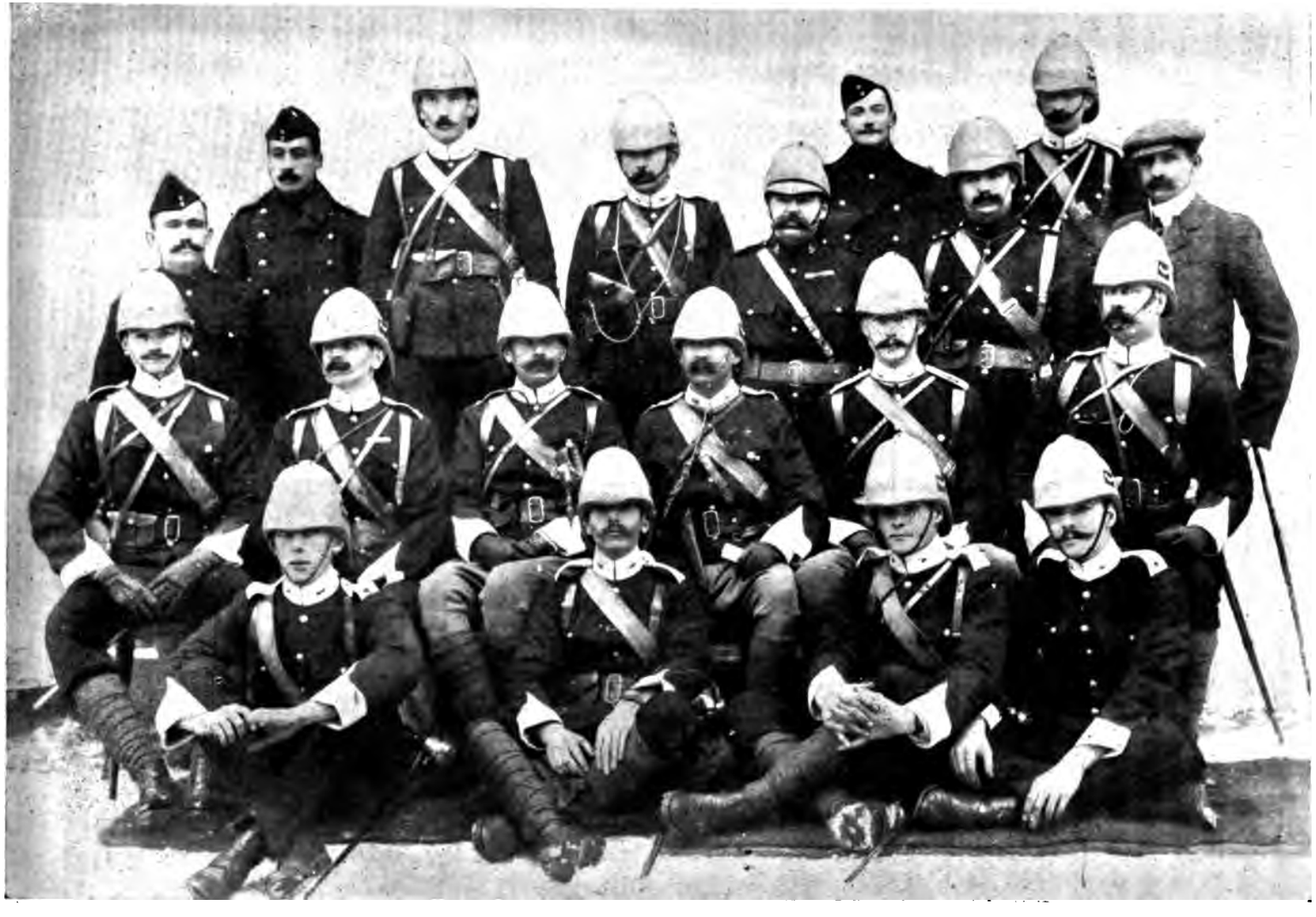
At Back.—Capt. Lenox; Lieut. Luce.
First Row (standing).—Capt. Stevens; Capt. Malony; Lieut. Wylde; Major Chapman; Lieut. Davies; Lieut. Littledale.
Second Row (sitting).—Lieut. Wickman; Lieut. Devenish; Capt. Onslow; Col. McDowell; Major Harrison; Major Bratt; Capt. Gotto.

side of their necks, with a hide thong connecting the two yokeskeis passing under the throat. The yoke itself is fastened in the centre to the long chain—the "trektow," as the Boers call it—which runs between the oxen. This simple arrangement completes the entire harness.

Simple as it is, getting an ox into yoke requires experience and practice. There seems to be far too much horn about to be pleasant to the novice, and when the animal, in a peculiarly knowing way, puts his head on one side with three or four feet of horn pointed straight at you, you feel that any other job is a happy one compared with yours. Of course, it is nothing to the Boer, brought up to it all his life, accustomed to regard his waggon as his home and to count his wealth in the number of oxen he possesses. Truly the ox, though it furnishes a slow and primitive means of transport, is a good friend to the Boer. Year in and year out he will, if required, trek his ten to fifteen miles a day, and when, after long and faithful service, he is played out and can trek no more, his leathern body, under the title of "prime sirloin," will still continue to serve the cause of his master by giving excruciating indigestion to the hated Uitlander. For sheer flavour-lacking toughness defunct trek ox is hard to beat. The animal seems to have absorbed into every fibre and sinew of its body all the obstinate unyielding

THE 3RD CITY OF LONDON RIFLES.
C.I.V.

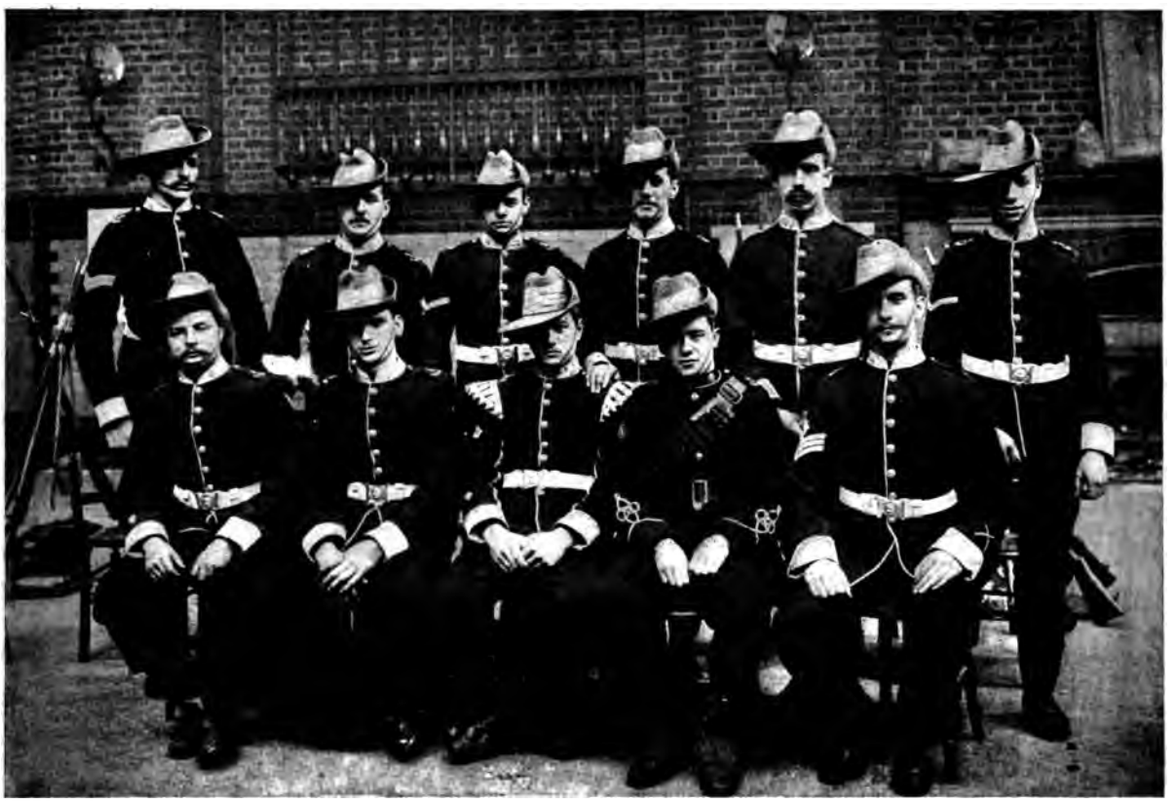
FIRST ROW (standing).—Private R. Jameison; Lance-Corporal G. Spittle; Private A. Wyatt.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Lance-Corporal A. North; Sergt. A. Garrett; Private T. Wilson; Private R. Cook.
ON GROUND.—Private A. Henson.



COLONEL CARTER AND OFFICERS OF THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Lieut. Yardley; Capt. Vincent; Lieut. Rogers; Capt. Holmes a 'Court; ———; Lieut. Richards; Capt. Bolton; Capt. Matcham; Major Picot.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—2nd Lieut. Henslow; Major Macmullen; Major Beatson; Lieut.-Col. Carter; Lieut. and Adjt. Evans; Major Stock.
ON GROUND.—Lieut. Mellish; 2nd Lieut. Thornton; 2nd Lieut. Gillson; Lieut. Kimberley.

nature of its Boer master. Besides being nasty, the meat used to have the further fault of being cheap. Which meant that, at hotels and boarding-houses, instead of the vegetables and fruit necessary to life in a warm climate being set before one, and the cultivation of them thereby encouraged, it was a case of, to paraphrase the poet, "Trek-ox roast, and trek-ox boiled, trek-ox stewed, and trek-ox broiled," with occasional mutton nearly as bad, from year end to year end. In those days, the slaughter-ox was represented in market value by about £6, but rinderpest has so diminished his numbers that butchers' meat in places like Johannesburg is now as expensive as in England.



4TH V.B. EAST SURREY REGIMENT.
C.I.V.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Corpl. French; Private Dunbar; Lance-Corpl. Martinson; Private Brown; Private Smith; Lance-Corpl. Wood.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Private Richards; Private Davidson; Bugler Whitaker; Private Palmer; Sergt. Buckle.

Doubtless one reason for the peculiarly leathern-like meat which is so often inflicted on the resident in the Transvaal is the fact that, besides generations of trekking forefathers, the Transvaal ox is originally descended from the "gaunt, bony animals, with immense horns and long legs," which were discovered in possession of the Hottentots when the first party of Dutch landed at the Cape. Poor in quality though they were for slaughter purposes, the mariners of those times, stricken with scurvy for lack of fresh meat, were glad to get them at the prices asked by their Hottentot masters, whose most favoured form of settlement

CAPT PERCY H. DARBYSHIRE,

5th Dragoon Guards. Joined the regiment in 1889, and got his Captaincy in 1895. "At the battle of Elandslaagte the Dragoons chased the Boers past a Red Cross tent. They respected those gathered about the tents; but one ruffian, when they came abreast, shot point-blank at a private; as he fell dead from the saddle, Captain Darbyshire rode at his slayer, and shot him dead."—(From a letter from a fellow-officer.)

LIEUTENANT W. W. MELDON.

1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, one of the regiments under General Hart's command; was wounded in the battle of the Tugela River. He joined his regiment in 1898.

LIEUTENANT C. E. SOUTHEY.

1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, was taken prisoner at Nicholson's Nek, and has been seriously ill in Pretoria. He joined the army in 1895.

LIEUT. HERBERT CECIL WILLOUGHBY BERTHON.

2nd Black Watch, has died of wounds received at Magersfontein. He was transferred to the Royal Highlanders in 1897 from the East Yorkshire Regiment. He had been promoted to the latter corps in 1894, after serving in the ranks for nearly seven years. Lieut. Berthon was in his 35th year.

was a bit of hoop iron or a pocket-knife or two. The natives then had some rather curious uses for them, as, besides employment as pack-oxen, they used to run races with them, and even make them serve as war-oxen. They were taught to charge the enemy without any rider, being guided by shouting certain words which they had been trained to obey, much in the same fashion as in the present campaign, Baden-Powell's force loosed out a driverless engine along the railway in hope of doing damage to the Boers. Kaffir ox-races may be seen in some parts even to the present day. There is nothing in the way of saddles on the

DETACHMENT OF THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY (C.I.V.) DETRAINING AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS.

oxen, any more than dresses on the riders. A bridle is formed by a rope tied to each end of a stick passing through the ox's nostrils, and he is whipped along in the usual liberal fashion with the first thing that comes handy.

Many of the pure bred Afrikander animals have a very decided wild strain in their disposition. For instance, when the cows calve out on the veld, it is an instinct with them to hide their offspring in the first sheltered place they can find. As the calf, as well, has this hereditary desire for concealment, sometimes a week or two elapses before it can be found. This is awkward for the farmer, for another of the wild instincts of the cow then comes into

play. Until the calf can be found, the mother, in default of its presence, will refuse to give up her milk. Of course, in many districts the breed has been so much improved by crossing with the Frieslands of Holland, or the Kerrys, Jerseys, or Ayrshires of the United Kingdom, that this wild strain has been eliminated, and a g od milking animal has resulted. Of course, in a country where the primary use of the ox is for trekking purposes, it could hardly be expected that it would possess in the same degree the other qualities which we associate with a good animal. As a draught beast there can be no question that the Cape ox is unrivalled. He is the true pioneer of South Africa, for without his valuable aid, in a country where roads and bridges are not, in dragging heavy waggons through deep kloofs and up rugged mountain passes, the country could never have been opened up.

COL. THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE
(Civil Service),
Commander of the C.I.V., Infantry Section.

An ox-waggon journey away from the railways and the beaten tracks of civilisation is a wonderful experience. You are as completely cut off from the world as at sea in a sailing ship. Day after day you trek your ten or fifteen miles; there is the same hill in front of you for a week at a time, and when you have passed it there is another. The veld slopes up and down in long five-mile heaves, and you know that north, south, east, and west it is all the same, and that the country on the other side of a rise will, when you have reached it, look virtually the same as that you are now in. Time is not; the morning and the evening make day after day, but week after week goes by, in the same unhurrying, unvarying procession of treks, meals and sleep, that you soon lose count of everything, and the great world seems as a far-off dream which belonged to some other life.

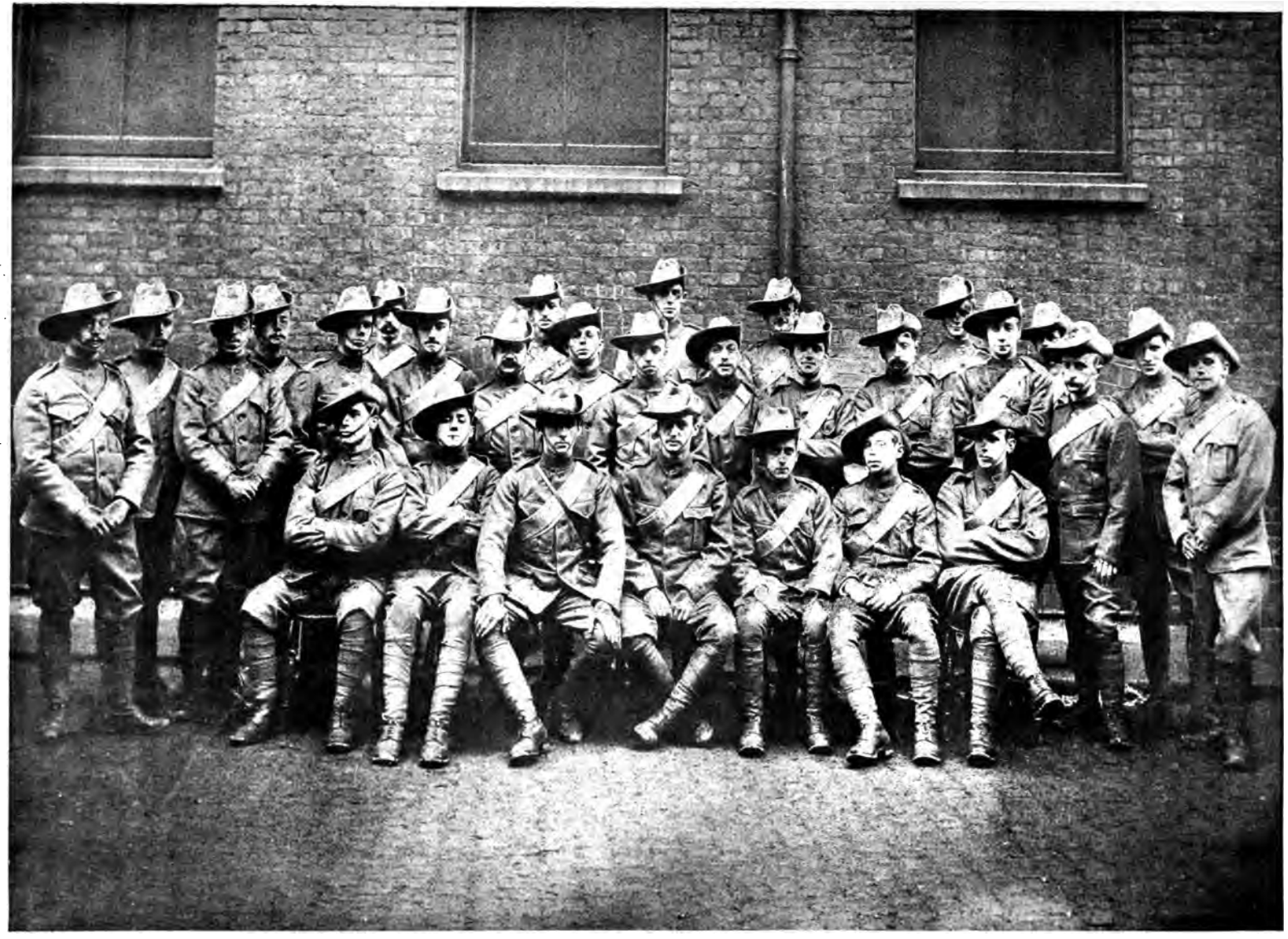
CAPT. THE HON. J. H. R. BAILEY
(In the uniform of the Grenadier Guards),
Adjutant of the C.I.V.

There are, of course, the occasional farm-houses. At some, where the natural hospitality of their simple Boer inhabitants has not been violated by European swindlers,

3RD V.B. EAST SURREY.
C.I.V.

First Row (at back).—Lance-Sergt. W. Hawkins; Private W. Anderson; Corpl. F. T. Martin; Private G. Silly; Private F. Smith; Private F. J. Burnell; Lance-Corpl. T. K. Mellor; Private A. R. Levermore; Private P. Tomlinson; Private N. Jolliffe.
Second Row (standing).—Private F. C. Devenish; Private W. C. Cutting; Private J. Giles; Private C. Bartlett; Private T. J. Dendy; Private C. H. Reading; Private F. Lemon; Private T. B. Knight; Corpl. C. W. Hunt; Private A. Cooper; Lance-Sergt. W. Ross; Capt. F. R. Burnside.
Third Row.—Private A. F. Brown; Private A. Hector; Private M. T. Freeland; Private J. D. Lucas; Private F. Best; Private G. Woodward; Corpl. G. Pullen.
On Ground.—Private H. Denison; Bugler H. F. Wilson; Bugler C. Macklin; Private C. Fellows; Private G. E. Ives; Private G. Taylor; Private B. R. Cook.
In Front.—Private G. Wernham; Private E. G. Millard; Private A. E. Rowe.

you are received with a "Wil neef inkom?" (Will nephew come in?) "Wie is neef?" (Who is nephew?), etc. You are called "nephew" if young, but are otherwise dignified with the title of Oom (uncle). If you can speak Dutch and make yourself agreeable, you may perhaps be invited to accompany the family to a dance at some neighbouring farm. That is, if your hosts do not consider dancing as the work of the evil one. A ball at one of these farm-houses is not likely to be forgotten. Yes, there certainly are drawbacks to a floor made of cow-dung. After the fun (?) has been going for a bit, the appearance of things is that of a lot of Dervishes dancing in a Soudan sand storm. Home-made Boer candles are also incompatible with dress suits (for the swallow-tail is by no means a rare visitor on these occasions), and as they sway over head are apt to give you an out-all-night-in-a-snow-storm appearance. Where the floor boasts of boards, a dancing surface is prepared by sprinkling over them a liberal dose of cornflour, or scraped tallow candle, or both. The effect is not altogether delightful, either for your nostrils or the lower portion of your clothes, but, when you are out for an evening's



THE 2ND CITY OF LONDON RIFLES (10TH V.B. KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS).
C.I.V.

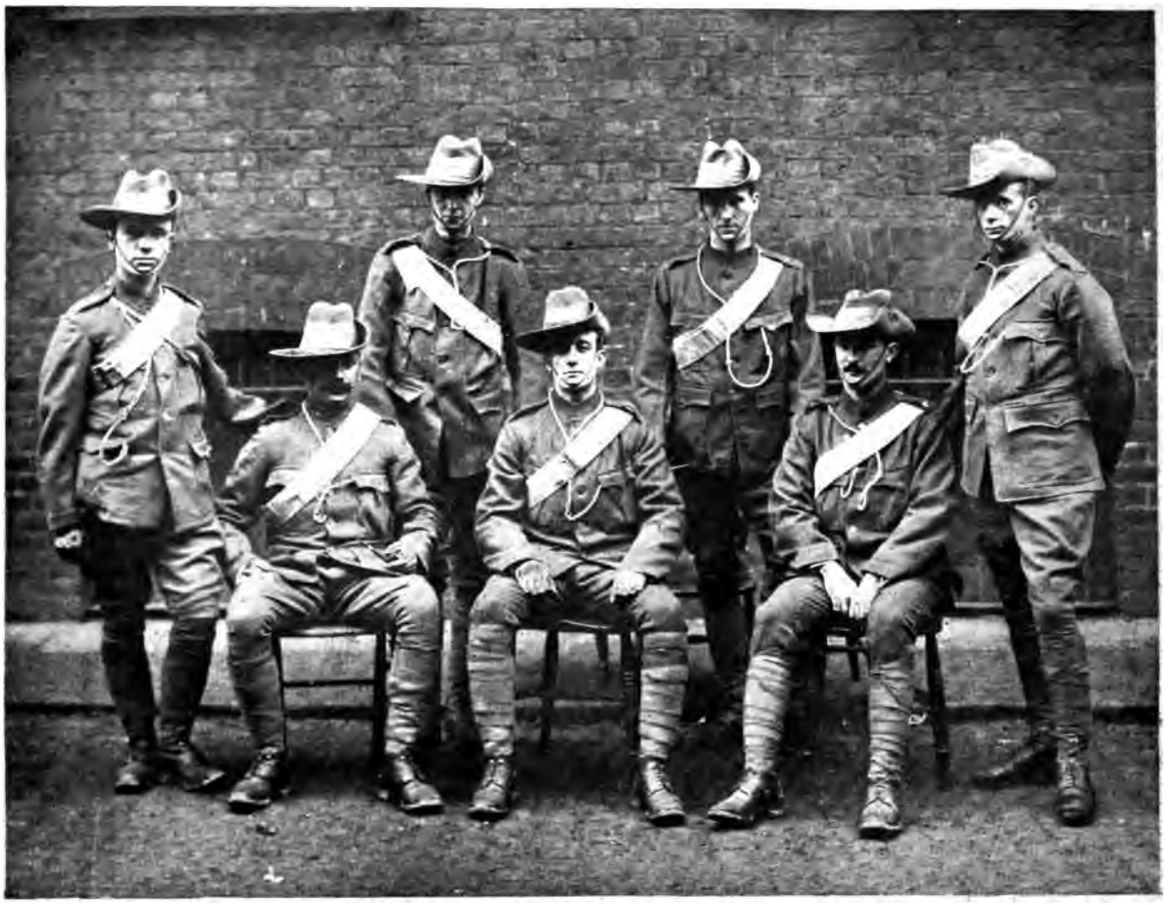
FIRST ROW (at back).—Sergt. F. Kennedy; Corpl. W. E. Hayes; Sergt. E. H. Pole; Private A. Flewer; Private F. Carter; Corpl. G. Lee; Cyclist T. E. Hammond; Private A. H. Costin; Corpl. A. Lee.

SECOND ROW (standing).—Private M. Hanlon; Sergt. W. E. Blaber; Private W. J. Dight; Private Edwards; Private O. L. Haag; Corpl. W. Royal; Private Summerling; Private M. Mustoe; Private Shepheard; Private Snow; Private T. Kiernan; Private F. G. Newland; Private Strachan.

THIRD ROW (sitting).—Cyclist A. E. Clarke; Sergt. Seabrook; Sergt. A. J. Holliday; Colour-Sergt. H. P. Moore; Sergt. H. H. Cook; Private E. W. Slight; Cyclist Wright.

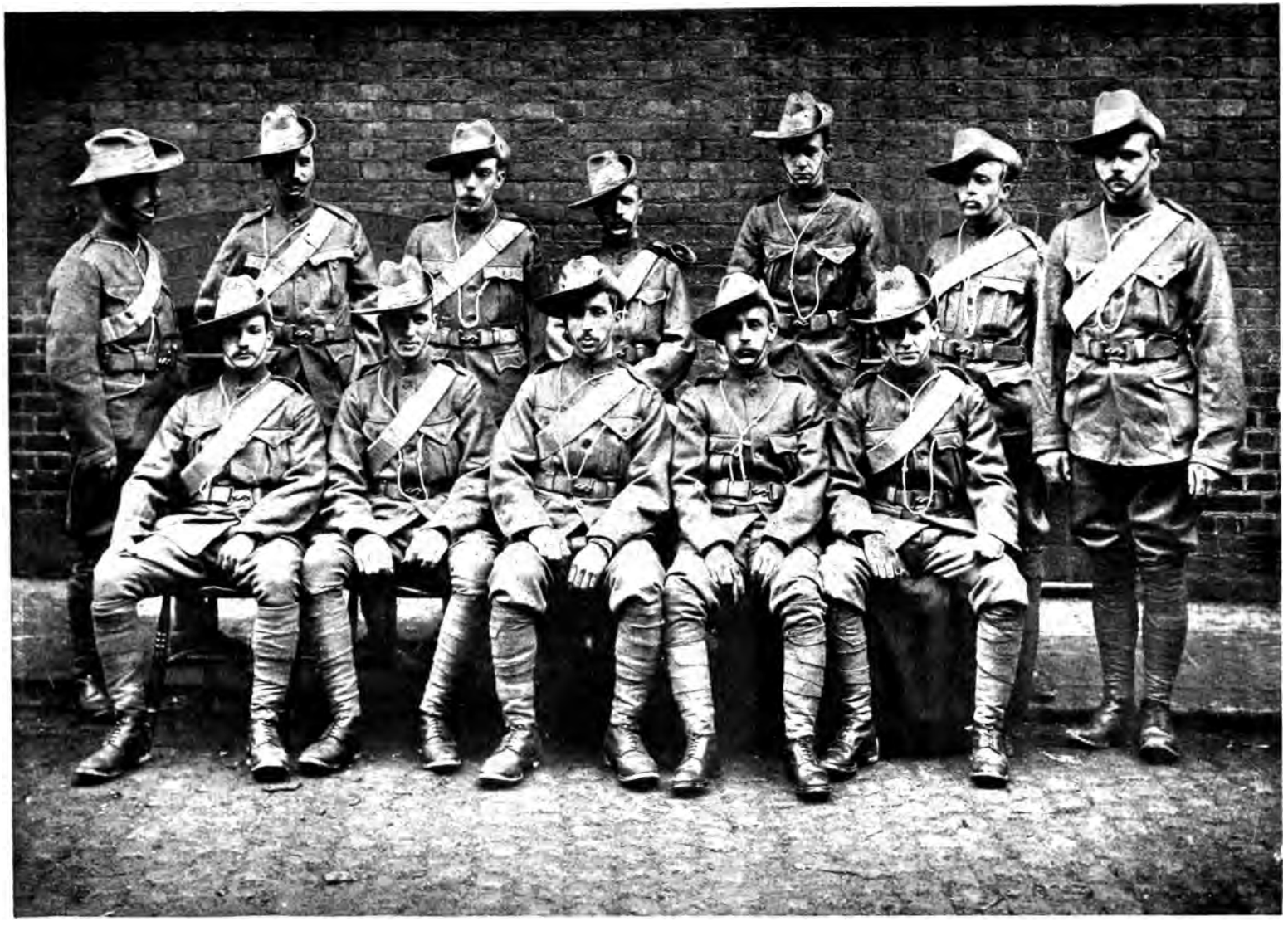
pleasure in the Transvaal you must do as the Transvaalers do. I have danced at such a house, where there were twenty-four dances on the programme, besides multitudinous "extras," until the sun rose. Then we pulled down the blinds and went on. There are two kinds of Boer girls. There is the country variety, with a pinched figure—straight and gaunt as an umbrella frame—usually attired in rusty black, with a kapje or sort of old woman's poke-bonnet on her head to match; and there is the town girl, whose contour seems to have bloomed out into curves, and her face into powder and paint. This—as I'm told—comes off on to your dress clothes and face, in a manner which tells tales on returning to the ball-room.

The artless Dutch girl is a past grand master of the art of flirtation. With her simple little remarks she will lure the eligible young man into saying more than he intended, in the same consummate way that her brothers entice our soldiers into traps. In the process of getting a lover, she has the united assistance of her whole family. If you are young and



THE POST OFFICE—24TH MIDDLESEX (8TH V.B. THE RIFLE BRIGADE). C.I.V.

STANDING.—Private Stirling; Private Lloyd; Private Bailey; Private Cates.
SITTING.—Private Baker; Private Westwood; Private Randall.



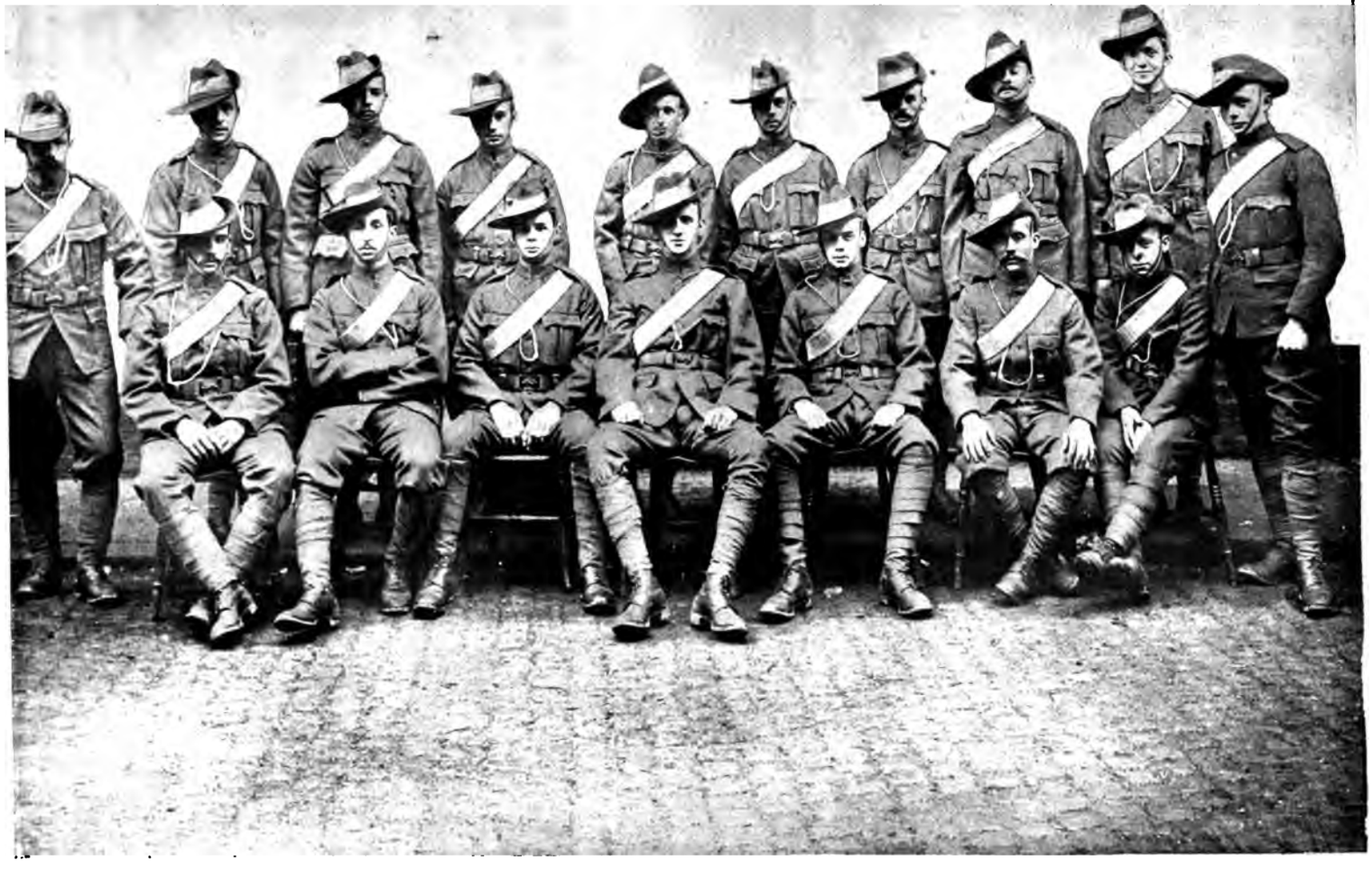
1ST V.B. MIDDLESEX REGIMENT (DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN).
C.I.V.

FIRST ROW (standing).—Sergt. H. Jacobs; Sergt. Wilson; Private C. Saunders; Corpl.-Bugler Kaye; Lance-Corpl. Eastman; Corpl. Wilkinson; Lance.-Sergt. Bence.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Private Perkins; Cyclist A. Chappell; Private Hassell; Private W. Raddon; Cyclist Morran.

H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg. Miss Minnie Cochrane (in attendance). Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Major the Hon. Charles Colborne (Equerry).

THE ISLE OF WIGHT CONTINGENT OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg inspecting the Yeomanry previous to their embarkation; they are now on their way to the Cape.



2ND V.B. MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.
C.I.V.

First Row (standing).—Private J. Green; Private Pearson; Private Collins; Private A. Dodsworth; Private Prudence; Private S. Morris; Private W. Widdows; Private Overton; Private Thatcher; Private Thick.
Second Row (sitting).—Private W. Richardson; Lance-Corpl. Cutler; Corpl. Cutler; Sergt. R. M. Williams; Corpl. Selfe; Private E. Hunt; Private Beauchamp.

Corporal South. Private F. C. Roberts. Corporal Watson.
2ND MIDDLESEX VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.
C.I.V.

innocent, you wonder how it is that, when invited to a house, the family seem to always melt out of the room, and you find yourself left alone with the daughter; but it does not take long for the reason to dawn on you. The "plant" is, of course, sometimes only too manifest, even to the most simple. I knew a young fellow at ——, but I must not mention where, for that would lead to identification—who said to me one day in talking over this very thing: "Oh, yes; there's old So-and-so, he's constantly inviting me up to his house, and the whole family disappear from the room and leave me with the daughter. But I'm not quite a fool. It is so obvious they want to hook me in." My astonishment can be imagined when, within a month after this, I heard he had actually got engaged to that very girl, and ere very long they were married.

It is not always, however, the girl who scores. I remember once a very pretty little comedy being played before my eyes, in which the three principal actors were a Boer, his pretty daughter, and a young Scotch manager of an insurance company, whom they were anxious to catch. He, on his part, was endeavouring to secure the old Boer for a big life policy. It was a case of "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," for if the parents and daughter were schemers, the

COMMANDER TELLING OFF A COMPANY THAT IS TO LAND, AND GIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH—7TH V.B. MIDDLESEX.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Private H. W. Lane; Lance-Corpl. F. McDonell; Private W. B. Brook; Private C. Mansbridge; Private John Macdonald; Private A. W. Earl; Private R. D. Walker; Private A. Drummond; Private M. Fraser.

SECOND ROW.—Private L. Forbes; Private A. Floodgate; Private H. B. Mollett; Corpl. H. V. Everall; Private J. A. Glover; Private G. J. Calder; Private J. Findlay; Private T. M. McLean; Corpl. W. M. Wailes; Arm.-Sergt. E. A. H. Gordon.

THIRD ROW.—Private S. M. Hunter; Private H. S. Budd; Private W. M. Airey; Private H. C. Robertson; Private F. H. Tattershall; Private T. Robertson; Private A. S. Ginger; Private H. J. S. Lamb.

FOURTH ROW.—Sergt.-Cook Johnson; Lance-Sergt. L. P. Greig; Lance-Corpl. W. S. Wilson; Lance-Corpl. P. J. Budd; Private G. W. Willows; Sergt. T. B. Barrett; Sergt.-Bugler McNally.

IN FRONT.—Sergt.-Major Smith; Lieut. B. C. Green; Sergt.-Signaler J. T. Hutchinson.

In addition to sending out with the C.I.V. the full number of men allowed, the London Scottish have come forward and 57 men and one officer from their number have now enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders and are leaving almost immediately for the front: their portraits appear on page 371.

Sergt. J. T. Hutchison; Private E. J. S. Cranfield; Private M. Fraser.

SIGNALMEN OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH. C.I.V.

insurance man had all the artless simplicity and innocent good-fellowship—apparently, that is—which is such a leading characteristic of the Boer; so the two sides were well matched. The mother and daughter used to tell his friends, with the idea of their remarks getting back to him, how much they liked "that dear Mr. Robinson," and would ask him to accompany them on all occasions to whatever was going on in a social way. I, who was behind the scenes, and knew the scheming characters of the mother and daughter, asked that "dear Mr. Robinson" when I saw him how the game of insurance *versus* love was getting on. "Weel, mon," he replied, "it's a haird fight an' a fair fight. The auld mon micht be a Scot, he's that canny. I hae a wee bit chat wi' him when I can, but, juist when Ahm (I'm) gettin' to talk ma purteecular business, up comes the daughter wi' the coffee, and the auld sinner vanishes. The coffee is juist awfu', but the gal's no that bod."

The next time I saw him he said, "Mon, they're fair drivin' me. What think ye's the latest?" I suggested that I was scarcely up to all the subtleties of the Boer mind, so he had better tell me. "Why, they want me to go and live wi' 'em as a lodger; they say it's kind o' lonesome by themselves." "I should think so," I said, "considering that they are six in family already. Nor is it a question of money, as they must have at least a thousand a year. It's evident from your face that you mean to accept

LOADING GUNPOWDER AND AMMUNITION ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

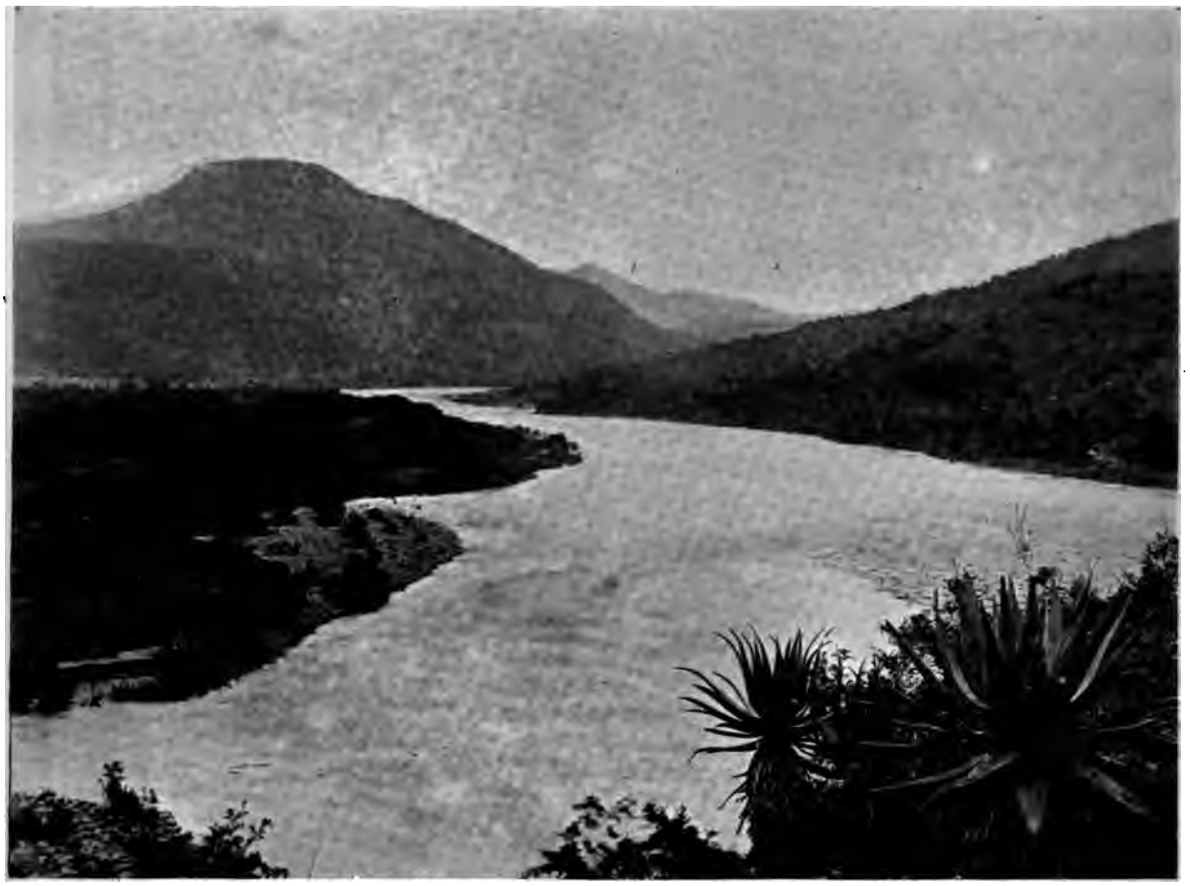
GORDON HIGHLANDER DETACHMENT OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

Sgt. Aicheson; Pte. H. T. Bailey; Pte. S. W. Browne: Pte. H. Buchanan; Capt. A. W. Buckingham; Sgt. Budgett; Pte. W. L. Carter; Pte. P. Colquhoun; Pte. Cooper; Pte. T. C. Cunningham; Pte. A. G. Ferguson; Pte. W. Fiddes; Pte. E. G. Flemming; Pte. C. F. Fraser; Pte. Fraser; Sgt. E. Gavin; Pte. A. J. Greenfield; Pte. H. G. Hoey; Pte. Hoy; Pte. H. Hunter; Piper A. R. Keith; Pte. G. F. Kerr; Pte. W. H. Kidd; Pte W. Langhorn; Pte. A. D. Maxwell; Pte. T. A. Menzies; Pte. D. R. McBean: Bugler McNab; Pte. E. B. Murray; Pte. J. H. Redding; Pte. Reid; Pte. Routledge; Pte. H. Russell; Pte. Saunders; Pte. C. J. Stewart; Pte. A. T. Scott; Pte. G. W. N. Showler; Pte. T. A. Smeaton; Pte. S. C. Smith; Pte. G. M. Southgate; Pte. Syer; Pte. F. C. Thorne; Pte. J. S. Turner; Pte. Thomson; Pte. Whyte.

The London Scottish having supplied their full number of men for the C.I.V., the group above, being most anxious to get to the front, have enlisted in the "Gordons," and are now drilling at Aberdeen previous to embarking for South Africa.

their offer. You'll get more than an insurance policy before you've finished, so peace to your ashes, old chap! So long!"

I did not see my Scotch acquaintance for some time after this, but when I did I learnt that Boer cunning had for once been no match for Scotch canniness. "Got him, my boy," was



THE TUGELA RIVER.

his greeting. "Not the insurance policy?" "Yes, the insurance: two bloomin' thou'!" "And the daughter?" "Weel, mon," he replied, "ye see, I hae been so awfu' busy lately. I've hed nae time for makin' calls!"

* * * * *

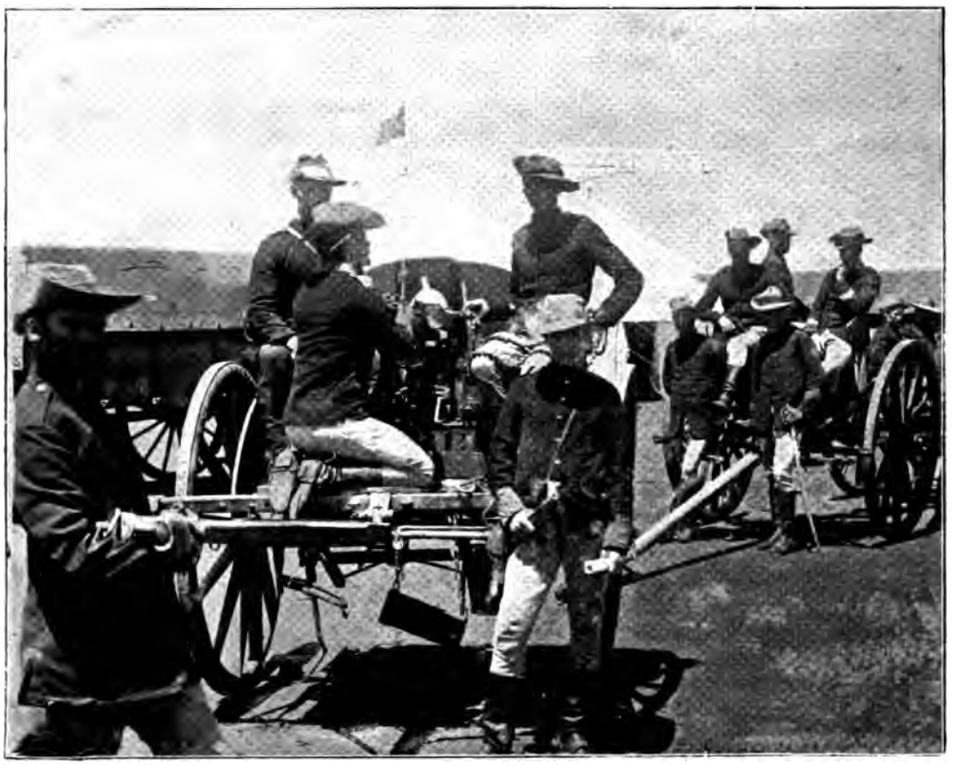
When the war is over, and we can sit down and quietly count the cost, we shall find that it does not represent, by any means, all loss. Alas! the brave lives sacrificed in the sad struggle can never be replaced. These and the darkened homes are War's dark and dread debit balance. But as to its cost in money and prosperity, though—directly and indirectly—this has been enormous, there will be found a brighter side to the picture. The money will come back; for the closing of the war will mark the dawning of a new era of peace, prosperity

THE HAMPSHIRE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Major A. Brighthuith; Staff-Sergt. M. H. Foakes; Messrs. Tiller, B. Isaacs, Holloway, W. Barton, Longfield, Wright, Cowell, Payne, G. Isaacs, Montgomerie, Dewey, Stent, Hall, Wickens, Potts, Taylor, Lynch, Staunton, Sells, G. Barton, Harrison, Green, Hipkin, Feltham, Parker, Ford, Sugden, Snare, Hales, Gregory, Olliver, Kiln, Meade, Hodges, Green, Ponsford, Paynter, Hutchins, Mann, Leslie, Cocksedge, Chase, Sweet.

and advancement, such as could never have resulted under the old conditions. That is, of course, if we are but faithful to our duty and to the brave colonists who have assisted us in the struggle. Having appealed to the God of Battles we must hold unfalteringly on our course to the end. We have got to see this thing through. The nation knows it: for the sake of our honour; for the sake of our Empire; nay, for the very safety of our own island, we have got to see this thing through. Once through, and things settled on a firm, enduring basis, I look forward to a wondrous change. I see the land covered with railways in all directions, astounding the world with her vast resources in mineral and agricultural wealth, and stretching out her arms to welcome on her broad bosom the toiling thousands from our hemmed-in streets.

"What shall we do with our sons?" South Africa will supply the answer in future. It will provide them the means of making an honest livelihood. It will do more. It will



BOER ARTILLERY.

teach them, by the practical examples round them, the dignity of honest labour. The la-di-da youth will learn there that the true man is the true gentleman. There will be work for all those who mean to work, if they can afford to wait a little for an opening, and possibilities for youth such as fall to the lot of very few in the old world. For a new country, with its stirring life and ceaseless change, gives a wide and varied experience. Where there is no

INNS OF COURT (2ND V. B. THE RIFLE BRIGADE)—C.I.V. CYCLISTS' SECTION.

FIRST ROW (at back).—Private E. Clegg; Private Hon. H. Lambert; Private R. Wason; Private C. Gascoigne; Private J. Mosley; Private C. Bellairs.
SECOND ROW.—Private M. Haggard; Private D. Henderson; Private L. Green-Wilkinson; Private G. H. Day; Private J. Somers; Private L. Curtis; Private M. Balfour.
THIRD ROW.—Private A. Fitzclarence; Corpl. J. Lloyd; Lieut. H. Hole; Private W. J. Fernie; Private W. Hichens.

precedent to go upon for everything, it conduces to originality and learning to think and act for one's self. In a land where all men are equal, and success and failure quickly alternate, manly independence, and readiness to meet either prosperity or loss, are bound to be acquired. Such a training is bound to be of value to its owner wheresoever he may afterwards turn his steps. It is good, too, to see something of the great world. To some it is as the breath of life, and when in the days to come

BUGLER A. D. PINK,
C.I.V., Mounted Infantry Detachment, The Queen's Westminster—13th Middlesex.

> "The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
> The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
> Moans round with many voices"—

there is something on which to look back in the days of the years that are fled with our youth.

It is thought by some that a result of this war will be that race hatred will be so intensified as to smoulder for ever. I cannot feel that it will be so. To me it seems that the day is coming—nor is it so far distant—when Englishman and Dutchman in their dear-bought new-born respect for each will bury the hatchet for ever. For the old contempt, Briton of Boer, and Boer of Briton, will have been purged away by War, the Great Purifier. Like domestic sorrow it in some ways calls out the best that is in us. It teaches that there is something more to live for than pounds and pence. Deep down in our hearts we recognise that without it, in a state of greed-begetting fatted peace, the nations would soon be sunk in mere soulless commercialism and worship of Mammon. Truly "the cannons are God's preachers when the time is ripe for war."

Yes! War will do in South Africa what nothing else ever could have done, if England, in her hour of ultimate triumph, follows up success by settling affairs on the broad enduring basis of justice and equal rights for all. Then, with no discontent because there are no grievances, in mutual respect, Briton and Boer will go hand in hand in the great work of building up one grand United South Africa under the Union Jack—one great people of one great State, a worthy member of that glorious sisterhood, the British Empire, to which we are all so proud to belong.

THE ARTISTS—71H V.B. THE RIFLE BRIGADE
C.I.V.

Capt. R. W. H. Edis; Surgeon-Capt. R. R. Sleman; Lieut. P. Croft; Col.-Sergts. J. M. C. Austin, P. Rust; O. R. Sergt. Qt.-Mt. Sergt. H. F. Hall; Sergts. C. F. H. Greenwood, T. E. Letroy, F. J. M. Pyne; Corporals E. C. Wright, D. C. Walford, E. E. Austen, H. W. Fairholme, H. Castle-Smith, A. Carden, S. C. Ball; Lance-Corporals E. C. Foster, F. C. Austin, F. H. Padfield, C. A. Spon, C. H. Towse, H. E. Weekes, A. W. Hanckel; Lance-Corporal Bugler F. Huebner; Privates C. R. Armstrong, L. W. Barnard, H. S. Bond, A. H. T. Buller, H. C. Challen, W. F. Coombs, N. T. Cowin, H. Cluff, P. S. Corbould, H. M. Eames, G. H. Edwards, V. C. Egerton, H. Elwell, P. T. Groom, C. W. Hawkes, L. R. Huggins, W. Jamieson, T. Jones, H. C. Kenway, G. W. Kerr, P. C. Kidner, L. Margetson, F. Maunde-Thompson, E. O'Halloran, W. J. Parsons, A. Passmore, F. N. Turner, H. G. Walters, R. Weeks, S. Weston, E. P. Williams, G. H. Wyleys, W. J. R. Hall, H. Messom, T. T. Robinson, H. R. Byng, H. Stromqvist, R. Smith, J. S. Lee; Bugler J. Rodgers.

2ND VOLUNTEER BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS (CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT)—C.I.V.

FIRST ROW.—Private A. E. Stenner; Lance-Corporal A. Sendall; Private A. C. Doran; Private H. W. Jones; Private C. J. Phillips.
SECOND ROW.—Corporal C. Johnston; Sergt. W. G. Johnstone; Lance-Corporal T. E. Walters.

THE 5TH WEST MIDDLESEX (4TH V.B. KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS).

FIRST ROW (at back).—Corpl. Chaplin; Private Billows; Private Phipps; Private Chambers; Private Guthrie; Private Brown; Private Griffiths; Private Bentley.
SECOND ROW (standing).—Sergt. Hards; Private Moss; Private Carden; Private Evans; Private Scott; Private Gulson; Private Cannon; Private Arnell; Sergt. Birch; Capt. Cousens.
THIRD ROW (sitting).—Private Hammond; Corpl. Horsford; Corpl. Fowler; Private Short; Private Ransome; Private Rogers; Private Scutt; Private Davies; Private Jennings.
ON GROUND.—Private Cobb; Private Harris.

1ST SURREY RIFLES. (C.I.V.)

FIRST ROW (standing).—Private Bishop; Sergt. Hazeldine; Sergt. Solly; Sergt. Richards; Private Belcher.
SECOND ROW (sitting).—Lance-Corpl. Gooding; Corpl. Seyfang; Colour-Sergt. Crombie; Capt. Jeffery; Sergt. Atkinson; Sergt. Hart; Private Bowley.
ON GROUND.—Private Moore; Private McIlraith.

Sergt. Hall (No. 1. Section, "A" Company, C.I.V.).

1ST V.B. MIDDLESEX REGIMENT (DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN). (C.I.V.)

CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD THE SS. "GARTH CASTLE."

THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS

Col.-Commandant: COL. W. H. MACKINNON.
Regimental-Adjutant: LIEUT. E. H. TROTTER.
Officer Commanding Mounted Infantry: COL. H. C. CHOLMONDELEY.
Adjutant: CAPT. E. BELL.
Officer Commanding Infantry: COL. THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.
Adjutant: CAPT. THE HON. J. R. BAILEY.
Medical Officers: SURGEON-CAPT. R. R. SLEMAN AND SURGEON-CAPT. W. ST. V. RYAN.

HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Lieut. B. Moeller
— E. Treffry
Sgt. G. J. O'Connell
— G. F. T. Murnane
Cpl. H. W. Perkins
— P. C. Cooper
— R. Palmer
Pte. C. E. R. Betteley
— S. H. Byron
— Alex. S. Clare
— R. Corfield
— E. A. Dyer
— C. O. Greenwell
— F. G. Hazell
— J. E. Humphreys
— G. St. John Lobb
— A. S. Loder
— D. M. Lewis
— A. H. Moeller
— C. F. Osmond
— G. E. F. Pollard
— D. G. Robins
Pte. T. H. Toynbee
— C. F. Nesham
— A. E. Briggs
— G. A. Cohen
— Cecil J. Brymer
— G. J. H. Brown
— J. C. Dale
— R. S. Hutchins
— S. H. Little
— D. R. Morford
— A. R. Page
— J. W. Portch
— E. L. M. Rusby
— E. A. J. Seccombe
— F. W. Shorter
— R. G. Shorter
— H. P. B. Tayler
— L. E. Walton
— A. L. Wood
— G. R. Jackson
Cpl.-Bglr. S. V. Hunt

Field Battery.

Major E. McMicking
Capt. & Ajt. C. E. D. Budworth
Lieut. A. C. Lowe
— H. Bayley
— J. F. Duncan
F. Abraham
H. P. Applebee
B. D. W. Archer
H. Attneave
C. G. Allen
W. Baker
C. V. D. Bates
H. Blacklin
T. M. Brown
A. J. M. Brown
G. R. Barnett-Smith
E. Chambers
J. W. Chambers
H. B. Clifford
R. E. Childers
G. W. Colmer
E. J. Cooper-Smith
E. M. O. Clough
L. W. Cohen
W. Dixon
J. A. Dobree
H. W. Dollar
C. L. Duncan
H. W. T. Elam
R. H. Glover
T. B. Goodall
W. O. Gridley
W. H. Gutmann
G. W. Gutridge
E. S. Halford
J. S. Hills
A. F. Herbert
W. S. Herbert
E. C. Hepburn
W. B. Holt
G. Hoare
J. Landsberg
P. F. Lucas
G. J. Lemmens
G. Lorimer
W. Tetley-Jones
A. S. Joseph
J. C. Kendall
G. E. Mager
L. B. Major
L. M. Murdock
W. G. Mumford
M. B. Milne
H. McDougall
C. J. Mate
C. J. Mordin
G. W. Osborn
W. F. Palles
H. M. Perkins
E. J. Page
H. W. Prendergast
H. B. Ramsey
G. O. Ritchie
H. H. Sawyer
R. M. Stephenson
W. A. Scantlebury
D. D. Storer
S. W. Sulman
P. S. Taylor
F. K. Vigor
A. F. Vigor
H. H. Ward
W. O. Walker
L. Walter
E. Walton
J. O. Whittome
R. H. Whitehead
F. C. Whitehead
A. A. Wink
A. F. B. Williams
C. Wright
A. E. Wood

1st CITY OF LONDON ARTILLERY.

Co.-Sgt.-Maj. Patey
Sgt. J. A. Walker
— J. Sheffield
— W. Lancaster
— F. W. Towers
Cpl. F. Bailey
— L. A. Michael
— J. C. Pausch
Bombdr. T. J. Beynon
Gun. H. McDowell
— E. A. Smith
Gun. F. Long
— H. J. Simmons
— C. A. Lindsey
— C. H. Spurge
— A. W. Garbutt
— C. W. Slatter
— D. A. Green
— R. Vellacott
— G. Maidment
— S. Bonnett

Field Battery (H.A.C.)

Sgt. H. Leacock
Cpl. A. Hanks
— S. J. Unwin
Gun. G. W. Lea
— J. S. Dyson
— W. D. Singer

2nd MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY.

Sgt. A. Dunk
— F. S. Low
— S. Powell
Cpl. T. South
— E. C. Stacey
— H. Walter
— R. G. Watson
— T. Armstrong
Bom. G. B. Perry
— H. Knightbridge
— V. T. N. Pellett
Bombr.-Trmptr. A. G. Wright
Gun. A. Cooper
— I. T. Edwin
— T. J. Johnson
— A. R. Jones
— A. T. Mortimer
— G. Pegg
— E. O. Pugsley
— H. P. Pitt
— R. Storey
— T. Scarfe
— V. T. Blyth
— C. Roberts

3rd MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY.

Capt. J. W. Reid
Sgt.-Maj. T. W. Vine
Sgt. E. Hards
— R. A. Kemp
Cpl. F. Cochrane
— P. C. Franklin
— R. Cheshire
— W. N. David
— E. S. Norton
— S. Moore
— R. T. Wenham
— C. Moore
Bombr. B. Rowles
— A. F. Cook
— W. Woodman
— C. Lewis
— H. Hall
— H. Marks
— F. J. Clatworthy
Trum. H. W. Andrews
Gun. F. G. Arnold
— W. H. Atkins
— L. Barnham
— H. A. Buckland
— E. L. Beardwell
— C. Browning
— F. H. Bailey
Gun. G. C. Brady
— P. Chandler
— C. H. Clarke
— G. F. Duncombe
— H. B. Fielding
— G. J. S. Hubbard
— F. A. Hill
— G. Maclaine
— A. R. Mitchell
— A. Pritchard
— W. C. Parker
— J. T. Pursaill
— H. O. Palmer
— A. H. Ryder
— F. Roberts
— L. Rosenthal
— P. H. Smith
— B. E. Stratton
— W. G. Stevens
— T. E. Steven
— W. A. Schultz
— T. W. Turner
— C. H. Tebay
— A. H. Windsor
— E. W. Worrall
— E. W. White

2nd WEST KENT (PLUMSTEAD).

Cpl. Scott
Gun. Edwards
— Harding
— Williams
— Macdonald
— Reid
Gun. Fry
— Smith
— Elliott
— Mackey
— Huggett
— Chidgey

1st ESSEX ARTILLERY.

Sgt. W. Buckingham
— W. A. Bodger
— P. J. Carr
— S. G. Mannall
— S. J. Pye
Cpl. E. Stephens
Gun. A. Biddell
Gun. H. F. Flower
— E. J. Dowsett
— C. P. Holland
— T. Goodman
— H. Pilgrim
— H. Kirby
— A. J. Coates

1st LONDON ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Lieut. P. E. Adams
Sgt. F. Smith
— L. Jenkinson
2nd-Cpl. B. Betts
— C. Huntingdon
L.-Cpl. R. Wright
— F. Baragwanath
— A. Eatley
— G. Gamble
Dvr. W. Page
Dvr. H. Soller
— J. Blott
— W. Flanagan
Spr. T. Baragwanath
— S. Pemberton
— D. Anderson
— O. Gamble
— W. Mockford
— S. Chambers
— G. Lawson

1st MIDDLESEX ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Sgt. A. Wheeler
— E. Taylor
Cpl. T. Bolton
2nd-Cpl. C. Yeatman
Spr. G. Purnell
— F. J. Hucker
— W. Wilkinson
— G. Sanders

1st CITY OF LONDON RIFLES.

Col.-Sgt. Beeton
Sgt. Warcup
— Taylor
— Prentice
— Henshaw
— Kingsford
— Harding
— Potter
— Bate
— Goddard
Cpl. Wilcocks
— Paul
— Lloyd
— Waters
— Britton
— Evans
— Paul
Pte. Burrough
— Gilliland
— Simpson
— Edwards
— Wilson
— Evitt
— Knight
— Petty
Pte. Pocock
— Barter
— Hart
— Oexle
— Davis
— Clippingale
— Flowerden
— Temple
— Clapham
— Foster
— Williams
— Houghton
— Bully
— Tipper
— Abrahams
— Banks
— Webb
— Long
— Miller
— Hampton
— J. L. Hampton
— Paynter
Bugler Dunbar
— Davies

2nd CITY OF LONDON RIFLES.

Col.-Sgt. Moore
Sgt. C. W. Biller
— W. W. Seabrook
— A. H. Holladay
— F. Kennedy
— W. Blaber
— H. H. Cook
Cpl. A. Lee
— G. Lee
— O. L. Haag
Pte. F. C. Stock
— W. E. Hayes
Pte. W. Royal
— A. H. Costin
— H. Edwards
— A. Flewer
— T. Kiernan
— W. E. Shepherd
— A. Barrett
— J. H. Failes
— H. Guest
— H. Hanlon
— A. Bewsey
— T. E. Hammond

2nd CITY OF LONDON RIFLES—cont.

Pte. M. Mustoe	Pte. A. Snow
— F. Carter	— A. E. Clarke
— F. G. Newland	— E. Slight
— D. Strachan	— E. Summerling
— J. S. Wright	— E. G. Phillips
— E. H. Pole	— W. J. Dight

3rd CITY OF LONDON RIFLES.

Capt. Berkeley	Pte. J. Aimer
Sgt. J. Butler	— H. S. J. Commander
— P. Tarrant	— G. Greenaway
— Garrett	— R. Jameison
Lce.-Cpl. A. North	— H. Tuppen
— Spittle	— R. Cook
— W. Oxley	— H. J. Harsum
— J. Edwards	— E. Merritt
Drummer J. Carr	— Henson
Pte. T. Boustead	— Pearce
— G. Kirkpatrick	— Champion
— W. G. Webb	— Booth
— T. W. Wilson	— Foster
— A. Wyatt	— Skeet
— J. A. Houghton	— Parsons

1st V.B. R. FUSILIERS (City of London Regt.)

Sgt. P. Faulkner	Pte. H. J. Pigou
— F. Weller	— E. Vivian
Pte. H. G. Webb	— L. Midy
— W. Gatland	— J. J. Whyntie
— W. Turley	— M. C. Steele
— W. F. Williams	

2nd V.B. R. FUSILIERS (City of London Regt.)

Sgt. W. G. Johnstone	Lce.-Cpl. A. Sendall
Cl.-Sgt. (Sgt. Ins.) W. Godley	Pte. H. W. Jones
	— A. E. Stenner
Cpl. C. Johnston	— C. J. Phillips
Lce-Cpl. T. E. Walters	— A. C. Doran

3rd V.B. R. FUSILIERS (City of London Regt.)

Cpt. A. A. Howell	Pte. A. E. Bott
Lieut. Croft (Artists)	— E. J. Alder
Sgt.-Inst. A. E. Grundy	— C. Lambard
Sgt. W. J. Dowse	— E. Boyes
Pte. J. Gallon	— S. Van Mentz
— W. Bennett	— H. W. Cunnington
— G. Palmer	— H. J. Bowden
— I. Jacobs	— W. J. Gibbs
— W. Semper	— J. F. Archbald
— W. E. Coleman	— T. Warren
— F. W. Thomas	— R. E. Smith
— F. R. Sargent	— G. E. Holmes
— R. R. Pearce	— H. S. Bryant
— W. J. Starr	— G. R. Cordon
— C. Lynch	— H. W. Tussler

1st V.B. MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.

Capt. Alex. Reid	Pte. Fred. Kendall
Sgt. G. W. Hall	— V. P. Knight
— H. E. Jacobs	— W. J. D. Moran
— F. Wilson	— C. F. Moon
Cpl. E. G. Bence	— H. Parsons
— R. W. Daniels	— W. H. Perkins
— W. Northcott	— R. Ritchie
— E. Wilkinson	— W. M. Raddon
— C. E. W. Braun	— A. T. Saunders
— H. P. Hart	— C. E. Saunders
— H. Jarvis	— H. South
— A. T. Kaye	— H. J. Stringer
— Dudley	— S. Suchwell
Lc.-Cpl. H. Eastman	— C. Scoones
— C. E. Hudson	— G. Thew
— N. Hamilton	— W. G. Toone
Pte. A. S. Chappell	— A. E. J. Vernum
— F. D. Bayley	— A. Willcocks
— F. Fernié	— G. Staples
— Fred. Follett	— J. G. Fletcher
— W. H. Hassell	— S. Carter
— W. A. Hewitt	— Gimson
— W. Holmes	— S. Hollies

1st MIDDLESEX RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

(Victoria and St. George's.)

Capt. R. B. Shipley	Pte W. G. Ballard
Col.-Sgt. F. Judge	— E. G. Benwell
Sgt. S. W. Marsh	— J. K. Butt
— A. F. Parsley	— A. H. Dawson
Cpl. H. C. Meredith	— J. W. R. Field
— G. A. Whitelaw	— G. A. Fisher
— A. B. Chambers	— J. M. Halford
— E. C. Day	— W. Hayes
— A. Knowles	— A. H. Hopkins
— C. S. Burrage	— J. F. Kitchin
— H. H. Millett	— G. W. Lipsham
— H. H. Lewis	— H. Lufkins
L.-Cpl. S. Blumfield	— F. Parsons
— W. H. G. Durrant	— T. J. Pyke
— R. W. Venning	— A Salinger
— H. O. Cohn	— A. E. Schneidau
— E. G. Westacott	— J. A. Short
— S. Bartlett	— E. C. Stewart
— R. H. Morgan	— T. A. Swift
— G. E. Halford	— A. E. Waller

2nd V.B. MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.

Pte. S. E. Wright	Pte. J. Green
— H. W. Gibbons	— H. E. Freeman
— W. A. Thick	— T. W. Luffman
— W. S. Pearson	— R. S. Dodsworth
— L. S. Thatcher	— W. A. Gill
— P. L. M. Sullivan	— H. Cutler
— H. P. Selfe	— A. F. Daws
— W. Richardson	— E. G. Coleman
— P. A. Best	— F. J. Collins
— F. Prudence	— A. E. Bowles
— W. A. Oxer	— P. A. Freeman
— E. A. Overton	— A. W. Beuchamp
— H. Hunt	— H. J. Bone
— E. G. Morris	— R. M. Williams
— H. Loe	— F. Gibbons
— F. M. Hopkins	— Widdows
— A. E. Gregson	

2nd (SOUTH) MIDDLESEX V.R.C.

Sgt. S. A. Farrell	Pte. T. Hill
— G. Bidgood	— W. Innes
— H. Walton	— E. S Knight
— L. Phillips	— W. W. Page
— J. Symons	— B. Peglar
Sig. Lce.-Sgt. Sheath	— A. S Tanner
— A. Godard	— G. Waddell
Lce.-Cpl. Freeland	— F. M. Ward
Pte. E. Boon	— H. J. Wootton
— A. E. Hart	— C. Jarrett
— E. H. Hadley	— C. Mayes

4th MIDDLESEX (WEST).

Staff-Sgt. Armstrong	Pte. H. Reynolds
Cook-Sgt. Whitehead	— B. Neume
Sgt. Frapwell	— F. G. Haynes
— Mathison	— A. Ruddock

5th MIDDLESEX (WEST).

Capt. F. J. Cousens	Pte. E. J. W. Davies
— J. H. Smith	— F. A. Jennings
Sgt. T. Hards	— W. Moss
— J. Read	— H. Hodgkison
— W. T. Buch	— G. Cheshire
Lce.-Sgt. H. P. Brown	— G. Fenn
— G. Harden	— T. Fisher
Cpl. J. Fowler	— G. A. Guthrie
— S. G. R. Horsford	— W. H. Hinton
Lce -Cpl. H. Carden	— C. Hammond
— A. F. Chaplin	— G. E. Fisher
Pte. T. Phipps	— H. Gulson
— F. Tricky	— F. E. Evans
— T. Griffiths	— T. A. Chambers
— A. R. Short	— W. T. Bentley
— H. J. Ransome	— A. W. Cannon
— C. S. Scutt	— C. D. Billows
— H. Scott	— F. G. Cobb

5th MIDDLESEX (WEST)—cont.

Pte. T. G. Rogers	Pte. T. J. Bell
— T. H. Lawrence	— W. R. Arnell
— A. T. Harris	

7th MIDDLESEX (LONDON SCOTTISH).

Lt. B. C. Green	Pte. W. M. Airey
Sgt.-Maj. T. Smith	— A. Drummond
Armr.-Sgt. Gordon	— A. S. Ginger
Sgt.-Cook Johnston	— C. Mansbridge
Sgt.-Bugler McNally	— H. C. Robertson
Sig.-Sgt. Hutchison	— R. D. Walker
Sgt. T. B. Barrett	— A. Flood-Page
— G. L. McDonell	— L. Forbes
— R. Dunsmore	— T. Robertson.
Lce.-Sgt. Greig	— E. D. Duguid
Cpl. E. J. Findlay	— J. A. Glover
— W. M. Wales	— H. G. Budd
— H. F. Everall	— P. J. Budd
Lce.-Cpl. Wilson	— M. Fraser
— F. M. McDonell	— F. H. Tattershall
— F. McDonell	— A. W. Earle
Pte. T. M. McLean	— A. K. Burn
— G. W. Willows	— W. B. Mumford
— S. M. Hunter	— E. J. S. Cranfield
— G. J. Calder	— A. P. Donald
— W. B. Brook	— H. E. S. Murray
— H. W. Lane	— H. P. Nesham
— J. Macdonald	— J. L. Duncan
— H. B. Mollett	

12th MIDDLESEX R.V. (CIVIL SERVICE).

Col. the Earl of Albemarle	Pte. Buckland
	— McKenzie
Col.-Sgt. Oliver	— Stephens
Sgt. Ager	— Briggs
— Harris	— Crampton
Lc.-Sgt. Mellish	— Wheeler
— Worsfold	— Boot
— Brett	— Churton
Cpl. Harper	— Grimsdale
— Gough	— Haylett
— Collard	— Crick
— Mears	— Fisher
— Hart	— Henderson
— Newson	— Page
— Pitcairn	— Watts
Lc.-Cpl. Reading	— Wood
— Cripps	— Hatchard
— Thomas	— Firth
— Ross	— Hutchinson
— Law	— Burgess
— Tebbutt	— Cousins
Bugler Reed	— Young
Pte. Hildred	— Todd
— Moore	

13th MIDDLX. (QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER).

Capt. J. W. Cohen	Lce.-Cpl. I. Vaughan
Lt. P. F. Browne	Bugler A. D. Pink
Sd.-Lt. G. Berry	Pte. J. Barrett
Sg.-Inst. W. S. Wright	— H. L. Bodger
Sgt. Godwin-Smith	— S. G. L. Bradley
— F. St. J. Tyrwhit	— R. D. Cameron
— J. W. Turrell	— R. F. Davern
— B. W. Slocombe	— J. S. French
— G. Sugden	— A. E. Haddock
Cpl. C. Budd	— S. King
— C E. Brown	— T W Lake
— P. B. Pattenden	— A. J. Martin
— L. P. Putland	— C. V. Morgan
— John White	— C. F. Nixon
— T. H. Saer	— E. H. Ormrod
— C. P. Hill	— S. C. Rayner
— S. W. Simmons	— F. Smart
— F. N. Aylen	— E. R. Templar
— T. A Jones	— W. G. Trew
— F. J. Long	— T. M. Trew
Lc.-Cpl. D. A Key	— W. Woodford
— C. J. Beddow	Pte. S. H. Brockelbank
— C. Connew	— F. Bowman

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